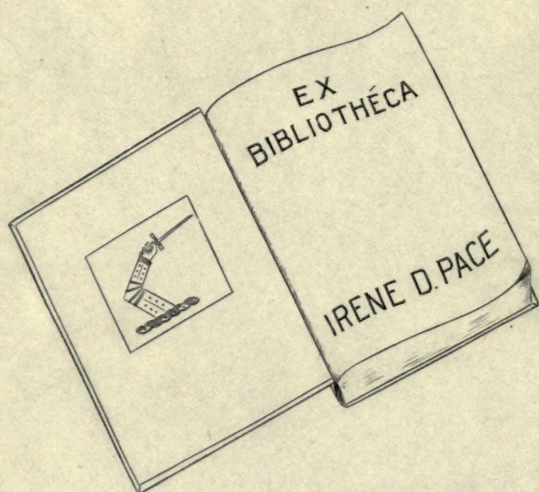


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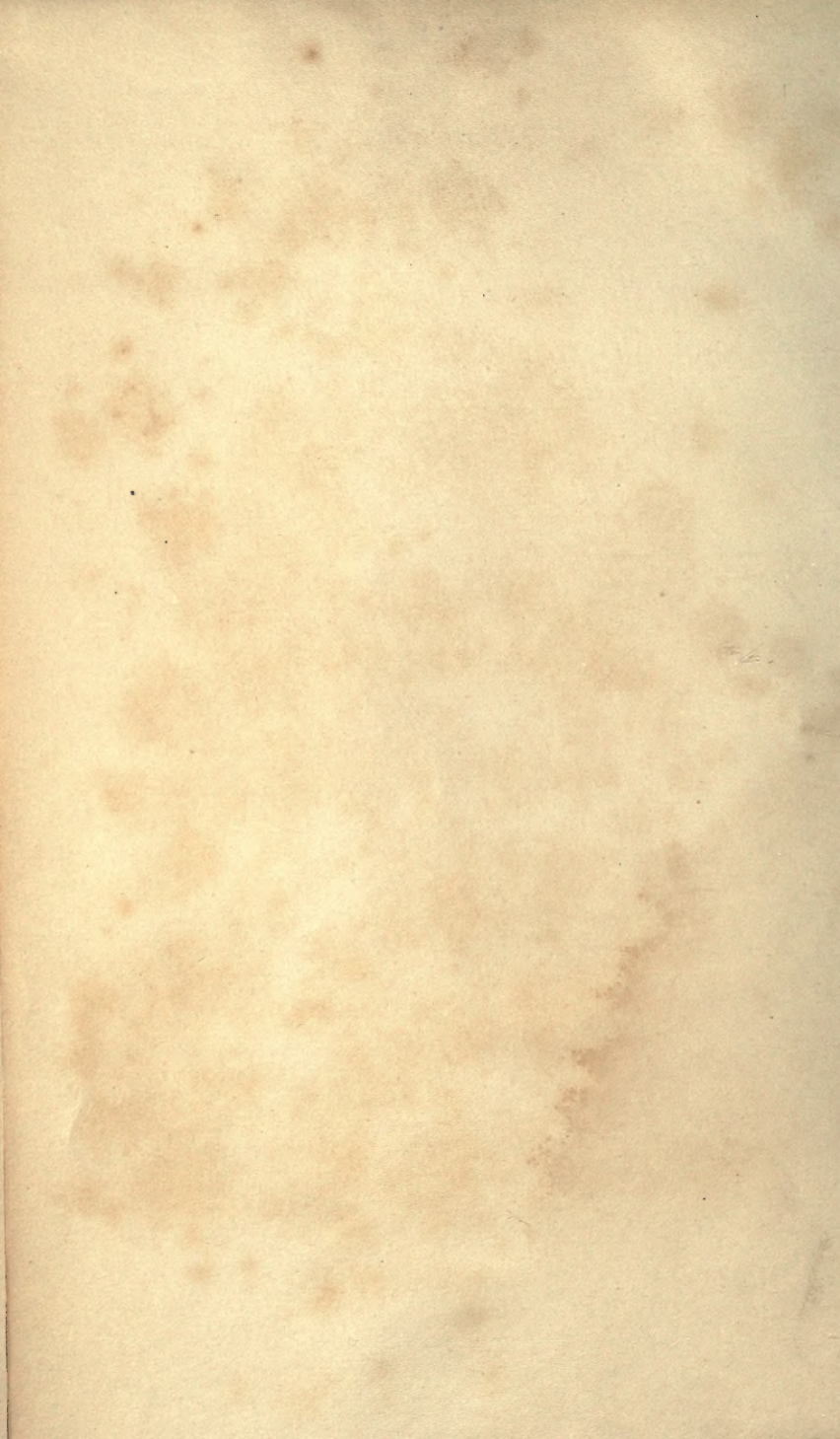




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Printed by J. Smith at the Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London.

John G. P. S. A.

NAVAL
ANECDOTES:

Illustrating the Character of

British Seamen,

AND

RECORDING THE MOST IMPRESSIVE EXAMPLES OF THEIR

Skill, Valour, Fortitude, and Magnanimity,

WHICH HAVE OCCURRED AT VARIOUS PERIODS,

IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

"The glory of ages emblazons your flag; around it the sacred shades of our noblest heroes hover. They call upon their sons to cheer the hour of danger by their invincible emulation, like them to become the guardian angels of their country, and to acquire the blessings of their cotemporaries and of posterity. Nor will their inspiring examples be contemplated in vain. The patriotic heroes of our days have equalled, and will equal, the proud triumphs of their forefathers."

Turner's Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons.

ALBION PRESS PRINTED:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES CUNDEE,
Ivy-Lane, Paternoster-Row, London,

1806.

EXTRACT

CHAPTER

PREFACE.

SO distinguished as the British nation has long been, by the invincible courage and undaunted heroism of her tars, it is somewhat remarkable, that no brief compendium, illustrative of the nautical character, and combining cheapness with information and amusement, should before have been given to the public. Such an offering, due to the gallant and meritorious sons of Neptune, would at all times have been acceptable; but must be more particularly so at the present period, when the British name, always high, has obtained an unprecedented exaltation, by the unrivalled achievements of the departed Nelson.

A nobler spirit of emulation, than that which pervades every department of the naval service, never existed. To cherish, and to stimulate that spirit, is the duty of every
a 2 *English-*

Englishman ; for, by its preservation and advancement, can we alone expect to maintain an envied rank in the scale of nations.

*Scattered, in multitudes of volumes, beyond the reach of most individuals, are innumerable anecdotes, displaying every virtue of the seaman's character, in the most interesting points of view. " From the best, to cull the choicest," has been the aim of the Editor, in compiling the present volume. He claims no praise but that which is due to having made a judicious selection, and to the endeavour to make more generally known, those impressive facts with which the public ought to be universally acquainted.—To enumerate the various works to which he has had recourse, would be tedious and futile ; yet it would be ungenerous not to acknowledge, that, to CHARNOCK'S *Biographia Navalis*, to BEATSON'S *Naval and Military Memoirs*, and to SCHOMBERG'S *Naval Chronology*, he is greatly indebted. He trusts that he has fully succeeded in displaying that skill in the midst of difficulty, that courage and magnanimity in battle, and that perseverance, fortitude, and resignation in distress, for which the seamen of our favoured*

oured island are so much and so justly celebrated : should his exertions, however, reach no farther than that of contributing to the amusement of his countrymen, the Editor of " NAVAL ANECDOTES" will feel himself amply gratified.



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NAVAL ANECDOTES.

"PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERT."

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THROUGH every period of our history the naval prowess of Britain shines eminently conspicuous. From the immortal Alfred—a name of glory to the English ear—down to the illustrious hero of the Nile and of Trafalgar, her flag, floating triumphantly on the wave, has hurled defiance to the nations, and impressed dismay on the remotest inhabitants of the globe. Yet, only to the enemies of justice and of peace, has the genius of our island appeared thus clothed in terrors. She has indeed inflicted vengeance on her foes, on those who dared to trespass on her rights; but, equally as the avenger of insult, she has proved herself the protector of innocence; and, to those who hailed her with the voice of friendship, instead of warlike thunder, she has greeted them

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with

with the rich blessings of commerce. To "either Ind," from pole to pole, the British name is known, beloved, and revered.

At a distant period of time we had our Drakes, our Raleighs, our Cavendishes, and our Howards; we had then our Montagues, our Ayscues, and our Blakes; to those succeeded the memorable names of Rooke, of Vernon, of Anson, and of Hawke; and, coming down to our own times, we have seen a Rodney, a Howe, a Duncan—with others, too numerous to mention—and a Nelson! Alas, that we cannot say of the latter, *he still lives!*—Of him, the regretted idol of our love, it might be said, that—

" On the whirlwind of the war,
High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire,

" Now the veteran chief drew nigh
Conquest towering on his crest;
Valour beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding in his breast.

" Britain saw him thus advance,
In her guardian angel's form:
But he lowered on hostile France,
Like the demon of the storm!"

The shores of Egypt, of the Baltic, and of the Mediterranean, can best relate the glories of the departed Nelson.

" Life's

“ Life’s tumultuous battle o’er,
O how sweetly sleep the brave !”

At a period like the present, of exultation for the defeat of our enemies, but of mourning for the loss of the hero who achieved the victory of Trafalgar, we cannot commence a volume, dedicated to naval merit, more appropriately than by paying an humble tribute to the almost worshipped name of Nelson. Never did a prouder theme present itself to the pen of the poet, or of the biographer; never did the orators of Greece or Rome raise trophies of eloquence to more distinguished worth, or wreath the immortal laurel round the bust of more heroic excellence. Our task is affectionate, but unassuming. While the sculptor is employed in carving his exploits in marble; while the historian is recording his actions in works more durable than brass; we shall content ourselves with scattering a few flowers, of never-dying fragrance, on his untimely tomb.

It is not by a scrupulous attention to the minutæ of a landscape, that the artist captivates the eye of the beholder; but by bringing the most prominent features of nature forward on the canvas. So also, in portraying the character of a hero, the leading features only should be brought to view; for, while attending to a tedious detail of circumstances, the character, the *essence* of the

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narrative

narrative is frequently lost. Under this idea—though, doubtless, whatever relates to Lord Nelson would be acceptable—instead of detaining the reader with a regular history of the life and actions of his lordship, we shall simply put him in possession of such a series of particulars as will enable him, at a glance, to form an accurate idea of his truly amiable and illustrious character.

We cannot commence our sketch better, than by relating the following

ANECDOTE OF THE INTREPIDITY, AND CHARACTERISTIC SIMPLICITY OF LORD NELSON, WHEN A CHILD.

WHEN very young, and on a visit to his grandmother, at Hilborough, he was invited by another boy to go bird's nesting; as he did not return at the usual dinner-hour, the old lady became alarmed, and dispatched messengers in different ways to search for him. The little ramblers at length were discovered under a hedge, counting over the spoils of the day; and the young Horatio was brought home. His relation began to scold him for being absent from home without leave, and concluded with saying, "I wonder *fear* did not drive you home." Horatio innocently replied, "Madam, I never saw *fear*!"

FORTITUDE AND FILIAL AFFECTION OF LORD
NELSON IN HIS YOUTH.

It is known that, at the age of fifteen, young Nelson proceeded with Captain Lutwidge, accompanying Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, on a voyage of discovery towards the north pole. In those high northern latitudes the nights are generally clear: during one of them, notwithstanding the extreme bitterness of the cold, young Nelson was missing; every search that was instantly made after him was in vain, and it was at length imagined he was lost: when lo! as the rays of the rising sun opened the distant horizon, to the great astonishment of his mess-mates, he was discerned, at a considerable distance, on the ice, armed with a single musket, in anxious pursuit of an immense bear. The lock of the musket being injured, the piece would not go off, and he had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and being at length able to effect his purpose with the but end. On his return, Captain Lutwidge reprimanded him for leaving the ship without leave; and, in a severe tone, demanded what motive could possibly induce him to undertake so rash an action. The young hero, with great simplicity, replied, "I wished, sir, to get the skin for my father."

INTREPIDITY OF MR. NELSON IN BOARDING
AN ENEMY.

IN the year 1777, while lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, on the American station, the following incident occurred.—In a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, the Lowestoffe captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered the first lieutenant to board her; which he readily attempted, but was not able to effect, owing to the tremendous sea running. On his return to the ship, Captain Locker exclaimed, “Have I then *no* officer who can board the prize?” On hearing this, the master immediately ran to the gang-way, in order to jump into the boat; when Lieutenant Nelson suddenly stopped him, saying, “It is *my* turn now; if I come back it will be *yours*.”

AMIALE INSTANCE OF LIBERALITY.

DURING the latter part of the American war, Captain Nelson had the command of a ship on that station, and took a schooner belonging to Plymouth (in America), about forty miles from Boston, the captain of which was put on shore, to go to his home. Some time after he observed Nelson sailing up the Bay of Boston, and his prize at a short distance. The captain of the schooner immediately

immediately fitted out a boat, put one or two sheep in, and filled it with vegetables, with which he sailed for Nelson, and on coming along-side threw the articles on the deck, and jumped on board, and desired Captain Nelson to accept them, which he did, but observed to Captain Carver that he must have some motive for his kindness, and desired to know what it was? Carver, with doubt and hesitation, said he had. What is it? was replied; he answered, that he could scarcely expect it, but it was to return him his schooner again, it was his all.—Nelson immediately wrote the following certificate, and gave it him:—

“ These are to certify, that I took the schooner Harmony, Nathaniel Carver, master, belonging to Plymouth; but on account of his good services, have given him up his vessel again.---Dated on board his Majesty's ship Albemarle, 17th of August, 1782.

“ *Boston Bay.*

HORATIO NELSON.”

The above certificate is framed and glazed, and now hangs in a gentleman's parlour at Boston.

VICTORY; OR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ON the 18th of February, 1797, as Commodore Nelson was proceeding in the *Minerve* to the rendezvous of the grand fleet, under Sir John

Jervis, now Earl St. Vincent, he was chased by two line of battle ships, and fell in with the whole Spanish fleet off the Mouth of the Straits. Fortunately, however, he effected his escape, and joined the admiral off Cape St. Vincent, on the 13th of February. He had scarcely shifted his pendant to his own ship, the Captain, when the signal was thrown out for the whole British fleet to prepare for action:—The Spanish admiral's flag was hoisted upon the Santissima Trinidad, of 136 guns; a ship of four decks, reported to be the largest in the world.* Notwithstanding the inequality of force, the commodore instantly engaged this colossal opponent; and for a considerable time had to contend not only with her, but with her seconds ahead and astern, each of three decks. While he maintained this unequal combat, which was viewed with admiration, mixed with anxiety, his friends were flying to his support; the enemy's attention was soon directed to the Cullo-den, Captain Troubridge, and in a short time after to the Blenheim, of 90 guns, Captain Frederick, who opportunely came to his assistance.

The intrepid conduct of the commodore staggered the Spanish admiral, who already appeared to waver in pursuing his intention of joining the

* The same with which Lord Nelson so nobly contended in the glorious battle off Trafalgar.

ships cut off by the British fleet; when the Culloden's timely arrival, and Captain Troubridge's spirited support of the commodore, together with the approach of the Blenheim, followed by Rear-Admiral Parker, with the Prince George, Orion, Irresistible, and Diadem, not far distant, determined the Spanish admiral to change the design altogether, and to throw out the signal for the ships of his main body to haul their wind, and make sail on the larboard tack.

Not a moment was lost in improving the advantage now apparent in favour of the British squadron: as the ships of Rear Admiral Parker's division approached the enemy's ships in support of the Captain (Commodore Nelson's ship) and her gallant seconds, the Blenheim and Culloden, the cannonade became more animated and impressive. In this manner did Commodore Nelson engage a Spanish three-decker, until he had nearly expended all the ammunition in his ship; which had suffered the loss of her fore-top mast, and received such considerable damage in her sails and rigging, that she was almost rendered *hors du combat*. At this critical period, the Spanish three-decker, having lost her mizen-mast, fell on board a Spanish two-decker, of 84 guns, that was her second: this latter ship consequently now became the commodore's opponent, and a
most

most vigorous fire was kept up for some time, by both ships, within pistol-shot.

It was now that the Commodore's ship lost many men, and that the damages already sustained, through the long and arduous conflict which she had maintained, appeared to render a continuance of the contest in the usual way precarious, or perhaps impossible. At this critical moment, the commodore, from a sudden impulse, instantly resolved on a bold and decisive measure; and determined, whatever might be the event, to attempt his opponents sword in hand—the boarders were summoned, and orders given to lay his ship on board the enemy.

Fortune favours the brave! nor on this occasion was she unmindful of her favourite. Ralph Willett Miller, the commodore's captain, so judiciously directed the course of his ship, that he laid her aboard the starboard quarter of the Spanish eighty-four: her spritsail-yard passing over the enemy's poop, and hooking in her mizen shrouds, when the word to board being given, the officers and seamen, destined for this perilous duty, headed by lieutenant, now Captain Sir Edward Berry, together with a detachment of the sixty-ninth regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Pearson, then doing duty as marines on board the Captain, passed with rapidity on board the enemy's

my's ship; and in a short time the San Nicholas was in the possession of her intrepid assailants. The commodore's ardour would not permit him to remain an inactive spectator of this scene. He was aware the attempt was hazardous; and he thought his presence might animate his brave companions, and contribute to the success of this bold enterprize: he therefore, as if by magic impulse, accompanied the party in this attack; passing from the fore-chains of his own ship, into the enemy's quarter-gallery, and thence through the cabin to the quarter-deck, where he arrived in time to receive the sword of the dying commander, who had been mortally wounded by the boarders.

He had not been long employed in taking the necessary measures to secure this hard earned conquest, when he found himself engaged in a more arduous task. The stern of the three-decker, his former opponent, was placed directly amidships of the weather-beam of the prize, the San Nicholas; and, from her poop and galleries, the enemy sorely annoyed with musketry the British, who had boarded the San Nicholas. The commodore was not long in resolving on the conduct to be adopted on this momentous occasion; the two alternatives that presented themselves to his unshaken mind, were to quit the prize, or instantly to board the three-decker. Confident in the

bravery of his seamen, he determined on the latter. Directing therefore an additional number of men to be sent from the Captain on board the San Nicholas, the undaunted commodore, whom no danger ever appalled, headed himself the assailants in this new attack; exclaiming—*Westminster Abbey! or glorious victory!*

Success, in a few minutes, and with little loss, crowned the enterprise. Such was the panic occasioned by his preceding conduct, that the British no sooner appeared on the quarter-deck of their new opponent, than the commandant advanced; and asking for the British commanding officer, dropped on one knee, and presented his sword; apologizing at the same time for the Spanish admiral's not appearing, as he was dangerously wounded. For a moment Commodore Nelson could scarcely persuade himself of this second instance of good fortune: he therefore ordered the Spanish commandant, who had the rank of a brigadier, to assemble the officers on the quarter-deck, and direct means to be taken instantly for communicating to the crew the surrender of the ship. All the officers immediately appeared; and the commodore had the surrender of the San Josef duly confirmed, by each of them delivering his sword.

The coxswain of the commodore's barge (John Sykes, since dead) had attended close by his side throughout

throughout this perilous attempt. To him the commodore gave in charge the swords of the Spanish officers, as he received them; and the undaunted tar, as they were delivered to him, tucked these honourable trophies under his arm, with all the coolness imaginable. It was at this moment also, that a British sailor, who had long fought under the commodore, came up in the fulness of his heart, and excusing the liberty he was taking, asked to shake him by the hand, and congratulate him upon seeing him safe on the quarter-deck of a Spanish three-decker.

This new conquest had scarcely submitted, and the commodore returned on board the *San Nicholas*, when the latter ship was discovered to be on fire in two places. At the first moment appearances were alarming; but the presence of mind, and resources of the commodore and his officers, in this emergency, soon got the fire under.

A signal was immediately made by the Captain for boats to assist in disentangling her from the two prizes; and as she was incapable of further service until refitted, the commodore again hoisted his pendant for the moment, on board *La Minerve* frigate; and in the evening shifted it to the *Irresistible*, Captain Martin, but as soon as the Captain was refitted, he re-hoisted his pendant on board the latter ship.

For such distinguished gallantry on the 14th of
February,

February, he received the insignia of the Bath, and the gold medal from his Sovereign; and was also presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

BOMBARDMENT OF CADIZ.

IN the month of July, subsequent to the above victory, Sir Horatio having hoisted a rear-admiral's flag on board the *Theseus*, commanded the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service his personal courage, if possible, was more conspicuous than at any other period of his former services. In the attack on the Spanish gun-boats (July 3, 1797) he was boarded in his barge, with only its usual complement of ten men, and the coxswain, accompanied by Captain Freemantle.

The commander of the Spanish gun-boats, Don Miguel Tyrason, in a barge rowed by *twenty-six oars, having thirty men, including officers*, made a most desperate effort to overpower Nelson and his brave companions. The conflict was long, and doubtful; they fought hand to hand with their swords: his faithful coxswain, John Sykes, was wounded in defending the admiral; and twice saved his life, by parrying several blows that were aimed at him, and mortally wounding his adversaries. Eighteen of the Spaniards being
killed,

killed, the commandant and all the rest wounded, the rear-admiral, with his gallant barge's crew, succeeded in carrying this superior force.—Sir John Jervis, in his official letter on this occasion, observes—“Rear Admiral Nelson's actions speak for themselves; any praise of mine would fall very short of his merit.”

LOSS OF THE ADMIRAL'S ARM AT TENERIFFE.

IN the memorably disastrous attack upon the town of Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, on the night of the 15th of July, 1797, our brave officer, who was entrusted with the hazardous, and, as it was proved, impracticable expedition, was deprived of his right arm by a cannon-shot. A strong detachment of seamen and marines was landed, and the English were in full possession of the town for about seven hours; but, finding it impossible to storm the citadel, they were under the necessity of retreating, with the loss of two hundred and forty-six gallant officers and men, killed, wounded, and drowned. It was soon after landing the detachment that the admiral received his wound; his brave followers at the same time pushing forward with all the accustomed ardour of British seamen. The shock caused him to fall to the ground, where for some minutes he was left to himself. Providence, however, had ordained

dained that his life should be preserved for the future service of his country. His son-in-law, Mr. Nisbit, missing him, had the presence of mind to return; when, after some search in the dark, he found his brave relative weltering in his blood on the ground, with his arm shattered, and himself apparently lifeless. Mr. Nisbit immediately applied his cravat, as a tourniquet to Sir Horatio's arm, and with the filial piety of Æneas, carried him on his back to the beach; whence, with the assistance of some sailors, he conveyed him into one of the boats, and put off to the Theseus, under a tremendous, though ill-directed fire from the enemy's battery.

The same night, at ten o'clock, Sir Horatio's arm was amputated on board the Theseus; immediately after which he began his official letter, and finished it by eleven. On the following day he wrote to Lady Nelson; and in narrating the foregoing transactions, said, "I know it will add much to your pleasure, in finding that your son Josiah, under God's providence, was instrumental in saving my life,"

Unfortunately, the operation being performed in the night, some mistake was made in taking up the arteries, which afterwards occasioned the admiral to suffer the most excruciating pains, and ultimately to come to England for advice.

THE SWORD OF REMEMBRANCE.

THERE is a remarkable circumstance connected with the loss of Sir Horatio's arm, at the above-mentioned expedition. In an earlier part of his life he had received a small sword, as a present from his maternal uncle, Captain Suckling. With the sword the youthful hero received the strong injunction, never to part with it but with his life. The brave Horatio was not likely to violate such a charge. He constantly wore his uncle's valued present: and, with this sword in hand, he led the attack against Santa Cruz. With his arm the sword necessarily fell: stunned by the shock, he was for some moments deprived of sensation, but, slightly recovering, he remembered the injunction, groped for, and fortunately recovered the sword with his *left* hand, and again relapsed into a state of insensibility. In this manner was he discovered by Mr. Nisbit, firmly grasping the sword. This incident alone, could no other be adduced, would be sufficient to prove Lord Nelson's mind of a superior cast.

GALLANT REPLY OF SIR HORATIO NELSON TO
HIS MAJESTY.

It was not until the 13th of December, after his return to England, that the surgeons pronounced

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nounced him fit for service. On his appearance at court, his sovereign received him in the most gracious manner; and expressed his regret that his state of health and mutilated person would doubtless deprive the nation of his future services. Sir Horatio replied, with a dignified emphasis—
“ May it please your Majesty, I can never think THAT a loss, which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country.”

INTERESTING MEMORIAL OF THE ADMIRAL.

Soon after the above rencontre, our gallant admiral received a pension of one thousand pounds per annum, in consequence, as it was said, of the loss of his arm; but, in fact, as a small recompense for having spent a considerable part of his life in danger, hardship, enterprise, and indefatigable service. Previously to the issuing of this grant, a positive custom required that he should distinctly state his services to his Majesty. The following memorial was delivered upon this occasion:

“ To the KING’s most excellent MAJESTY.

“ The Memorial of Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B. and a Rear-Admiral in your Majesty’s Fleet.

“ That during the present war, your memorialist has been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, viz. on the 13th

and 14th of March, 1795; on the 13th of July, 1795; and on the 14th of February, 1797: in three actions with frigates; in six engagements against batteries; in ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbours, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns. Your memorialist has also served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the siege of Bastia and Calvi. That during the war he has assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes; and taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; and your memorialist has actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of *one hundred and twenty times*.—In which service your memorialist has lost his right eye and arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body. All of which services and wounds your memorialist most humbly submits to your Majesty's most gracious consideration,

“October, 1797.

HORATIO NELSON.”

PIETY OF ADMIRAL NELSON, EXEMPLIFIED
IN A LETTER TO HIS LADY.

The subjoined extract of a letter from Admiral Nelson to his lady, dated Vanguard, St. Peter's Island, off Sardinia, May 24, 1798, is one of the many instances which have been adduced of the religious tendency of the writer's mind. It relates to the storm, in which Admiral Nelson's detached squadron was separated and much damaged, while in quest of the French fleet:—

“MY DEAREST FANNY,

“I ought not to call what has happened to the Vanguard by the cold name of accident; I firmly believe it was the Al-

mighty goodness to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better officer, as I feel it has made me a better man; I kiss with all humility the rod. Figure to yourself on Sunday evening, at sun-set, a vain man walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory, and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships of equal numbers belonging to France would have lowered their flags; and with a very rich prize lying by him.—Figure to yourself on Monday morning, when the sun rose, this proud conceited man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress, that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest. But it has pleased Almighty God to bring us into a safe port, where, although we are refused the rights of humanity, yet the Vanguard will, in two days, get to sea again as an English man of war.”

NELSON'S VICTORY OF THE NILE.

It was on the 1st of August, 1798, that Capt. Hood, in the *Zealous*, discovered the French fleet in Aboukir Bay. They appeared to be moored in a compact line of battle, supported by a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van, while their flanks were strengthened by gun-boats.

Although the wind blew fresh, and the day was far spent, yet the admiral made the signal for battle, and signified at the same time that it was his intention to attack the enemy's van and centre as it lay at anchor, according to the plan already communicated by him to the respective captains.

The

The British fleet, every ship of which sounded its way as it proceeded, stood in; and Sir Horatio being struck with the idea, that where there was room for one ship to swing, there was room for another to anchor; measures were taken for carrying this idea into effect, notwithstanding the Culloden had grounded on Bequier Island. The Goliath and Zealous, together with the Orion, the Audacious, and the Theseus, led inside, and received a most tremendous fire from the van of the fleet, as well as from the batteries on shore, while the Vanguard anchored on the outside of the enemy, within half a pistol shot of *Le Spartiate*. The *Minotaur*, *Defence*, *Bellerophon*, *Majestic*, *Swiftsure*, and *Alexander*, came up in succession; and Captain Thompson, of the *Leander*, making up in seamanship for the deficiency of a fifty gun ship in point of metal, dropped her anchor athwart the hawse of *Le Franklin*, an eighty-gun ship, in such a masterly manner, as to annoy both her and *L'Orient*.

Notwithstanding the darkness that soon ensued, *Le Guerrier* was dismasted in the course of a few minutes, while the twilight yet remained; *Le Conquerant* and *Le Spartiate* were also soon reduced to a similar state; *L'Aquilon*, *Le Souverain Peuple*, and *Le Spartiate* surrendered; soon after which the admiral's ship, *L'Orient* was discovered to be on fire, and the flames burst forth

with such rapidity, that great apprehensions were entertained not only for her safety, but also that of such ships of the British fleet as were in her immediate vicinity. The only boat in a condition to swim was immediately dispatched from the English admiral's ship, and the commanders of others following the example, about seventy lives were saved; and many more would have been rescued from death, had not *L'Orient* blown up suddenly, with a most tremendous explosion.

With the interval of this awful moment only excepted, the firing continued; and the victory having been now secured in the van, such ships as were not disabled bore down upon those of the enemy that had not been in the engagement.

When the dawn developed the scene of this terrible conflict, only two sail of the line (*Le Guillaume Tell* and *Le Genereux*) were discovered with their colours flying, all the rest having struck their ensigns. These, conscious of their danger, together with two frigates, cut their cables in the course of the morning, and stood out to sea. The whole of the 2d and 3d of August was employed in securing the French ships that had struck.

MAGNANIMITY OF THE ADMIRAL IN THE
ABOVE ACTION.

IN the heat of the action, Sir Horatio Nelson received a severe wound, which was supposed to have proceeded from langridge shot, or from a piece of iron: the skin of his forehead was cut with it at right angles, and hung down over his face. Captain Berry, happening to stand near, caught the admiral in his arms; and the general idea at first was, that he was shot through the head. On being carried into the cock-pit, where several of his gallant crew were lying with their shattered limbs, the surgeon, with great anxiety, came to attend on the admiral. “No,” replied the hero, “*I will take my turn with my brave fellows!*—The agony of his wound increasing, he became convinced that the presentiment, which he had long indulged, of dying in battle, was now about to be accomplished.

SUBSEQUENT AFFECTING INTERVIEW BETWEEN
ADMIRAL NELSON AND CAPTAIN LOUIS.*

SIR HORATIO was so deeply impressed with a sense of the service which had been rendered to him,

* Now Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Louis. Created a baronet March 29, 1806, as a reward for his services in Vice-Admiral

him, by Captain Louis, in the commencement of the action, that he sent for that officer ; observing that he could not have a moment's peace, until he had thanked him for his conduct: adding, *this is the hundred and twenty-fourth time I have been engaged, but I believe it is now nearly over with me.** The subsequent meeting which took place between the admiral and Captain Louis, was affecting in the extreme. The latter hung over his bleeding friend in silent sorrow.—“Farewell, dear Louis,” said the admiral, “I shall never forget the obligation I am under to you, for your brave and generous conduct; and now, whatever may become of me, my mind is at peace.”

The admiral then immediately sent for his chaplain, whom he requested to be the bearer of his remembrances to Lady Nelson; and, having

Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth's destruction of the French squadron, off St. Domingo, on the 6th of February preceding.

* When the Vanguard, Sir Horatio's flag-ship, anchored along-side the Spartiate, she became exposed to the raking fire of L'Aquilon, the next ship in the enemy's line; by which the Vanguard had between fifty and sixty men disabled in the space of ten minutes. Owing, however, to the gallant and judicious manner in which Captain Louis took his station ahead of the Vanguard, his ship (the Minotaur) not only effectually relieved her from this distressing situation, but overpowered her opponent,

signed

signed a commission, appointing his friend, the brave Hardy,* commander of the Mutine brig, to the rank of post-captain in the Vanguard, he resigned himself to death with truly christian composure.

But the hour of his departure was not yet come. When the surgeon came to examine the wound, he soon discovered that it was not mortal. This joyful intelligence quickly circulated through the ship. As soon as the painful operation of dressing was over, Admiral Nelson returned to the quarter-deck, where he arrived just time enough to behold the conflagration of L'Orient.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF ADMIRAL NELSON'S PIETY.

ON the morning after the victory of the Nile, Sir Horatio issued a memorandum to the respective captains of the squadron, expressing his intention of publicly returning thanks to Almighty God for having blessed his Majesty's arms with victory. These pious intentions were carried into effect on board the Vanguard, at two o'clock the same afternoon; the other ships following the example of the admiral, though perhaps not all at

* Lord Nelson's captain in the Victory, at the action off Trafalgar.

precisely the same time.—This solemn act of gratitude to Heaven seemed to make a very deep impression upon several of the prisoners, both officers and men; some of the former remarking—“that it was no wonder that we could preserve such order and discipline, when we could impress the minds of our men with such sentiments after a victory so great, and a moment of such seeming confusion.”

CAPTAIN HALLOWELL'S EXTRAORDINARY
PRESENT TO THE ADMIRAL.

AFTER this glorious victory obtained over the French fleet, the captains of the British squadron seemed eager to outvie each other in sending various presents to the admiral, that had been made from the wreck of L'Orient. Captain Hallowell, of the Swiftsure, who had ever been on terms of the most intimate friendship with Sir Horatio Nelson, actually ordered his carpenter to make a coffin, solely from the wreck, both as to the wood and iron. His orders were punctually obeyed; and one having been finished with considerable neatness, from the materials of L'Orient's main-mast, it was presented to the admiral, with the following polite and affectionate letter:—

“SIR,

“ SIR,

Swiftsure, August, 1798.

“ I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin, made from the mainmast of L'Orient, that when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies; but that that period may be far distant, is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend,

“ B. HALLOWELL.

“ Sir Horatio Nelson, Rear-Admiral
of the Blue,” &c. &c.

The admiral highly appreciated the present of his brave officer; and for some months had it placed upright in his cabin. At length, by the tears and intreaties of an old servant, he was prevailed on to allow its being carried below. When Lord Nelson shifted his flag into the Foudroyant, it was carefully removed with him into that ship.

ADMIRAL NELSON'S FLATTERING RECEPTION AT NAPLES.

AFTER the victory of Aboukir, leaving Captain Samuel Hood to block up the port of Alexandria, Admiral Nelson sailed for Naples, where he arrived, in the Vanguard, on the 22d of September. On his landing, he was received amidst the reiterated shouts of a rejoicing people, who looked up to him as their deliverer and protector. The general sentiment which prevailed throughout Naples at that time, cannot be better described than
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in the following passage, contained in a letter from the Queen of Naples to the Marquis De Circello, the Neapolitan ambassador at London:—

“ I write to you with joy inexpressible ! The brave and enterprising British admiral, Lord Nelson, has obtained a most signal and decisive victory. My heart would fain give wings to the courier who is the bearer of these propitious tidings, to facilitate the earliest acknowledgments of our gratitude. So extensive is this victory in all its relative circumstances, that were it not that the world has been accustomed to see prodigies of glory achieved by the English on the seas, I should almost question the reality of the event. It has produced among us a general spirit of enthusiasm. It would have moved you much to see my infant boys and girls hanging round my neck in tears, expressing their joy at the happy tidings, made doubly dear to us by the critical period at which they arrived. This news of the defeat of Buonaparte’s Egyptian fleet has made many disaffected persons less daring, and improved the prospect of the general good. Make my highest respects acceptable to their Majesties of England. Recommend the gallant hero, Nelson, to his royal master. It has raised in the Italians an enthusiastic reverence for the English nation. Great expectations were naturally founded on his enterprising

enterprizing talents, but no one could look for so total an overthrow of the enemy. All here are frantic with excess of joy."

LORD NELSON'S DUKEDOM OF BRONTE.

LORD NELSON remained at Naples till the month of December, 1798, on the 12th of which the blockade of Malta commenced. On the 21st of the same month, the King of Naples and his family embarked in the Vanguard, and were carried to Palermo, in Sicily, where Admiral Nelson had the honour of assisting in his Neapolitan Majesty's councils. In March, he arranged a plan for taking the islands in the Bay of Naples, and for supporting the royalists, who were making head in the kingdom. This plan succeeded in all its parts. In May, on being promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the red, he shifted his flag into the Foudroyant; at which time he was obliged to be constantly on his guard against the French fleet. At length the French evacuated Naples; and having materially contributed, by his extraordinary exertions, to replace his Sicilian Majesty on his throne, Lord Nelson was, on the 13th of September, 1799, presented by that monarch with the dukedom of Bronte, estimated at the annual value of 5000*l*. His lordship, it is

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said,

said, directed that 2000*l.* per annum, should be devoted to the use of the peasants on the estate; whose dress and comforts, arising from this liberal donation, placed them much above all others in the country. One thousand pounds were assigned for repairs and improvements of the estate, and the remaining 2000*l.* were regularly transmitted to his lordship.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE SWORD PRESENTED BY HIS SICILIAN MAJESTY TO LORD NELSON.

WITH the dukedom of Bronte his Sicilian Majesty also presented Lord Nelson with a sword, most magnificently enriched with diamonds, said to be worth 60,000 ducats. It, however, derived additional value from the anecdote which attends it. Charles the Third, on his departure for Spain, presented this sword to the King of Naples, observing, as he gave it—"With this sword I conquered the kingdom, which I now resign to you: it ought in future to be possessed by the first defender of the same, or by him who restored it to you, in case it should ever be lost." Lord Nelson must have felt the full force of the compliment conveyed by such a present.

SYMPATHY AND BENEVOLENCE OF LORD
NELSON EXEMPLIFIED.

AFTER his lordship's return, and during his visit at Salisbury, in the month of September, 1800, he caught sight of a sailor that had assembled among the crowd before the council-house in that city, who proved to be one that had fought under his lordship at the battle of the Nile. The recollection of a man who had hazarded his life with himself for the glory of his country, associated with the idea of his having been one among the many humble instruments of his own exaltation, instantly touched his heart. He called him forward, and, after expressing the satisfaction he should ever feel on meeting with any one who had borne a part on that proud day, instantly dismissed him with a handsome present.

Another man presented himself, who, at the Helder Point, had met a similar fate with his lordship off Teneriffe, in the loss of an arm. Every circumstance of greatness or distinction vanished for the moment from the brave admiral's mind; he found himself in a like predicament with the poor man before him; his sympathy was awakened: the only difference it allowed him to recollect was, that of his better fortune, a proof of which his fellow sufferer soon experienced in a generous token of the hero's feelings.

It

It is a singular fact, that Lord Nelson should next discover, amidst the huzzaing multitude, a person who had attended him at the time he lost his arm, and had assisted at the amputation. The noble admiral beckoned him up stairs (of the council-house), and meeting him as he approached the room, took him by the hand with a present in his own, and with looks expressive of his remembrance for the tender services he had experienced from him on that melancholy occasion. As the man withdrew, he took from his bosom a piece of lace which he had torn from the amputated arm, declaring he would preserve it to his last breath, in memory of his late gallant commander, whom he should always deem it the honour of his life to have served. Lord Nelson bade him farewell, with an emotion which no effort could stifle.

LORD NELSON IN RETIREMENT.

At the close of the late war, after he had disgraced the French at Boulogne, and achieved wonders at Copenhagen,* Lord Nelson retired into the bosom of his social family circle at Merton, where he truly enjoyed the short interval of

* A very animated description of the battle of Copenhagen will be found in a subsequent part of this volume.

ease that was permitted to him ; and it was here that the genuine unaffected philanthropy of his heart displayed itself. It is impossible to conceive a human being of more pure benevolence and of more active virtue than Lord Nelson. He was the friend, the brother, of every man within the reach of his power, and the neighbourhood were delighted to see the reverence and affection which all his companions in arms, from the highest to the lowest, expressed for his person. It was a sort of homage which not mere duty could have enforced, but which sprung from a heartfelt sense of superior worth.

The enjoyments, however, so dear and soothing to his heart, were quickly at an end. Hard and painful were his services, fleeting his intervals of repose. His rest was not to be of this world ; it was soon to commence in eternity, on the bosom of his Creator—that Creator to whose power and goodness he had ever, with christian piety, assigned that uninterrupted success, the source of all sublunary glory.

On the 16th of May, 1803, his Majesty by a message, announced a rupture with France, to both houses of parliament. Lord Nelson was immediately appointed to the command of our fleet in the Mediterranean ; to join which he sailed on the 20th of May, in the Victory, accompanied by

the *Amphion* frigate. Ere he embarked, fresh laurels were anticipated for him.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

At length, after a toilsome routine of service, in the month of October, 1805, the combined French and Spanish squadrons were discovered to have put to sea from Cadiz. The consummation of our hero's earthly glory now rapidly approached. On Monday, the 21st of the month, at day-light, when Cape Trafalgar bore E. by S. about seven leagues, the enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward, the wind about west, and very light. Lord Nelson, as commander in chief, immediately made the signal for the fleet to bear up in two columns, as they formed in the order of sailing—a mode of attack his lordship had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the usual manner. The enemy's line consisted of thirty-three ships (of which eighteen were French, and fifteen Spanish), commanded by Admiral Villeneuve. The Spaniards, under the direction of Gravina, wore, with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctness: but, as the mode

of attack was unusual, so the structure of their line was new; it formed a crescent, convexing to leeward—so that, in leading down to their centre, Vice-Admiral Collingwood had both their van and rear abaft the beam. Before the fire opened, every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared when on their beam to leave a very little interval between them; and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was in the *Bucentaure*, in the centre, and the *Prince of Asturias* bore Gravina's flag in the rear; but the French and Spanish ships were mixed without any apparent regard to order of national squadron.

As the mode of attack had been previously determined on, and communicated to the flag officers and captains, few signals were necessary, and none were made, except to direct close order as the lines bore down. Lord Nelson, in the *Victory*, led the weather column, and the *Royal Sovereign*, which bore Vice-Admiral Collingwood's flag, the lee.

The action began at twelve o'clock, by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line, Lord Nelson, about the tenth ship from the van, the second in command about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the van of the ene-

my unoccupied; the succeeding ships breaking through in all parts astern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns; the conflict was severe; the enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers; but the attack on them was irresistible, and it pleased the Almighty Disposer of all events to grant his Majesty's arms a complete and glorious victory. About three P. M. many of the enemy's ships having struck their colours, their line gave way: Admiral Gravina, with ten ships joining their frigates to leeward, stood towards Cadiz. The five headmost ships in their van tacked, and, standing to the southward, to windward of the British line, were engaged, and the sternmost of them taken: the others went off, leaving to his Majesty's squadron nineteen ships of the line, of which two were first rates, the Santissima Trinidad and the Santa Anna, with three flag officers, viz. Admiral Villeneuve, the commander-in-chief; Don Ignatio Maria D'Aliva, vice-admiral, and the Spanish Rear-Admiral Don Baltazar Hidalgo Cisneros.

The *Achille*, a French 74, after having surrendered, by some mismanagement of the Frenchmen, took fire and blew up; but two hundred of her men were saved by the tenders.

Among the English officers who fell in this ac-
tion,

tion, were Lord Nelson, the commander-in-chief; Captain Duff, of the Mars; and Captain Cooke, of the Bellerophon.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF LORD NELSON.

PREVIOUSLY to the commencement of the battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson went over the different decks of the Victory, saw and spoke to the different classes of seamen, encouraged them with his usual affability, and was much pleased at the manner in which the seamen had barricaded the hawse holes of the ship. All was perfect death-like silence, till just before the action began. Three cheers were given his lordship as he ascended the quarter-deck ladder. He had been particular in recommending cool, steady firing, in preference to a hurrying fire, without aim or precision, and the event justified his lordship's advice, as the masts of his opponents came tumbling down on their decks, and over their sides. Within half an hour after, the battle began to rage in its full fury; the Royal Marines on the poop soon felt the effect (as well as the officers, seamen, and Royal Marines on the quarter-deck) of the system of sharp-shooting from the tops of the enemy's ships. The men began to drop fast, and poor Captain Adair, of the Royal Marines, was

struck with a rifle ball, which so irritated him, that he asked Lord Nelson leave to take up in the tops and place some of his Royal Marine party, with an officer, to counteract the destructive fire of those sharp shooters of the enemy. The men went up the shrouds, and as Captain Adair was ascending, he fell quite dead on the poop, perforated through with near twenty balls from those marksmen. The action then became very hot, and Lord Nelson was advised not to appear so conspicuously, in full uniform, to the mark of the topmen of the enemy. His answer ought to be recorded in the heart of every Briton, and engraven on his monument—"No," said his lordship, "whatever may be the consequence, the insignia of the honours I now wear I gained by the exertions of British seamen, under my command, in various parts of the world; and in the hour of danger, I am proud to show them and the enemies of old England, I will never part with them; if it please God I am to fall, I will expire with these trophies entwined round my heart." About a quarter before two the fatal bullet struck his lordship above the star on the left side.

By the first accounts, Lord Nelson's fall was understood to have been occasioned by a shot from the main-round top of the Santissima Trinidad. The shot was afterwards said to have proceeded

ceeded from the Bucentaure; but the general belief now is, that it was fired from the mizen-top of the French ship Redoubtable.

A few minutes before Lord Nelson was wounded, Mr. Bourke, the purser of the Victory, was near him; he looked stedfastly at him, and said, "Bourke, I expect every man to be upon his station." Mr. Bourke took the hint, and went to his proper situation in the cockpit.

At this time his lordship's secretary, Mr. Scott, who was communicating some orders to an officer at a distant part of the quarter-deck, was cut almost in two by a cannon-shot: he expired on the instant, and was thrown overboard.

Lord Nelson observed the act of throwing his secretary overboard, and said, as if doubtful, to a midshipman who was near him, "Was that Scott?" The midshipman replied, he believed it was. He exclaimed, "Poor fellow!"

He was now walking the quarter-deck, and about three yards from the stern, the space he generally walked before he turned back. His lordship was in the *act of turning* on the quarter-deck, with his face towards the enemy, when he was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. He instantly fell; but was not, as at first reported, picked up by Captain Hardy. In the hurry of the battle, which was then raging in its greatest violence, even the fall of their beloved commander

did not interrupt the business of the quarter-deck. Two sailors, however, who were near his lordship, raised him in their arms, and carried him to the cockpit. He was immediately laid upon a bed, and the following is the substance of the conversation which *really* took place in the cockpit, between his lordship, Captain Hardy, Mr. Bourke, and Mr. Beatty, the surgeon:—Upon seeing him brought down, Mr. Bourke immediately ran to him. “I fear,” he said, “your lordship is wounded.” — “Mortally, mortally.” — “I hope not, my dear lord; let Mr. Beatty examine your wounds.” — “It is of no use,” exclaimed the dying Nelson; “he had better attend to others.”

Mr. Beatty now approached to examine the wound. His lordship was raised up; and Beatty, whose attention was anxiously fixed upon the eyes of his patient, as an indication the most certain when a wound is mortal, after a few moments glanced his eye on Bourke, and expressed his opinion in his countenance. Lord Nelson now turned to Bourke, and said, “Tell Hardy to come to me.” Bourke left the cockpit. Beatty now said, “Suffer me, my lord, to probe the wound with my finger; I will give you no pain.” Lord Nelson permitted him, and, passing his left hand round his waist, he probed it with the fore finger of his right.

When Bourke returned into the cockpit with
Captain

Captain Hardy, Lord Nelson told the latter to come near him. "Kiss me, Hardy," he exclaimed. Captain Hardy kissed his cheek. "I hope your lordship," he said, "will still live to enjoy your triumph."—"Never, Hardy," he exclaimed, "I am dying—I am a dead man all over—Beatty will tell you so—bring the fleet to an anchor—you have all done your duty—God bless you." Captain Hardy now said, "I suppose Collingwood, my dear Lord, is to command the fleet?"—"Never," exclaimed he, "whilst I live;" meaning, doubtless, that, so long as his gallant spirit survived, he would never desert his duty.

What passed after this was merely casual: his lordship's last words were to Mr. Beatty, whilst he was expiring in his arms, "I could have wished to have lived to enjoy this; but God's will be done."—"My Lord," exclaimed Hardy, "you die in the midst of triumph."—"Do I, Hardy?"—He smiled faintly—"God be praised!" These were his last words before he expired.

COURSE AND SITE OF THE BALL, AS ASCERTAINED BY MR. BEATTY, AFTER HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH.

THE ball struck the fore part of his lordship's epaulette, and entered the left shoulder immediately before the processus acromium scapulæ,
which

which it slightly fractured; it then descended obliquely into the thorax, fracturing the second and third ribs; and after penetrating the left lobe of the lungs, and dividing in its passage a large branch of the pulmonary artery, it entered the left side of the spine between the sixth and seventh dorsal vertebræ, fractured the left transverse process of the sixth vertebra, wounded the medulla spinalis, and fracturing the right transverse process of the seventh vertebra, it made its way from the right side of the spine, directing its course through the muscles of the back, and lodged therein, about two inches below the inferior angle of the right scapula.

DESCRIPTION OF LORD NELSON'S COFFIN.

HIS Majesty having been graciously pleased to order that the remains of Lord Nelson should be publicly interred in the cathedral church of St. Paul, the most splendid preparations were made on the occasion. The following is a description of his lordship's exterior coffin:—

The covering of this coffin, which is considered as the most elegant and superb ever seen in Europe, is of fine black velvet, with treble rows of double

double gilt nails; the whole finely enriched with gold matt, enclosed and chased.

The head-piece represents a monument supported by eagles, the emblem of victory, with the portrait of the deceased hero, in bass relief, surmounted by an urn, containing his ashes, over which reclines the figure of Grief. At the base are seen the British lion, with one of his paws laid on the Gallic cock, sphinxes, and other trophies, intended to commemorate the memorable victory which the gallant admiral obtained on the shores of Egypt, and to indicate that he might fairly claim the sovereignty of the ocean.

Next is a viscount's coronet, the reward of his lordship's services to his king and country.

The breast-plate of gold, thirteen inches by nine, the same size as that of the late Duke of Gloucester, prepared by his Majesty's goldsmith, with the following inscription:—

DEPOSITUM.

The Most Noble Lord HORATIO NELSON,

Viscount and Baron NELSON of the Nile,

and of

Butnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk.

Baron NELSON of the Nile, and of Hilborough, in the said County.

Knight of the Most Honourable Order the Bath;

Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron of the Fleet;

and

Commander

Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the
Mediterranean.

Also,

Duke of BRONTE, in Sicily;

Knight Grand Cross of the Sicilian Order of St. Ferdinand,
and of Merit;

Member of the Ottoman Order of the Crescent;

and

Knight Grand Commander of the Order of St. Joachim.

Born September 29, 1758.

After a series of transcendent and heroic Services, this Gallant Admiral fell gloriously, in the moment of a brilliant and decisive Victory over the combined Fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805.

Lower down is the first crest which his Majesty granted him after the battle of Cape St. Vincent, where Lord Nelson boarded and took the San Josef, the motto "*Faith and Works.*"

The last ornament on the lid is an Egyptian weeping figure (a cast from the antique) wrapped up in drapery, with the face hidden, emblematical of grief.

On the left side of the coffin, next to the head, is the British lion with the union flag, the supporter of England, as also that of Lord Nelson's arms.

Lower down, about the shoulder, on the same side, is a display of the *insignia* of the most honourable

nourable military Order of the Bath, with the motto, *Tria juncta in uno*.

Directly in the centre, on the same side, is a beautiful composition of Britannia and Neptune riding triumphant on the ocean, drawn by sea-horses, and led by Fame; while Neptune is pointing to a shield, which bears this motto, "*Viro immortalis*."

Next is the Order of St. Ferdinand, which Lord Nelson received of the King of Naples, with the motto, "*Fide a merito*."

The last ornament, towards the feet, on this side, is a crocodile, allusive to the battle of the Nile.

The first device, on the right side of the coffin, at the head, is the sphynx, the emblem of Egypt.

Corresponding with the Order of the Bath, on the opposite side, is the Order of the Great Crescent, which was transmitted to the noble admiral by the Grand Seignior, after the glorious battle of the Nile.

In the centre, on the right hand, are again Britannia and Neptune riding triumphant on the ocean, drawn by sea-horses, &c. as on the opposite side.

Lower down, corresponding with the Order of St. Ferdinand, on the opposite side, is the Order of St. Joachim, transmitted to Lord Nelson by
the

the Emperor Paul, as Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, with the motto, "*Junxit Amicos Amor.*"

The last ornament on the right-hand side, towards the foot, is a dolphin, the noblest fish of the sea, and formerly claimed by the heir of France.

The device, at the head end of the coffin, is composed of naval and military trophies, with Lord Nelson's arms on a shield.

That at the foot end is also a composition of naval and military trophies.

AN

ADDRESS TO ENGLAND,

UPON HER

NELSON'S DEATH.

Written by William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq.

WHILE England beams one universal blaze,
The faithful tribute of a nation's praise;
For naval deeds achiev'd of high renown,
And honours added to the British Crown,
Saw hostile navies into ruins hurl'd,
And ENGLAND'S TRIDENT RULE THE wat'ry world!

Is there a Briton's heart that does not beat
At NELSON's triumph, and the foes defeat?
However poor, he shares the gen'rous flame,
And glows exulting at the hero's name.
Immortal NELSON!—here my throbbing heart,
Swelling with sorrow, acts no borrow'd part—
May I not say, and say it with a tear,
That with his death the triumph's bought too dear.
But who can murmur? glorious was his doom,
THE HEART OF EVERY BRITON IS HIS TOMB!
The NATION'S FAVOURITE, and his SOVEREIGN's pride,
He rul'd despotic lord of Ocean's tide!
Each coast, remember'd for some deed of fame,
Was made illustrious by great Nelson's name;
DENMARK, IBERIA, EGYPT's trophied shore,
Heard the dread thunder of his cannon's roar!
While laurels won from every hostile fleet,
He laid in triumph at his Monarch's feet;
And history ever shall record the day,
Bright with his glory! in Trafalgar's Bay.
In torrid climes, where nature pants for breath,
Or tainted gales bring pestilence and death;
Where hurricanes are born, and whirlwinds sweep
The raging billows of th' Atlantic deep,
NELSON had sought, but long had sought in vain,
The still retreating fleets of France and Spain!
When found at last, he crush'd them on the flood,
And seal'd the awful conquest with his blood!
Yet as he liv'd, so did the hero fall—
Crouch'd at his feet he saw the humbled Gaul;
Then did he, laurel-crown'd, and rapt in fire,
Upborne on Victory's out-spread wing, expire!

Suspended

Suspended by the shouts that rend the skies,
ENGLAND'S TRIUMPHANT!—but her NELSON dies!
A grateful nation mourns the hero dead,
And 'dews with tears the laurels on his Lead—
Laurels, for ever green—for ever new—
Bequeath'd with NELSON'S dying breath to YOU.

PHENOMENON OF WATER.

THE surprising effects occasioned by a sudden swell of the sea, as described in the following letter, is one of the most remarkable ever noticed:—

A letter from an officer on board his majesty's ship the Canada, of 74 guns, dated the 7th of July, 1798, says: In the Canada we have experienced a most remarkable and unfortunate accident; about a fortnight since as we were standing under easy sail, and in such very moderate weather, that a small boat would have been considered as perfectly safe; all at once our ship was struck by an immensely heavy sea, that went over the deck of the forecastle, and carried almost every thing away with it; the head rails and furniture were in an instant demolished. The confusion and surprize occasioned by this extraordinary circumstance, is as difficult to describe as
the

the phenomenon is to be accounted for. It would instantly have occurred to us that it was the effect of an earthquake, had other ships then in company felt the shock, which, however, was not the case: the most calamitous part of the circumstance is, that there were two men killed on the spot, and several others severely bruised; the head of one of the former was cleft in twain by the forcible percussion of this extraordinary column of water.

BRAVERY OF CAPTAIN MORTLOCK.

IN the list of those officers who have raised the character of the British navy to its present unprecedented fame, the name of Captain Mortlock is deserving of a distinguished place, for his courage and meritorious conduct so conspicuously displayed, and who is not considered as inferior to the oldest veteran.

Captain Mortlock sailed from the Downs in the *Wolverine* gun-vessel, of 14 guns and 70 men, on a cruize to the coast of France, and being off Boulogne, discovered two luggers, both of which were observed to be French; his first care, therefore, was to bring them to action, as he knew, if they supposed him to be a ship of war, they would make off. He, therefore, hoisted

Danish colours, which had the desired effect, as they immediately bore down upon him, and came within hail, and questioning Capt. Mortlock from whence he came, he returned for answer from Plymouth, and bound to Copenhagen. One of the luggers immediately came close upon the star-board quarter, and he caught her bowsprit between the mizen chains and the side of the Woolverine, and kept her in this situation a length of time, till she was ready to wear. At this moment the action commenced with musquetry and great guns, (the Woolverine hoisting English colours) and was contested with great spirit for above two hours. Captain Mortlock now lashed the bowsprit of the vessel on board of him to his mizen chains, as he determined, if possible, to take both vessels. The other lugger now got on the lar-board bow of the Woolverine, running on board of her. In this position she was boarded by the enemy three different times from both vessels, but every Frenchman that engaged in these attempts was killed. At one time the crew of the enemy made so strong an attempt, that it required the assistance of every man in the Woolverine to repulse them. At the same moment a number of Frenchmen were actually on board the Woolverine from the other lugger, all of whom were killed by the determined bravery of Captain Mortlock, and two or three brave officers with him.

him. The captain of one of the French vessels himself got upon the little round-house of the Woolverine, and gave his men three cheers, to encourage them to follow him; when Captain Mortlock instantly ran to him, and warmly disputed with him the possession of his post. The Frenchman fired in Captain Mortlock's face, but fortunately did him no injury; he again cocked his pistol, but, before he could fire, Captain Mortlock plunged his half pike into his body, and he fell overboard. The Frenchmen now threw some leather bags into the cabin of the Woolverine, which immediately set her on fire with a great explosion. Captain Mortlock was, with part of his crew, obliged to leave the enemy to extinguish the flames, and, in the interim, the two vessels got clear away. While they were going off one of them fired a shot at the Woolverine, which unfortunately struck Captain Mortlock, and gave him his death wound. He had before this been wounded in three different places, but he still resolutely kept on the deck. He was first wounded in the hand; a ball which passed through a hammock, bit him on the heart, which occasioned violent pains, and he was wounded very severely in the hip by a splinter. His last wound was, indeed, shocking to relate: his arm was shattered to pieces, and the flesh torn away from the side of his body. Thus fell a man in the prime of life,

whose merits will entitle him to the respect due to departed worth, and whose excellent disposition and pleasantness of manners will live long in the remembrance of all who knew him.

ESCAPE OF CARL EHRLICH, A PRUSSIAN SAILOR,
FROM SHIPWRECK.

THE miraculous preservation of this man from the most perilous situation of shipwreck, as related by himself, is, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of the particular interposition of Divine Providence ever known. Ehrlich sailed from Hull in the snow Hope, of Liverpool, destined on a voyage from Riga to Lisbon, and laden with hemp and iron (which had a short time before put in there for repair). She proceeded southward till three o'clock the next morning, when the wind blew a hard gale from the south east, which increased to such a degree that they were obliged to lay to under reefed foresails, the wind and sea raging with such violence that they were driven furiously to the northward. The gale continuing its force with heavy snow and almost total darkness, they could not perceive any object, and as a pilot could not be obtained, they continued driving to northward at the mercy of the winds and waves. About midnight on the first of February, the ship unfortunately struck

on the ground, the sea at the same time running so tremendously high as to make an entire passage over her. At this instant the cabin-boy was washed from the deck: the captain and crew finding every exertion in vain, were obliged to abandon their quarters, and attend to the imperious calls of self-preservation, declaring at the same time, they would not quit the ship while the least chance of hope remained. The snow was now descending in clouds, and the darkness was so great that they could not see the length of the vessel. The mate, however, was of opinion that they were near the land, and was determined to attempt to make for it. The captain and Ehric accordingly delivered him their watches and money, and he instantly jumped into the boat, which still remained upon deck; but a heavy sea at the moment breaking over her, swept away the boat, and he preserved himself by catching the main stay: the next tremendous wave, alas! overwhelmed him in the deep, never more to be seen. The rest of the crew now sought shelter in the rigging, one man in the fore-top, and the rest in the main-top. Ehric feeling pity for a boy of the name of Swain, twelve years old, had taken him in his arms, and ascended the main-top, in defiance of the heavy sea which continued to break over them. The captain, in despair, ascended the rigging, and placed himself on the main-yard,

from whence he was heard to lament their hard fate, and the consequent distress of his wife and children. In this dreadful state they remained a considerable time ; but, from the extreme severity of the night, and their benumbed and exposed situation, the captain soon was seen to drop down, supposed to be nearly or quite dead from the cold, and two men at the same time were washed from the main-top. The vessel had now been driven near the shore, and a heavy sea soon after breaking over her, carried away the main-mast, with Ehric, another seaman, and Swain, the boy, upon it. Ehric again laid hold of the boy, who earnestly exhorted him by crying, “ Oh, Charles ! hold me fast ;” but finding it indispensable for his own preservation, was obliged to quit his hold, and the poor boy was drowned.

The main-mast being entangled with the ropes of the fore-mast, Ehric remained in this perilous situation a long time ; at last with difficulty he got to the fore-top-mast head, where he found the man before mentioned still alive. The vessel had by this time drifted to Dimlington Highland, about eight miles to the north of Spurn Point. Ehric perceiving the cliff, prepared to ascend it, exhorting a ship-mate to follow, as the only means left of preservation, but he was frozen so stiff with cold, that he was unable to stir a single joint. This poor fellow was never afterwards
seen,

seen, and is thought to have shared the same fate as the rest of the crew. Ehrie watching a favorable opportunity, dropped upon the side of the cliff, which, from being so hard frozen, was very slippery, and it was exceedingly difficult for him to prevent himself from falling into the breakers : he at last, however, got safe to the top of the cliff, at three o'clock in the morning, where he wandered about till break of day, a solitary survivor of the whole ship's crew, lamenting their melancholy fate. He at length reached Hull in a very miserable condition, being worn out with hunger and fatigue, and his limbs nearly frozen, and just able to relate the particulars of his unfortunate situation.

HEROISM OF A BRITISH SAILOR.

AFTER the relief of Gibraltar, in the action between the fleet of Great Britain, commanded by Lord Howe, and the combined fleets of France and Spain, commanded by Don Louis de Cordova, on the 20th of October, 1782, John Addinhook, a seaman on board the Royal William, then commanded by Captain Allen, received a wound which severed his right thigh from his body. When carried down to the cock-pit, although in great agony, which such a misfortune

must occasion, the mizen-mast of one of the French ships was shot away by the Royal William; on which the seamen gave three cheers. The surgeon was endeavouring to give every relief in his power to this brave unfortunate sailor, when Addinhook told him with the greatest composure, that his efforts were in vain, that he was a dying man, and earnestly entreated him to attend those who were more likely to survive the day. With his small remaining strength he then raised himself a little from the cott, in which he was weltering in his blood, seconded the three cheers, fell back, and instantly expired.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON IN THE RIVER DE LA
PLATA.

THERE have been at different periods of time very remarkable instances of the convulsions of nature, but there are few recorded equal to, (and none exceeding) the following awful appearances :—

In the year 1793 the waters of this river were forced, in the month of April, by a most violent current of wind, to the distance of ten leagues, so that the neighbouring plains were entirely inundated, and the bed of the river was left dry. A number of ships which had been sunk in the
river

river for upwards of thirty years, were uncovered ; and, among others, an English vessel, which was cast away in the year 1762. Several persons repaired to the bed of the river, on which they could walk almost without wetting their feet, and returned laden with silver and other riches, which had been long buried under the water. This phenomenon, which may be ranked among the grand revolutions of nature, continued three days, at the end of which the wind ceased, and the water returned with very great violence to its natural bed.

DUKE WILLIAM OF CUMBERLAND.

SOME abuses having crept into the navy, more particularly respecting the impress service, Duke William of Cumberland, who had the honor of the navy much at heart, was determined to search into the truth ; and, if he found the report just, to bring the offenders to the punishment they merited. Accordingly one morning, accompanied by a naval officer of rank, both dressed as private sailors, they went to Wapping, and entering a public-house, desired the landlady to furnish them with a private room, which they would liberally pay for, having heard, since they came on shore, that the press was very hot. Their treacherous
hostess

hostess took the money with a low curtsey, and after having shed many tears at the different cruelties she had known to have been exercised by such people, and related the many instances of men she had saved from such merciless wretches, retired, and immediately sent for a gang, and related the whole story, observing withal, "that one of them was so fat he was scarcely worth the shipping."—Upon this information the press-gang burst into the room; when, after a well-feigned resistance, the duke and his friend suffered themselves to be dragged on board the tender. They were very roughly interrogated, and severely reprimanded, for daring to resist his majesty's officers. The duke answered for himself and his companion, and inveighed against them in very sharp terms for using men so cruelly; upon which they were both ordered down below. This the duke absolutely refused to comply with, which so completely exasperated the captain of the tender, that he told them they should soon know who he was, and ordered them to be stripped and flogged. "The duke exclaimed, "Strip me if you dare." This was not to be endured; the captain struck his royal highness with a cane, the sign to his men to strip their victim by force; but they had no sooner taken off his blue jacket than they perceived the star! The tables were now turned—the duke immediately declared himself, and

and in a few minutes the whole party were on their knees, imploring his forgiveness. He immediately ordered the captain to be secured, whilst he went below ; where a scene of the most savage barbarity presented itself to his view ; some poor creatures were bleeding, from the repeated lashes which they had received ; others gasping for life, from want of fresh air. The noble duke immediately returned to town, and stated the whole particulars before the admiralty, which, for a time, had a good effect ; as officers of approved good character and humanity alone were to be intrusted with this service ; which, under salutary regulations, would in numberless instances prove a blessing to society, by securing such people who just keep within the limits of the law, and enjoy the plunder of villages without molestation. There are too many such characters in every hamlet in England, and by a proper application to the overseers, they might at all times be easily discovered, and the public be much benefited by being freed from such plunderers.

VICISSITUDES OF COMMERCE.

IN the year 1346, at the taking of Calais, Yarmouth assisted the king with forty-three ships on board of which were 1075 mariners, and it appears

appears by the roll of the high fleet of King Edward the Third, before Calais, that there were 700 ships, and 14,151 marines employed on that memorable occasion; and that Fowey then supplied the king with more sailors than any sea-port in England, London not excepted. The following is a part of the list: Fowey, 47; Yarmouth, 43; Dartmouth, 31; Plymouth, 26; Shoreham, 26; London, 25; Bristol, 24; Sandwich, 22; Dover, 21; Southampton, 21; Winchelsea, 21; Weymouth, 20; Looe, 20; Newcastle, 17; Boston, 17; Hull, 16. The ships carried from 16 to 30 men each, and the average might be about 25 to 30 each. The navy of England was at that period fitted out in a similar mode to which the militia is raised at present; every sea-port, and other considerable town, being obliged to furnish its quota; the king, on the part of government, furnishing twenty-five ships. The scale of importance of the different towns of that day, (460 years since) when compared with what they are now, gives a most striking proof of the vicissitudes to which commercial places are liable; Fowey, in Cornwall, then sent nearly twice as many ships as London did, and the names of many of the towns which stood very high on the list are now almost forgotten.

BRITISH COURAGE, POLICY, AND LOYALTY.

THERE has never been recorded in the annals of naval history an instance of greater courage and policy, by an individual, than is evinced in the following account of the gallant conduct of Captain Robinson, an Englishman, in a memorable sea-fight, as extracted from a work published at Paris, in 1758.

In the year 1708, (says the writer, who was a protestant galley-slave in the French navy), Queen Anne, among other ships put in commission, had one of 70 guns, commanded by Captain Smith, who was sent to cruise wherever he thought proper, and he bearing an implacable hatred to his country, sailed to Gottenburgh, where he sold the ship to a Swedish merchant, and retired into France, to offer his services to Louis XIV. against his native country. The king received him graciously, and promised him the first commission that should be vacant, but in the interim recommended him to serve the Chevalier Langeron at Dunkirk, who received him very politely, and entertained him at his own expence. In every expedition to the English coast, Captain Smith was one. He often advised a descent upon the coast; but it was thought too dangerous, as trained bodies of troops were placed at very convenient distances from each other, a species of animals
that

that French sailors are not fond of meddling with. Smith finding all his schemes to invade this country in vain, sent proposals to the French court of burning Harwich, if they would give him six gallies to command. The king approved his project, and ordered Commodore Langeron to follow Smith's instructions, who reluctantly obeyed; while Smith collected combustibles and other things necessary, with a reinforcement of soldiers. Every thing being ready, they put to sea on the fifth of September, and arrived at the mouth of the Thames, at five in the evening, but Smith being of opinion that we were too early, ordered us to stand off to sea, and not make a descent until it was dark. We had not laid to half an hour when a man at the mast-head cried out, "A fleet to the north, steering west, 36 sail of merchantmen, escorted by a frigate of about 30 cannon."—The commodore immediately called a council of war, and it was determined, if possible, to capture this fleet, instead of burning Harwich. In consequence of which an order was sent directly to the six captains of the gallies, to attack this fleet, (notwithstanding Smith's direct orders to the contrary) which we soon came up with. The commodore ordered four gallies to invest, if possible, and master the merchant ships, while our galley and that of the Chevalier Mauribius should attack and become masters of
the

the frigate, which was the convoy. Accordingly four gallies endeavoured to surround the merchantmen, and we went instantly to attack the frigate, which was an English ship. Captain Robinson, the commander, had the character of being the most resolute, though prudent man, in the navy of Great Britain; and his conduct in this instance did not give fame the lie. He ordered the merchantmen to crowd all the sail possible, to get into the Thames, not doubting but with his little frigate he should cut out work enough for six French gallies; he, therefore, bore down upon us, as if he intended to be the first aggressor. Of the two gallies ordered to attack the frigate, ours alone was ready to begin the engagement, as our associate had fallen back a league behind us; either she could not sail so fast, or her captain chose to let us have the honor of striking the first blow. Our commodore thought himself more than a match for the Englishman, but the sequel will show that he was deceived in his conjecture. We were soon within cannon shot of each other, and the galley discharged her broadside. The frigate approached us without firing a gun, reserving her terrors for a more close engagement; but our commodore mistook English resolution for cowardliness.—“What!” cried he, “is the frigate weary of carrying English colours; and does she come to
surrender

surrender without striking a blow?" The boast was premature. Still we approached each other, and now were within musket-shot. The galley incessantly poured in her broadside and small arms, the frigate all this time preserving the most profound tranquillity which the imagination can conceive : at last the Englishman seemed struck with a panic, and began to fly for it. Nothing was now heard but boasting among our officers ; we could at one blast sink a man of war ; ay, that we could, and with ease too. If Mr. Englishman does not strike in two minutes, down he goes, down to the bottom. All this time the frigate was preparing for the tragedy that was to ensue : her flight was but pretended, and done to entice us to board her in her stern. Our commodore in this favorable conjuncture, at he imagined, ordered the galley to board, and bid the men at the helm bury her beak, if possible, in the frigate. All the sailors and soldiers stood ready, with their battle-axes and sabres, to execute his commands. The frigate perceiving our intentions, dexterously avoided our beak, which was just ready to be dashed against her stern ; so that instead of seeing the frigate sink in the encounter, as was expected, we had the mortification to see her alongside of us, a sight which struck us with terror. Now it was that Captain Robinson's courage was conspicuous ; he had foreseen what would

would happen, and being ready with his grappling irons, fixed us completely close by his side. His artillery now began to open, charged with grape-shot, and every gun that was fired did horrible execution, as we were near enough even to be scorched by the flame. The English masts were filled with sailors, who threw hand grenades among us like hail, scattering wounds and death wherever they fell. Our crew now were not able to make the least defence ; for those who were neither killed nor wounded, lay flat and counterfeited death to find safety. The English, to add to our misfortunes, threw in forty men, who, sword in hand, hewed down all opposers ; sparing, however, the slaves that made no resistance. After they had cut away thus for some time, being constrained back by our still surviving numbers, they continued to pour a dreadful fire among us. A great part of our crew, now being either killed or wounded, C. Langeron was the only man who had courage to wave the flag of distress, by which the other gallies came to his aid ; the four who had surrounded the merchantmen, and nearly taken possession of them, upon seeing our signal quitted their prey, to come to our assistance. Thus the whole fleet of merchant ships were saved in the Thames. The six gallies in half an hour entirely encompassed the frigate, which now presented a favourable opportunity for being

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boarded ;

boarded ; 25 men from each galley were ordered on this service. They met no opposition in coming on, but scarcely were they upon the deck when they were once more saluted *à l'Anglois*. The officers of the frigate were in the fore-castle, and fired upon them incessantly, and at last entirely cleared the ship of the enemy. Another detachment was ordered to board, but with the same success ; however it was at last determined, with hatchets, &c. to lay open her deck, and make the crew prisoners of war. This was with great difficulty executed, and the crew constrained to surrender. The officers were still possessed of the fore-castle, firing away as before. They also were to be forced in the like manner, which was at length effected with great loss. All the ship's company were now prisoners, except Captain Robinson ; he took refuge in the cabin, and kept firing upon us with the utmost obstinacy, swearing he would spill the last drop of his blood before he would see the inside of a French prison. The officers who had been conducted on board us, described their captain as fool-hardy, and determined to blow the frigate into the air rather than strike his colours, and painted his resolution in such glowing terms, that even the conquerors trembled. Every one now expected to see the frigate blown up, and they themselves must share the danger of so terrible a neighbourhood, the
fatal

fatal effects of which would be severely felt by the six gallies. It was therefore resolved to summon the captain in gentle terms, and promise him kind treatment upon his surrendering. He answered all this by firing as fast as he could. At length we determined to take him, dead or alive; accordingly a serjeant and twelve grenadiers were ordered to break open his door, and kill him, if he refused to surrender: the serjeant would have soon burst the door, but the captain shot him through the head; the grenadiers fearing the same fate fled, nor could the officers prevail upon them to renew the engagement, though so unequal; they alledging that as only one at a time could enter the cabin, the captain would kill them all one after the other. Again recourse was had to intreaty, which at last succeeded. All this seeming resolution was artfully assumed to prolong the engagement, until the merchant ships were in safety, which, when the English captain perceived from his cabin-window, he began to listen to reason. He, however, pretended another obstacle to surrendering; he said he would only deliver up his sword to the commodore, and desired he would come to receive it, adding, that brave men should only be the prisoners of each other. His request was made known to the commodore, who returned for answer, that a commodore should never quit his ship. At last he gave

up his sword without further ceremony. He was brought before our commodore, who was surprised to see the figure which had caused such a mighty uproar. He was hump-backed, pale-faced, and as much deformed in person as beautiful in mind. Our commodore complimented him on his bravery, adding, that his captivity was but the fortune of war ; the loss of his ship ; the safety of the fleet entrusted to him ; and he would not regret being a prisoner, as by the kind treatment he would receive, his bondage would be merely nominal. “ I feel no regret,” replied the little captain ; “ it was my duty to defend my charge, though at the loss of my vessel.” The noble boldness with which he expressed himself charmed the commodore ; he returned him his sword, adding, politely, “ Take, Sir, a weapon no man better deserves to wear ; forget that you are my prisoner, but remember that I expect you for my friend.” On his being introduced into the cabin of the galley, he beheld there Smith, the traitor, and instantly knew him. Captain Robinson was all on fire to take vengeance for his country on its betrayer. “ Perfidious rascal,” said he, drawing his sword, “ since the hand of justice cannot give you the death you merit, take it from mine ;” and at the same time ran against him, resolved to plunge his sword into his heart. Fortunately the commodore coming at the moment,

ment, prevented his giving the blow, to the great regret of the captain, who vowed he had been better pleased with such an action than to have taken all the six gallies. We now took possession of our prize, which was called the Nightingale.

SPANISH ARMADA.

THE custom of eating goose on a Michaelmas Day is said to have originated with Queen Elizabeth: being on a visit to one of her sea-ports, when our fleet had gone out to oppose the Spanish Armada, just as she had one day sat down to dinner, of which a goose formed a part, news was brought her of the total defeat of the enemy. Her majesty, at the immediate moment, ordered that the dish then before her might be served up on every twenty-ninth day of September, in commemoration of such a glorious event.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF CLONCARTIE.

WHEN this nobleman was captain of a man of war, and cruizing off the coast of Guinea, his chaplain was seized with the yellow-fever, which in the course of a very short time carried him off; upon which the lieutenant, who was a Scotch-

man, came to his lordship to inform him of it, and at the same time made the following remark : " that he was extremely sorry, and much lamented he should have died a Roman Catholic." " Well, so much the better," said his lordship. " Oot awa, my lord," replied Sawney, " how can you say so of a British clergyman ?" " Why," says his lordship, " because I believe I'm the first captain of a man of war that could ever boast of having a chaplain who had any religion at all."

UNPRECEDENTED VALOUR OF CAPTAIN
MIDDLETON.

THE following gallant and almost incredible action and signal victory, gained by an English captain, commanding one small privateer, over a large Turkish fleet, is scarcely to be equalled in the history of naval affairs in any part of the world.

In the year 1666, among the number of English that fought bravely, Captain Thomas Middleton signalised himself by a most prodigious action. It happened that the admiral, intending a design against the Dardanelles, put Middleton in so desperate a place, that he was in danger from the land to be sunk at every shot. He advised the commander of it, and withal told him, that the
perilous

perilous situation of himself and ship did not so much trouble him, as to be placed where it was impossible to offend the enemy; and having no answer, or at least a bad one, and seeing it could not prejudice the fleet, he drew the vessel a little off, from the needless danger it was in. When the business was over they dismissed him (in a council of war) with the title of coward, and all the soldiers being taken away, he was left with only fifty English to return home, or whither else he pleased. He had not parted long with the armada before, in a calm, he met with twenty-five sail, of which eighteen were the best gallies the great Turk had in all his fleet; these crying out in derision that they would eat English beef for dinner, fell upon him, wanting no assurance, being assisted with the stillness of the air, and their strength and number very great; but for all this confidence they missed their aim; for, after a long and sharp encounter, the two bassas that commanded were killed, with 1500 men, besides the many that were wounded. The whole squadron was so shattered that they had hardly oars sufficient to get off, and were all unfit to serve at least for that year. The captain had neither wind, sails, nor tackle left to follow them; being all shot to pieces, but with much difficulty he afterwards arrived safe at Candia, and there presented to the general a whole ton weight of salted

heads of those he had killed in their often boarding. His Excellency was very much astonished at such a spectacle, and after all the caresses imaginable, he made the senate acquainted with the circumstance, who, with universal consent, ordered him a chain and medal of gold, of great value, as a testimony of their high esteem, and for his own commendable valour. Middleton afterwards died on his journey home, leaving a son who commanded a ship, and was much esteemed by all the nobility for his resolution and good conduct.

JUVENILE INTREPIDITY.

WHEN Sir Cloudesly Shovel was a boy in the navy, under the patronage of Sir John Narborough, and hearing that admiral express an earnest wish that some papers of great consequence might by some means be conveyed to the captain of a ship that was in the action, at a considerable distance, he, with great resolution, immediately undertook to swim through the line of the enemy's fire, with the dispatches in his mouth; and this service he actually performed, to the entire satisfaction of the admiral, and to the astonishment of all who were witnesses of his courage.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Extracted from a Poem by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.

NELSON's attack, like the dread lightning's blast,
Rends the proud hull, and rives the tow'ring mast !
Whole sheets of flame on Gallia's host are driv'n,
And vengeance thunders to approaching heaven !
That impious race, who dar'd deny their God,
Now feel the scourge of his avenging rod ;
Mad from despair, they plunge into the wave,
And seek the refuge of a wat'ry grave.
One tow'ring ship, the Gallic admiral's boast !
Enwrapt in flames, illumines all the coast :
A blazing Pharos, it appear'd to be,
Emerging from the bosom of the sea !
'Till with a blast which seem'd to rend the skies,
The mighty bulwark into atoms flies !
A dreadful wreck ! that covers half the flood,
And dyes thy waters, Nile, with Gallic blood—
An awful silence stills the lurid air,
And horror checks the howlings of despair.
The foe, now finding all resistance vain,
Struck his proud flag, and yielded up the main ;
While Arabs, witness of the Gaul's defeat,
With shouts of triumph hail the British fleet !
As long as Egypt's pyramids shall stand,
Long as the Nile shall fertilize her land ;
So long the voice of never-dying fame,
Shall add to England's glory Nelson's name !

LATE LORD RODNEY.

PREVIOUS to his embarkation at Plymouth, on his return to the West-Indies in the year 1782, he resided at the house of Paul Ourry, Esq. who was at that time commissioner of the port. In the course of an evening conversation, having, as was usual to him, dwelt with great energy on his future actions with the Count de Grasse, Mr. Ourry very coolly said to him, "Sir George, if what we so anxiously wish should come to pass, will you make my friend, Hancock Kelly, a Captain?" He declared he would; and, when the dispatches of his victory of the 12th of April were sent home, they were accompanied by the following laconic epistle to the commissioner:

"MY DEAR PAUL,

"'Tis done—the battle's past, and Britain's flag is victorious!—I have made your friend Kelly a Captain.—My compliments to the amiable Caroline; and I am,

"Your old friend,

"G. B. RODNEY."

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF JAMES ALMS FROM
SHIPWRECK.

SEVERAL vessels having been wrecked on the coast of Coromandel, among the number was the

the *Namur* of 74 guns, in which Mr. Alms was midshipman, who himself has related the particulars of his wonderful preservation, in the following letter sent to England soon after his escape :

“ Syren Frigate, near Madras,
Sept. 22d and 23d, 1749.

“ We were at anchor in the *Namur*, in Fort St. David's Road, Thursday, April 12th, 1749 : in the morning it blew fresh, wind at N. E.—at noon we veered away to a cable and a half, on the small bower—from one to four o'clock we were employed in setting up the lower rigging ; hard gales and squally, with a very great sea. At six o'clock rode very well ; at half an hour after had four feet water in the hold. Immediately we cut the small bower cable, and stood to sea under our courses ; our mate, who cut the cable, was up to his waist in water at the *bits*, (a frame composed of two strong pieces of timber, fixed perpendicularly in the fore part of a ship, to fasten her cables to when she rides at anchor). At half past seven we had six feet water in the hold ; when we hauled up our courses, and hove overboard most of our upper and all the quarter-deck guns to leeward : by three quarters after eight the water was up to our orlop gratings, and a great quantity between decks, so that the ship
was

was water-logged. We now cut away all the masts, by which the ship was righted, and at the same time manned the pumps, bailed, and soon perceived that we gained upon the ship, which put us in great spirits. A little after nine o'clock we sounded, and found ourselves in nine fathom water. The master called out to cut away the sheet anchor, which was done immediately; and we veered away to a little better than a cable—but before she came head to the sea, she parted at the chess-tree: by this time it blew a hurricane.

You may easier conceive than I can describe, what a dismal, melancholy scene now presented itself.—The shrieking cries, lamentation, raving, despair, of above five hundred poor wretches, verging on the brink of eternity. I had the presence of mind, however, to consider, that the God almighty was also God all merciful; with this comfortable reflection, and hope, that I had ever put my whole trust in him, I made a short prayer for his protection, and jumped overboard.

The water at this time was up to the grating on the poop from whence I leaped.—The first thing I could grasp was a capstan bar, from which, in company with seven more, I got to the davit, (a beam of timber, whereby the flukes of the anchor are hoisted to the top of the bow, without injuring the ship's sides as it ascends,) but in less than
than

than an hour I had the melancholy sight to behold them all washed away, and myself remaining alone upon it, almost spent and worn out with fatigue. I had now been almost two hours in the water, when, to my unspeakable joy, I saw a large raft with many men driving towards me; when it came near I quitted the davit, and with much difficulty swam to it, and by the assistance of one of our quarter-gunners I got upon it. The raft proved to be the Namur's looms: as soon as we were able we lashed the looms closer together, and fastened a plank across, and by this means made it as secure as we could. It was by this time one o'clock in the morning: soon afterwards the seas were so mountainous as to turn our machine upside down, but providentially with the loss of only one man. About four o'clock, A. M. we struck ground with the looms; and, in a short time, all that survived reached the shore. After having returned God thanks for his miraculous goodness towards us, we took each other by the hand, for it was not yet day, and, trusting in the divine providence for protection, we walked forward to find some place to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather: the spot where we landed afforded nothing but sand. When we had wandered about for a whole hour, but to no manner of purpose, we returned back to the place where we had left the raft, and to our no small uneasiness

uneasiness perceived it gone. Day-light appeared soon afterwards, when we found ourselves on a sandy bank, a little to the southward of Porto Novo (which is on the western shore of the bay of Bengal, where the Dutch have a factory), and as there was a river running between us and the Dutch settlement, we were obliged to ford it; after which we soon arrived at Porto Novo, where we were received with much hospitality. From our first landing to our arrival at Porto Novo, we lost four of our companions; two at the place where we drove ashore, and two in crossing the river. After we had sufficiently refreshed ourselves at Porto Novo, the Chief there was so obliging as to accommodate me with cloaths, a house, and a guide to carry me to Fort St. David, on the west side of the Bay of Bengal, where I arrived about noon the day following, and immediately waited upon the Admiral, who received me very kindly indeed; but so excessive was the concern of that great and good man, for the loss of so many poor souls, that he could not find utterance for those questions he appeared desirous of asking me, concerning the particulars of our melancholy story. Until I reached Porto Novo, you beheld me shipwrecked, naked, and deprived of all the few valuables I possessed, and also some friends who perished in that abyss, from which I was preserved, and yet the very source
of

of my distress, proved ultimately, through the blessing of God, the immediate cause of that advancement I had long anxiously expected. I must again repeat it, that the Dutch received, refreshed, and kindly conveyed me to my truly honourable Patron, through whose kindness and humanity I am not only well cloathed and comforted, but am also made Lieutenant of the Syren, from which ship I date this letter.

“ I am, &c.

“ JAMES ALMS.”

“ P. S. There were only twenty-three of us saved from the wreck ; twenty of whom came on shore on the looms.”

CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF A SCOTCH SHIP, NAMED
THE GREAT MICHAEL.

THE following is an account of the large ship, built by King James the Fourth, of Scotland, and described by his historian with the greatest exactness.

The King of Scotland rigged a great ship, called the Great Michael, which was the largest, and of superior strength to any that had ever sailed from England or France ; for this ship was of so great stature, and took so much timber, that except Falk-

land, she wasted all the woods in Fife, which were oak wood, with all timber that was gotten out of Norroway ; for she was so strong, and of so great length and breadth, all the wrights of Scotland, yea, and many other strangers, were at her device, by the King's commandment, who wrought very busily in her, but it was a year and a day ere she was complete : to wit, she was twelve score feet in length, and thirty-six feet within the sides ; she was ten feet thick in the wall, and boards on every sides so slack and so thick that no cannon could go through her. This great ship cumbered Scotland to get her to sea. From the time that she was afloat, and her masts and sails complete, with tows, anchors, offering thereto, she was counted to the King to be thirty thousand pounds of expences ; by her artillery which was very great and costly to the king by all the rest of her orders ; to wit, she bore many cannons, six on every side, with three great bassils, two behind in her dock, and one before, with three hundred shot of small artillery, that is to say, myand and battered falcon, and quarter falcon, slings, pestilent serpenteas, and double dogs, with hagtar and culvering, crossbows and handbows.—She had three hundred mariners to sail her ; she had six score of gunners to use her artillery, and had a thousand men of war by her, captains, shippers, and quarter-masters.

ECCENTRICITIES OF MR. BARTLETT, A CARPENTER
OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

IN the year, 1776, although in perfect health, Mr. Bartlett, for some unaccountable reason, confined himself to his room, in which he continued for twenty-three years. He wore nothing but a morning gown; never made use of fire or candle, nor ever read any books. He would suffer no person to intrude on his privacy (except the relation with whom he lived); he passed his hours in an uniform solitary state of indolence, never, by any means or contrivance, amusing his mind, or diverting his sullen misanthropy. He never cut his hair, or nails, nor shaved himself, during the whole period of his retirement. His hair, from the want of combing, was matted together, and although it nearly reached the floor, was as hard as a board; his nails were about an inch longer than his fingers, curved like a parrot's beak. The account given by his friends is, that about twenty-three years since, he gave way to indolence, and in consequence of his melancholy desponding state, was superannuated. It was observed to him, "That neglecting to dress, and keep himself clean, would hinder customers from coming to the shop." He answered, "He never would trouble them more." And from that time he took to his room, and commenced the singular

way of living as related above. He died at Woolwich, in 1799, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL MACKENZIE.

This veteran, when commander in chief of the Chatham division of marines, during the late war, was very rigid in the duty, and among other regulations, would suffer no officer to be saluted on guard, if out of his uniform. It one day happened that the General observed a lieutenant of marines in a plain dress, and though he knew the young officer intimately well, he called to the centinel to turn him out: the officer appealed to the General, saying who he was: "I know you not," said the General: "Turn him out."—A short time after, the General had been at a small distance from Chatham to pay a visit, and returning in the evening in a blue coat, claimed entrance at the yard gate. The centinel demanded the countersign, which the General not knowing, desired the officer of the guard to be sent for, who proved to be the lieutenant whom the General had treated so cavalierly.—"Who are you?" enquired the officer. "I am General Mackenzie," was the reply. "What, without an uniform?" rejoined the lieutenant: "Oh! get back, get back, impostor; the General would break your bones, if

if he knew you assumed his name !” The General on this made his retreat : and the next day inviting the young officer to breakfast, told him, “ He had done his duty with very commendable exactness.”

A PHENOMENON OF ICE.

Described by Mr. Samuel Standige.

IN the year 1752, having freighted one of my ships at Hull with a cargo for Newport, Rhode Island, I went master of her myself; and sailing in April, we soon got round to the Orkney Islands. No material occurrences happened crossing the Atlantic Ocean, until we were about one hundred leagues distance from Newfoundland, in the latitude of 45 degrees north. On the 10th of May, at four o'clock in the morning, a man at the mast head called out “ Land, land, ahead !” Steering west, and by south, I went up immediately to the mast-head, and saw something resembling high land; the ship at this time was going at the rate of five knots an hour, so that we soon approached near enough to ascertain it to be an island of ice, and soon after saw three other islands at a distance from each other; I went so close to the weathermost that we could fire a musket-ball on shore. I went up to our mast-head to survey

it, but was then very little advanced from the surface. They were composed of very high hills, and in places very craggy, and deep vallies. The largest of these immense bodies of ice we supposed about four miles in circumference, and its height above the water must have been equal to that of the rock of Gibraltar. We saw them at the distance of twenty leagues, and, as customary, sounded, yet could not find ground at one hundred and fifty fathoms. Passing these wonderful mountains of ice, floating in the ocean, we pursued our course to the westward, and after a run of 25 leagues fell in with a number of vessels fishing on the grand bank of Newfoundland; hove our ship to, and in half an hour, with two hooks, caught fifty fine large cod; at the same time was highly gratified in observing the vessels that were near us; the people being so very expert at their lines, and the cod-fish being so abundant. What I would wish to remark to seamen in general who frequent these seas is, the necessity of a good look out, as it is frequently foggy weather; or in dark nights, those large islands of ice may be easily run against, which is as certain destruction as the rocks of Nova Zembla; and I am afraid many ships and lives have been lost by such accidents. It is well known that the tremendous high mountains in the country, known by the name of the Labradore Coast, which is eternally covered

covered with snow, and the wind blowing from the north three quarters of a year, cause such an intense degree of cold in the winter, as is not experienced in any other part of the globe in the same latitude.

DESTRUCTION OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE BY
FIRE, AND LOSS OF THE GREATEST PART OF
THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

THE following account of the loss of his Majesty's ship, Queen Charlotte, of 110 guns, Captain Todd, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, which took fire off the harbour of Leghorn, on the 17th of March, 1800, and afterwards blew up, is distressing in the highest degree, and painful to relate. It appears, that she was dispatched by Lord Keith to reconnoitre the island of Cabrana, about thirty miles from Leghorn, in possession of the French, and which it was his Lordship's intention to attack. On the morning of the 17th, the ship was discovered to be on fire, at the distance of four leagues from Leghorn. Every assistance was promptly forwarded from the shore; but a number of boats was deterred from approaching the wreck in consequence of the firing of the guns, which were shotted, and which, when heated by the fire, discharged their

contents in every direction. Lord Keith and some of the officers were on shore at Leghorn when the dreadful accident happened. Twenty commissioned officers, two servants, and one hundred and fifty-two seamen, are the whole of the crew that escaped destruction, out of near nine hundred souls on board, that for nearly four hours exerted every nerve to avoid that dreadful termination which too surely awaited them. The only consolation that presented itself under the pressure of so calamitous a disaster was, that it was not the effect either of treachery or wilful neglect.

GENEROSITY OF ENGLISH SAILORS DISPLAYED
IN THE PRESERVATION OF TWO INFANTS.

THE honor and humanity of the English character will receive (if possible) an additional lustre by the relation of the following circumstance:

In the year 1782, a vessel in the service of the East-India Company was returning from the East Indies; and from storms, &c. to which it had been much exposed, was in very imminent danger of sinking. Every body therefore began to prepare himself for his fate; amongst the crew, however, there were eight hardy fellows, who seized the boat and rowed off, leaving the remainder of the crew to perish. The sailors thus left behind

hind cried out to them to return, not to carry off any more of the crew, but only to take with them two helpless infants, "who," they said, "can add no weight to your boat;" when, after some entreaty, the fellows returned, after obtaining a promise that not a man should set his foot in the boat. They received the infants and again rowed off. Not a man attempted to save his life, not a man attempted to leap into the boat; they had too much respect for their promise, and the honor of themselves and their comrades, and therefore permitted the eight seamen to depart without any molestation. Thus did these generous seamen, in the hour of the deepest distress, forgetting themselves, think only of preserving the lives of two innocent children, and (when there was an opportunity of saving their own), scorn the very idea of life that was not connected with honor. Melancholy to relate! before the boat was out of sight, the vessel went down, and every soul on board perished. Another East-India ship, very shortly afterwards took up the fellows, who had carried off the boat, the captain of which in the most humane manner, took the two children, almost dead with cold, and put them into his own bed, and caused them to be rubbed, also gave them some nourishment, and at length, by paying great attention, was able to recal the dying sparks of life, in their almost frozen bodies. The chil-

dren are now alive, and fine young men, returning thanks to that providence whose hand was so conspicuous in the almost incredible circumstances of their preservation.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF HUMANITY, UNITED
WITH COURAGE.

THE following instance of feeling and humanity, in the exertions of an individual to save his fellow-creatures from perishing by shipwreck, deserves particularly to be recorded, as it shews that at all times, and in all places, there are both good and considerate people, as well as such as have nothing human but the shape.

A ship having been wrecked at the Cape of Good Hope, a guard was sent from Horse Island, consisting of thirty men and a lieutenant, to the place where the ship lay, in order to keep a strict look-out, and to prevent any of the cargo from being stolen. A gibbet was erected, and at the same time an edict issued, importing, that whoever should come near that spot should be hanged immediately, without trial, or sentence of judgment passed on him. From this cause the compassionate inhabitants, who had gone out on horseback to afford the wretched sufferers in the ship some assistance, were obliged to turn back
without

without being able to do them any service ; but, on the contrary, were ocular witnesses of the brutality and want of feeling shewn by some persons on this occasion, who did not bestow a thought of affording their fellow-creatures, that sat on the wreck perishing with cold, hunger, and thirst, and were almost in the arms of death, the least assistance or relief. An old man of the name of Woltemad, by birth an European, had a son in the citadel, who was a corporal, and among the first who had been ordered out, to Horse-Island, where the guard was to be set for the preservation of the shipwrecked goods. This worthy veteran borrowed a horse, and rode out in the morning, with a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread for his son's breakfast. This happened so early that the gibbet had not been erected, nor the edict posted up, to point out to the traveller the nearest road to eternity. This hoary sire had no sooner delivered his son's breakfast, than he heard the lamentations of the distressed crew from the wreck, when he resolved to ride his horse, which was a good swimmer, to the wreck, with a view of saving some of them. He repeated this dangerous trip six times more, bringing each time two men alive on shore, and thus saved in all fourteen persons. The horse was by this time so much fatigued, that he did not think it prudent to venture out again ; but the cries and entreaties of the poor wretches on the wreck

wreck increasing, he ventured once more, which proved so unfortunate, that he lost his own life, as on this occasion too many rushed upon him at once, some of them catching hold of the horse's tail, and others of the bridle, by which means the horse, both wearied out and now too heavy laden, turned head over heels, and all were drowned together. When the storm and waves had subsided, the ship was found to lie at so small a distance from the land, that a person might have almost leaped from it on shore.

The East India Directors in Holland, on receiving this intelligence, ordered one of their ships to be called after the name of Woltemad, and the story of his humanity to be painted on her stern; they further enjoined the regency at the Cape to provide for his descendants.

Unfortunately in the southern hemisphere they had not the same sentiments of gratitude. The young corporal, Woltemad, who had been an unavailing witness of his father's having sacrificed himself in the service of the company and of mankind, wished in vain to be gratified with his father's place, humble as it was, (keeper of the beasts in the menagerie). Stung with the disappointment, he had left that ungrateful country, and was gone to Batavia, where he died, before the news of so great and unexpected a recommendation could reach him.

As related by an Officer on board the Kent.

ON the 9th of July, 1800, the Queen had put into St. Salvador, on the coast of Brazil, for water, when between two and three o'clock A. M. our officer who had the watch on deck, discovered a smoke issuing from the gun-room ports of the Queen, which was moored a little way from us. Immediately we called the captain and officers, for although no alarm was given from the Queen, yet as she was evidently on fire, every exertion was made to man our boats with the fire-engines, buckets, &c. for their assistance ; but within a few minutes of our discovering the smoke, she was completely in flames from stern to the bows, and in a few minutes more the three masts were overboard. Unfortunately the wind blew very fresh, and a current of at least three knots. This of course rendered it difficult for the boats to get alongside to save the people ; and so rapid were the flames, that about thirty soldiers perished below deck, being unable to get up the hatchways. All the officers of the ship are saved ; and, fortunately for us, the current carried her clear of the bay, and she drove a considerable distance before she blew up, about seven A. M. The cause of the fire is not ascertained, as no person had

been in the gun-room after eight o'clock; and although several people slept over the gun-room scuttle, the smoke was not discovered until near three o'clock. The scene was dreadful, from the cries of between 2 and 300 men, and many perishing in the flames or sea. Those that were saved are almost naked, from being hurried out of their beds, the remaining troops, and all the passengers, (about 300), proceed in the Kent to India. Most of the passengers, Captain Craig, and some of the officers, were ashore at the time. Unfortunately six of the passengers and 70 of the crew perished. The only way in which this disaster can be accounted for is, that immediately upon the arrival of the Queen at St. Salvadore, a guard of Portugeze were sent on board, to prevent, as they said, smuggling, and a gun-boat at the same time was laid along-side of her, the crew of which kept a fire of wood constantly burning; some of it, it is supposed, they threw in at the scuttle-hole of the gun-room, for it was there the fire was first discovered, and no one of the ship's company had been near it with a candle. Amongst the unfortunate sufferers on board was Edward Mayne, Esq. jun. of Powis Lodge; when just about to step into the boat, which was to carry him from the awful scene, he recollected that there was an unfortunate passenger confined by

by sickness to his cabin : he flew to rescue him from impending destruction, and in a short time appeared with the helpless invalid on his shoulders.—Alas ! it was too late ; the boat had put off, and in a few minutes the ship blew up.

The fate of Mr. Smith also, a gentleman of the bar, was truly deplorable. In endeavouring to get from the ship, one of his arms was jammed between her, and a boat lashed alongside, whilst the fire was raging near him, so that apparently he was precluded from a possibility of escaping. In this dreadful dilemma, he entreated some of the people, who were getting over the ship's side into another boat, to cut off his arm, that he might join them ; which, not being complied with, he contrived to take a knife from his pocket, and put an immediate end to his existence by cutting his throat.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN BURGESS,
Late of his Majesty's Ship the Ardent.

" *Multus ille bonis flebilis occidit ?* "

THEE, gallant Burgess ! thee Britannia rank'd
Amongst her naval heroes : it was thine
Calmly to brave the fiery storm of war,
Thy country's rights defend, and add fresh lustre
To thy sovereign's reign ; but heaven ordain'd,

That

That thou shouldst fall—in glory's bosom fall—
 On that illustrious day, when Albion's tars,
 By Duncan led on coast of Camperdown,
 Claim'd 'mid the thick'ning honours of the fight,
 Their Country's grateful love!

O! hadst thou known
 The issue of the combat, ere thy soul
 This nether sphere had left, more cheerfully
 Thy breath hadst thou resigned, like Wolfe exclaiming,
 "I expire content!"

————— Farewel,
 Thou brave commander! Ne'er couldst thou have died
 More honour'd, more lamented, more belov'd;
 For thee the tear each seaman's cheek bedews,
 And patriot thousands o'er thy tomb shall mourn!

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTEAU-POISSON, OR NEW INVENTED DIVING MACHINE.

AN experiment was lately tried at Rouen, upon a new invented diving machine, called batteau-poisson, or fish-boat. This boat sunk of itself seven or eight times, and then rose of itself. The longest time it remained under water was seven or eight minutes. The descent into the inside of this machine is by an opening made in the form of a tunnel, which is about a demi-metre above the surface of the water. When those who conducted the experiment wished to descend altogether into the river, and disappear, they let down
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this opening, sunk entirely under the water, and lost all communication with the external air. The ingenious inventors of this machine are Americans, the principal of whom is called Fulton. Three of them went into the boat, and remained during the experiment. The prefect and a vast concourse of spectators were present.

SPIRITED CONDUCT OF LORD DUNCAN IN
SUPPRESSING THE MUTINY.

IN the year 1797, when the mutiny raged in the Channel fleet at Portsmouth, for some time it spread its deleterious contagion through the ships employed under the orders of Lord Duncan. As an officer bearing command, no person had ever more endeared himself to those whom he was appointed to conduct, than Admiral Duncan; for, while benevolence and good humour had acquired him the universal love of all who knew him, a regularity of discipline, unalloyed by severity, had rendered him revered as well as adored.

On the instant this baneful disease made its appearance, he visited every ship in the fleet; his presence had the temporary effect of Ithuriel's spear; it compelled the dæmon of discord to quit the once pleasing shape which it had taken, and
resume

resume its natural one, disgusting, loathsome, and terrific ; its idolatrous worshippers became, for a time, ashamed of their deity, and returned to their duty without apparent reluctance. The disease, however, was only checked, not cured ; for when the fleet put to sea, it renewed its appearance, attended by all its former virulent symptoms; the Venerable and Adamant appearing the only ships that were not thoroughly tainted with the infection. On the evening before the admiral himself intended to put to sea, he made the signal for the Trent frigate to get under weigh : his commands were not complied with, and on enquiring into the cause, it was found that the crew peremptorily refused obeying their officers, whose particular duty it was to attend to it.

The admiral, on this alarming occasion, ordered all hands to be called upon deck ; he publicly made known to them the delinquency of their companions ; he informed them of his intention to go alongside the frigate early in the ensuing morning, and compel the rebellious crew to return to their duty. “ Who is there,” said he, “ that on this occasion will desert me ? ” The question was immediately answered in the negative ; his people, with one accord, declared their abhorrence of such conduct, and their assurance of support, to the utmost of their power, in the punishment of it. In the course of the evening,

however, a letter, couched in the properest terms possible, was transmitted to him from his ship's company; they offered, by way of satisfying the discontent which pervaded the crew of the Trent, and to shew them they fared no worse than all others did embarked in the same cause, to deliver to him the weights and measures used by the purchaser, (Mr. Hore, whose honor and character could not possibly receive any greater panegyric than they did, from the unforced and natural conduct of the Venerable's people on this occasion), in the allotment of their provisions, and depend entirely on his justice and candour, as far as regarded their own allowances. This offer convinced the mutineers of the impropriety of their conduct; the effusion of British blood, and by the hands of Britons, was happily prevented; for before the ensuing morning the frigate proceeded on the service, as ordered by her commander in chief.

Towards the end of May Admiral Duncan quitted Yarmouth Roads, and was ordered to cruise off the back of those sands which at some distance environ that anchorage, till he should be reinforced. The Nassau and Montague refused to put to sea, under pretence that they were in the course of payment, though at that time scarcely ten shillings were due to each man on board. This sad example induced the rest of
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the ships to pursue the same line of conduct ; so that the Venerable and Adamant, whose crews, as before observed, never relaxed from their duty, were left to proceed by themselves off the Texel, whither the admiral, unattended as he was, immediately repaired.

Stratagem supplied, on this occasion, the place of numbers ; for the admiral, by making a variety of signals, as to ships in the offing, effectually duped Admiral de Winter, as he himself afterwards confessed, into the belief that the channel of the Helder was blocked up by a force superior to that which he himself commanded. At this very critical period, the first symptom of mutiny that ever was observed on board the Venerable, made its appearance ; and a plot was actually on foot, and was happily discovered by some valuable men belonging to the gunner's crew. The admiral ordered all hands upon deck, and addressed them in the firmest, and at the same time in the coolest terms : in a few minutes six of the ringleaders were brought before him. It was at that time impossible to say what height the disease had reached ; the moment was more than critical ; it was awful ; and, while the delay of an instant might have rendered it fatal, a strong measure too hastily taken might have been equally injurious to the cause of tranquillity.

“ My lads,” said the admiral, “ I am not in

the smallest degree apprehensive of any violent measure you may have in contemplation ; and though I assure you I would much rather acquire your love than incur your fear, I will, with my own hand, put to death the first man who shall presume to display the slightest symptom of rebellion." Turning round immediately to one of the mutineers, "Do you, Sir," said he, "want to take the command of this ship out of my hands?" "Yes, Sir," replied the fellow, in the most audacious manner. The admiral immediately raised his arm, with an intent to plunge the sword into the mutineer's breast : but he was prevented by the chaplain and secretary, who seized his arm from executing this summary act of justice ; an act rendered, at least, justifiable, if not necessary, by the situation in which not only himself, but those whom he commanded, were placed.

The blow being prevented, the admiral attempted not to make a second, but immediately called to the ship's company with some agitation : "Let those who will stand by me and my officers pass over immediately to the starboard side of the ship, that we may see who are our friends and who are our opponents." In an instant the whole crew, except the six ringleaders of the disturbance, ran over with one accord. The culprits were immediately seized, put in irons, and committed to the gun-room, from whence they

were afterwards liberated, one by one, after having shewn signs of real penitence, which induced the admiral, by well-timed acts of lenity, to endear himself, if possible, still more to a faithful crew, who, in the midst of tumult, had stood faithful to their trust, uncorrupted in the very focus of seditious seduction ; and, except in the instance already related, not the smallest symptom of discontent ever appeared on board the Venerable.

ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN LOCKHART ROSS,
VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

THERE being a total failure of all means of subsistence, in consequence of a severe frost in the middle of the summer 1782, which was a very fatal and distressing year to the peasantry in North Britain, many of the Highlanders being reduced to the greatest want, and in a state of starvation, were obliged to emigrate, with their families, to the Low Country, and settle as day-labourers or domestic servants ; Sir John Lockhart Ross, understanding their very melancholy situation, sent to be distributed among the unfortunate sufferers on his own estates, a bountiful supply of large quantities of pease, barley, flour, and potatoes. Thus by an act of benevolence
which

which must ever reflect the highest credit on his name, he was the happy instrument in the hands of Divine Providence of saving the lives of some hundreds of his fellow-creatures, who would otherwise have perished for want of sustenance.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

IN the year 1756, Admiral Watson having sailed with his squadron from Fort St. David to the assistance of Calcutta, stopped at Mayapore, on the banks of the Ganges, where the enemy had a place of considerable strength, called Bougee Fort, which it was necessary to secure before he proceeded on the expedition. The action began with a brisk cannonade from the squadron, which soon silenced the cannon of the fort ; but the garrison not offering to surrender, it was determined that Colonel Clive should endeavour to take it by assault. For this purpose, at five in the evening, the admiral landed an officer, and about 40 sailors from each ship, under the command of Captain King, to assist the colonel in storming the fort, which he intended doing just before day-light, under the cover of two twenty-four pounders, close to the ditch. In the mean time the colonel had given directions that the

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whole

whole army, (the necessary guards excepted,) and the detachments from the ships, should rest on the ground, in order to recover themselves as much as possible from the great fatigues they had undergone in the preceding day's service. All was now quiet in the camp : those on board the ships, that lay at their anchors at a small distance from the shore, had entertained thoughts of making use of this interval to refresh themselves also with an hour or two of sleep ; when suddenly a loud and universal acclamation was heard from the shore, and soon after an account was brought to the admiral that the fort was taken by storm. This was a joyful piece of news, and the more so as it was quite unexpected ; but when the particular circumstances of this success were related, their exultation was diminished, because the discipline so indispensibly necessary in all naval exploits, had been entirely disregarded in the present instance ; and therefore could not help looking upon the person who had the principal hand in this victory, rather as an object of chastisement than applause. The case was this :—During the tranquil state of the camp, one Strahan, a common sailor, belonging to the Kent, having just received his allowance of grog, found his spirits too much elated to think of taking any rest ; he therefore strayed by himself towards the fort, and imperceptibly got under the walls. Having ad-
vanced

vanced thus far without interruption, he took it into his head to scale at a breach that had been made by the cannon of the ships ; and having fortunately reached the bastion, he there discovered several Moors sitting upon the platform, at whom he flourished his cutlass, and then fired his pistol, and having given three loud huzzas, cried out, “ the place is mine.” The Moorish soldiers immediately attacked him, and he defended himself with incredible resolution, but in the rencounter had the misfortune to have the blade of his cutlass cut in two, about a foot from the hilt. This, however, did not happen until he was warmly supported by two or three other sailors who had accidentally straggled to the same part of the fort, on which the other had mounted ; they hearing Strahan’s cries, immediately scaled the breach likewise ; and with their triumphant sound, roused the whole army, who, taking the alarm, presently fell on pell mell, without order and without discipline, following the example of the sailors. This attack, though made in such confusion, had no ill consequence but the death of Captain Campbell, who was unfortunately killed by a musket ball from one of our own pieces in the general confusion. Captain Coote commanded the fort for that night, and at day-break the fort saluted the admiral. We took in the fort eighteen cannon, and forty barrels of

powder. Strahan, the hero of this adventurous action, was soon brought before the admiral, who, notwithstanding the success that had attended it, thought it necessary to shew himself displeased with a measure in which the want of all naval discipline so notoriously appeared. He therefore angrily enquired into the desperate step which he had taken, by saying, "Strahan, what is this that you have been doing?" The sailor, after having made his bow, scratched his head, and with one hand twirling his hat on the other, replied, "Why, to be sure, Sir, it was I who took the fort; but I hope, your honor, as how there was no harm in it." The admiral with difficulty restrained from smiling at the simplicity of Strahan's answer; and having expatiated largely on the fatal consequences that might have attended his irregular conduct, with a severe rebuke dismissed him; but not before he had given Strahan some distant hints that at a proper opportunity he would be certainly punished for his temerity. Strahan amazed to find himself blamed where he expected praise, had no sooner gone from the admiral's cabin, than he muttered to himself, "If I am flogged for this here action, I will never take another fort by myself as long as I live, by God."—The novelty of the case, the success of the enterprise, and the courageous spirit which he had displayed, pleaded strongly with the admiral in
behalf

behalf of the offender ; and at the same time the discipline of the service required he should shew him outwardly some marks of his displeasure : this the admiral did for some little time, but afterwards, at the intercession of some officers, which intercession the admiral himself had prompted them to make, he most readily pardoned him ; but unfortunately for this brave fellow, the whole tenor of his conduct was so very irregular, both before and after the storming of the fort, that it was impossible for the admiral to advance him from his old station to any higher rank, how strongly soever his inclinations led him to wish it. He afterwards served in Admiral Pocock's engagement in the West Indies, and in consequence of a wound he received in one of them, he is become a pensioner to the chest of Chatham. At present he acts as a sailor in one of the guard ships at Portsmouth, and says that his highest ambition is " to be made cook of one of his majesty's capital ships."

REMARKS ON LORD NELSON'S SIGNING HIS
NAME " NELSON AND BRONTE," BY TWO
SAILORS.

AN old veteran, upon reading the failure of the attack at Boulogne, signed " Nelson and Bronte," thus addressed his messmate :—" I say, Ben,

Ben, do you know who this Bronte is, that Nelson has got hold on?" "No," replied the other, "I don't; all I can say is, that I think he is a d—d fool, begging his pardon, for taking a partner; for depend upon it, nobody will ever do so well as Nelson himself; you see this last business, though I dare say every thing was done that could be done without him;—had he gone in, the boats, the chains, and all would have come out along with him." Joined by a third, it was long debated who this Bronte could be; at last it was determined that he must be a soldier officer, who was to assist in any descent upon the enemy's coast; but nothing could exonerate the hero of the Nile, (in the opinion of these honest fellows), for taking a partner.

CAPTURE OF LA CHEVRETTE.

It being admitted, that boarding of the Chevette, in Cameret Bay, bringing her out in spite of the obstinate resistance of her crew, reinforced, and prepared for the occasion, and protected by the fire of numerous batteries within range of grape shot, was one of the most brilliant exploits performed during the last war, the following anecdote, descriptive of individual exertion on that memorable occasion, may be acceptable.

Mr.

Mr. Brown, boatswain of the *Beaulieu*, after forcing his way into the *Chevrette's* quarter-gallery, found the door planked up, so that all his efforts to force it were ineffectual; through the crevices of the planks he discovered men sitting on the cabin-deck, armed with pikes and pistols, who often annoyed him whilst attempting to burst in. He next tried the quarter, and after an obstinate resistance gained the tafrail, (the officer who commanded the party was at this time fighting his way up a little further forward), for an instant, whilst looking round to see where he should make his push, he stood exposed to the enemy's fire, when, waving his cutlass, he cried, "make a lane there," gallantly dashed among them, and fought his way forward, until he reached his old part, the forecastle, which the men, animated by his example, soon cleared of the enemy: here Mr. Brown remained during the rest of the contest, not only repulsing the French in their attempts to retake his post, but attending to the orders from the quarter-deck, and assisting in casting the ship and making sail with as much coolness as if he had been on board the *Beaulieu*.

The noble lord who then presided at the Admiralty, promoted this gallant officer to the *Conqueror*, a name truly apposite to his distinguished bravery.

Henry

Henry Wallis, quarter-master of the *Beaulieu*, was appointed by the officer who commanded during the attack, to the *Chevrette's* helm. This gallant seaman fought his way to the wheel, killing one or two of the enemy in his progress ; although severely wounded in the contest, and bleeding, he steadily remained at his station, steering the *Chevrette* out until she was in safety from the fire of the batteries ; on his officer's saying he was afraid his wounds were severe, the brave fellow said, it was only a graze, and a prick with a cutlass, and would not prevent him from going on such another expedition again, and wished it were the following night. He knew there was an arduous and important service about to be performed by the boats of the fleet, and being among the volunteers from the *Beaulieu*, concealed the state of his wounds that he might not be laid aside. This brave man had served seven years in the ship, and constantly distinguished himself on every service of danger that occurred ; and, if any extraordinary exertion was required, Wallis was sure to be the foremost. If a man had fallen overboard, he was always fortunately in the way, and either in the boat or the water ; during the time he belonged to the ship nearly a dozen men were indebted to him for their lives, which he had saved by plunging overboard, sometimes even in a gale of wind, at the utmost hazard

of

of his own. Another of these brave fellows, Richard Smith, quarter-master, was desperately wounded, while steering one of the boats before they reached the corvette ; after lying stunned for some time, he recovered himself, and was much distinguished during the combat on board the Chevrette. One of the top-men, who had been appointed to cut loose the sails, was wounded in the 'body and arm while boarding ; after they gained a footing, the commanding officer observed him going aloft with his arm bleeding fast, desired he would wait while a tourniquet was put on ; the brave fellow refused, saying, it would be time enough when he had performed his duty ; he persevered, and did not descend until the sails were set ; the enemy having stopped the horses up, he was obliged to crawl out on the yard, and the exertion while aloft occasioned his wounds to bleed so profusely, that he fainted the instant he came down. This meritorious seaman, however, was recovered.

John Ware, boatswain's-mate, lost his left arm by the cut of a sabre, while boarding ; he fell into the boat, but having bound up the stump, returned to the charge, and behaved gallantly during the whole of the contest : he was promoted to be boatswain of the Beaulieu ; and all these brave men were particularly noticed by the lords of the Admiralty.

DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP AND PERSONAL
BRAVERY, EVINCED BY A COMMON SAILOR,
IN THE DESTRUCTION OF AN ENORMOUS
SHARK.

ABOUT the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, Captain John Beams, commander of the York merchant ship, arrived at Barbadoes from England. Having disembarked the last part of his loading, which was coals, the sailors, who had been employed in that dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves; there they had not been long before a person on board espied a large shark, making towards them, upon which they swam back, and reached the boat, all but one. Him the monster overtook, almost within reach of the oars, and griping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of the body. The remaining part was taken up, and carried on board, where his comrade was. His friendship with the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of such endearing offices, as implied a union and sympathy of souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with a horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene the insatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search of the remainder of his prey, the rest of the crew
thought

thought themselves happy in being on board, he alone unhappy that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself in the same grave, he plunged into the deep, armed with a large pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him but he made furiously towards him, both equally eager, the one of his prey, the other of revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand, below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly; the enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form, (now stained with his own streaming blood), above the foaming waves. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which of the combatants the streams of blood issued, till at length the shark, weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror, who, flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped up his belly, and united and buried

buried the severed body of his friend in one hospitable grave.

ACCOUNT OF A USEFUL INSTRUMENT FOR
SAVING PERSONS FROM DROWNING.

ON Thursday the 15th of October, 1801, a trial was made on the River Thames, off Greenwich Hospital, in presence of several scientific gentlemen, of a copper tube, invented by L. Collin, brazier and tinman, for floating the heaviest person, though unacquainted with swimming, having his feet at rest, while the arms might be freely used out of the water. The instrument can be fixed by any person on himself in about half a minute, and keeps him upright in the water, so as to have the full use of his hands; and he may either float on his side, back, or belly, with his hands and feet at rest, or taking a sitting posture, with his legs at right angles to his body. The inventor has applied for a patent for this instrument, which is called a Collinette, and may be made portable, of copper, tin, or leather. The weight of the copper one, with which the late trial was made, was about five pounds weight. In cases of shipwreck, many lives that would otherwise perish would be saved, since a dozen or twenty of these instruments might facilitate the means

means of extending ropes to a lee-shore, and thereby save a numerous crew. The following certificate was given to the ingenious inventor, by the gentlemen, before whom the trial was made

We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do certify and declare, that, at the solicitation of L. Collin, brazier and tinman, we did this day attend in a boat on the river Thames off the royal college, Greenwich, to see a trial made of an invention of the said L. Collin, for saving persons (though not swimmers) from drowning, at the same time allowing them the free use of their arms, of which the following is the result.

A copper tube, in the form of a crescent, with which the experiment was made, weight nearly five pounds, and is, we understand divided into several cells or compartments lined with block tin, so as to prevent the natural air pent up from escaping, and in case of injury or accident to any one of the internal divisions of the machine, it would still have sufficient power to float bodies. This bent tube is formed to fit the body under the arms, and any person may fix it on himself, with the straps in about half a minute. With this instrument James Butters, the partner of Collin, a man of five feet ten inches in stature, and of extraordinary weight, plunged into the water, and floated in an erect posture, as well as on his sides,

back, and belly, with his hands and feet at rest; and it appeared to us that he could when he pleased take a sitting posture, with his arms resting upon his knees, having his head and shoulders perfectly afloat; he also rolled himself round, and turned with great facility in every direction.

Witness our hands, this 15th day of October, 1801.

(Signed)

JOHN HUNTER,	{ Capt. R. N. and late Governor of New South Wales
JOHN BOURCHIER,	{ Capt. R. N. Greenwich Hospital
WILLIAM HUNTER,	Lieut. R. N. ditto
G. KNIGHT,	Clerk of the Works, ditto
CHAS. VENNER,	{ Barrister at Law, Stone-buildings, Lincoln's Inn
JOHN M'ARTHUR,	York-place, Portman-square.

ANECDOTE OF LORD HOWE.

WHEN the late Earl Howe, who was very remarkable for his presence of mind, was captain of the *Magnanime*, during a cruise on the coast of France, a heavy gale of wind obliged him to anchor. It was on a lee-shore, and the night was extremely dark and tempestuous. After every thing had been made snug, the ship rode

with two anchors a-head, depending entirely on her ground tackle.

Captain Howe at this time was laid up with the gout, and was reading in his cabin, when, on a sudden, the lieutenant of the watch came in, with a countenance full of woe, and said, he was sorry to inform him that the anchors came home. "They are much in the right of it," coolly replied Captain Howe, "I don't know who could stay out such a night as this is."

ADMIRAL KEPPEL'S VISIT TO THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

WHILE this gentleman commanded the squadron up the Mediterranean, frequent complaints were made to the ministry by the merchants of the piracies of the Algerines. These complaints were passed over, till two ships richly laden were taken and carried into Algiers. This was so flagrant an infraction of treaties, that the ministry could no longer be silent. Accordingly orders were sent to the admiral to sail into the harbour of Algiers, and demand a restitution from the Dey, and, in case of refusal, he had an unlimited power to make reprisals. The admiral's squadron anchored in the bay of Algiers, facing the Dey's palace. He went on shore, attended only by his

captain and barge's crew. Proceeding to the palace, he demanded an audience; and being conducted into the Dey's presence, he laid open his embassy, and, in his master's name, demanded satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty. Surprised and enraged at the boldness of the admiral's remonstrances, the Dey exclaimed, "that he wondered at the English King's insolence, in sending him a foolish beardless boy." The admiral replied, "That if his master had supposed that wisdom had been measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent his Deyship a he-goat."

Unused to such language from the sycophants of his own court, this reply put him beside himself; and, forgetting the laws of nations in respect to ambassadors, he ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string, at the same time telling the admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the admiral took him to a window facing the bay, and shewing him the English fleet riding at anchor, told him, that if it were his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey was wise enough to take the hint: the admiral came off in safety; and ample restitution was made.

JUSTICE AND HONOUR OF AN ENGLISH
CAPTAIN.

DURING a cruise of his Majesty's ship Boudelois, on the coast of Porto Rico, a Spaniard came on board, begging protection, as he had that morning murdered his officer. Captain Manly, with the greatest indignation, heard his story, and immediately had him tied hand and foot. Captain Manly then proceeded to the Bay of Aquadilla, and sent his first lieutenant on shore to the Governor with the assassin, accompanied with the following laconic epistle :

"SIR,

"The British colours disdain to protect a murderer.—I send you one, and hope he will meet the fate he merits.

"I am, &c.

THOMAS MANLY."

Commander of his Britannic Majesty's
ship Boudelois.

The Governor was so much pleased with this instance of British generosity, that he returned an answer full of admiration of Captain Manly's conduct, and sent him a large supply of fruit and vegetables.

How contrary this to the conduct of the Spaniards, when they protected the crew of the *Hermione* frigate !

ARGUMENT OF TWO SAILORS ON THE WISDOM
OF SOLOMON.

Two sailors were one day disputing, on board his Majesty's ship *Abundance*, off Woolwich, respecting the wisdom of King Solomon, and after having made some very original and singular remarks on this mighty monarch, one of them closed his argument as follows:—"Why, Jack, you may talk till the tongue drops out of your wooden head; but I'll tell you what perhaps neither you nor King Solomon ever knew; that is, that d—n my eyes but the times are so altered, that if he was now alive, he would not know a jib-boom from a poop-lantern!

ANIMATED DESCRIPTION OF HOISTING THE
SAILS.

(From Beaumont and Fletcher.)

LAY her before the wind, up with your canvas,
And let her work; the wind begins to whistle;
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the minion of the ocean.
Let her bestride the billows, till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads.
The day grows fair and clear, and the wind courts us.
O! for a lusty sail now, to give chase to,
A stubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,
And change a broadside bravely!

SIR SAMUEL CORNISH AND COLONEL DRAPER,
OR THE CONTRAST.

It is well known that the late admiral, Sir Samuel Cornish, rose entirely by his merit, from a very low situation in life, to a very high command in the navy; and as his abilities as an admiral were undoubted, so his acquisitions as a scholar were but very slender. At the surrender of Manilla, in 1763, his colleague, Colonel Draper, who was shortly afterwards Sir William Draper, who was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age, and prided himself highly on his literary attainments, carried on all the negotiations relative to the ransom of the city, in the latin language, with the Spanish archbishop. On the shameful evasion of the payment of this ransom, Admiral Cornish declared, he would never accept a command again in conjunction with a man who understood latin.

OBSERVATION ON LORD ANSON'S UNSUSPICIOUS DISPOSITION.

As to his natural disposition, Lord Anson was cool, calm, and steady; but it has often been repeated, that our honest, undesigning seaman was frequently duped at play, and it was wittily ob-

served of him, that he had been *round* the world, but never *in* it.

WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL BENBOW
AND THE SPANISH REVENUE OFFICERS.

IN the year 1686, Capt. Benbow in his own vessel, the Benbow frigate, was attacked in his passage to Cadiz by a Sallee rover, against which he defended himself though very unequal in the number of men, with the utmost bravery, till at last the Moors boarded him, but were very quickly beaten out of his ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off, and thrown into a tub of pork pickle.—When he arrived at Cadiz he went on shore, and ordered a negro servant to follow him, with the Moors' heads in a sack. He had scarcely landed before the officers of the revenue enquired of his servant what he had got in his sack? The captain answered salt provisions for his own use.—That may be, answered the officers, but we must insist on seeing them. Captain Benbow alledged that he was no stranger there; that he did not use to run goods, and pretended to take it ill that he was suspected. The officers told him that the magistrates were sitting not far off, and

and that if they were satisfied with his word, his servants might carry the provisions where he pleased; but that otherwise, it was not in their power to grant any such dispensation. The captain consented to the proposal, and away they marched to the custom-house; Mr. Benbow in the front, his man in the centre, and the officers in the rear. The magistrates, when he came before them, treated Captain Benbow with great civility; told him they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle; but that, since he had refused to shew the contents of his sack to their officers, the nature of their employments obliged them to demand a sight of them; and that, as they doubted not they were salt provisions, the shewing of them could be of no great consequence, one way or the other. "I told you," said the Captain, sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use; Cæsar, throw them down upon the table; and gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service." The Spaniards were forcibly struck at the sight of the Moors' heads; and no less astonished at the account of the captain's adventure, who, with so small a force, had so successfully defeated such a number of barbarians.

SUPERIORITY OF THE ENGLISH LAWS IN THE
PROTECTION OF FOREIGNERS.

WHEN Peter the Great was on his passage from Holland, in 1698, on board of a British ship of war, commanded by Admiral Sir David Mitchell, his Czarish Majesty asked the admiral a great variety of questions, concerning the modes of punishing seamen, in the British navy. When the admiral mentioned keel-hauling among many others, the Russian Sovereign desired it might be explained to him, not by words, but by experiment. This the admiral declined, as at that time not having an offender who deserved correction. The Czar replied, "Take one of my men." But Sir David informed him, that all on board his ship were under the protection of the laws of England, and he was accountable for every man there according to those laws; upon which the monarch persisted no farther in his request. Such is the universal blessing dispensed to all nations and ranks of men when in the British dominions, and may every one appreciate its value accordingly.

TRUE CHARACTER OF A BRITISH SAILOR.

(From Stevens's Lecture on Heads.)

Here is the head of a British tar, and while England can man her navy with thousands of
his

his spirits, Monsieur's threats are in vain. Here is a man who despises danger, wounds, and death; he fights with the spirit of a lion, and as if (like a salamander,) his element was fire, gets fresh courage as the action grows hotter; he knows no disgrace like striking to the French flag: no reward for past services so ample as a wooden leg; no retreat so honourable as Greenwich hospital. Contrast his behaviour with that of a French sailor, who must have a drawn sword over his head to make him stand to his gun, who runs trembling to the priest for absolution—"Ah, mon bon pere, avez pitie de moi," when he should look death in the face like a man. This brave tar saw the gallant Farmer seated on his anchor, his ship in a blaze, his eye fixed on the wide expanse of the waters round him scorning to shrink, waiting with the calm firmness of a hero for the moment when he was to die gloriously for the service of his country.

THE UNEXAMPLED SUFFERING OF CAPTAIN
BOYCE, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

IN the year 1727, I was second mate of the Luxborough, a ship belonging to the south-sea company, in which I sailed from Jamaica on the

23d of May, 1727; and on Sunday the 25th day of June was in the latitude of 41. 45 north east from Crooked Island, when the galley was perceived to be on fire in the lazaretto. It was occasioned by the fatal curiosity of two black boys, who willing to know whether some liquor spilt on the deck was rum or water, put the candle to it, which rose into a flame, and immediately communicated itself to the barrels from whence the liquor had leaked. It had burned some time before it was perceived, as the boys were too much intimidated to discover it themselves, having tried in vain to extinguish it. We hoisted out the yaul, which was soon filled with twenty-three men and boys, who had jumped into her with the greatest eagerness. The wind blowing fresh, and she running seven knots and a half by the log, we expected every moment to perish. We had not any victuals, nor water, no masts, no sail, no compass to direct our course, and above one hundred leagues from land. We left sixteen men in the ship who perished in her. They endeavoured to hoist out the long-boat, but before they could effect it the ship blew up, and we saw her no more. Having thus been an eye-witness of the miserable fate of our companions, we expected every moment to perish by the waves, or if not by them by hunger and thirst. The two first days it blew and rained much, but being fair the

third day, we began to contrive how to make a sail, which we did as follows :—We took to pieces three men's frocks and a shirt, and with a sail-needle and twine, which we found in one of the black boy's pockets; we sewed them together, and finding in the sea a small stick, we moulded it to a piece of a blade of an oar that we had in the boat, and made a yard of it, which we hoisted on an oar with our garters for halyards and sheets. Knowing that Newfoundland bore about north, we steered as well as we could northward. We judged our course by taking notice of the sun, and time of the day by the captain's watch. In the night, when we could see the north-star, or any of the great bear, we formed a knowledge of our course by them. We were in great hopes of seeing some ship or other that would take us up. The fifth night, Thomas Croniford, and the boy that had set the ship on fire, died; and the next day three more men, all raving mad, crying miserably for water. The weather was now so foggy, that we could not discern the sun by day, nor the moon and stars by night. We used frequently to halloo as loud as we could, in hopes of being heard by some ship. In the day our deluded fancies often imagined ships so plain to us that we have hallooed out to them, a long time before we were undeceived; and in the night we thought we heard men talk, dogs bark, bells ringing, &c. &c. and have

have condemned the phantoms of our imagination, believing all to be real men, ships, &c. for not answering and taking us up. The 7th day we were reduced to twelve in number, by death. The next night the wind blew so hard, and the sea running so very high, we expected every moment to be swallowed up by the waves. In the afternoon of July the 6th we found a dead duck, which looked green, and not sweet; we ate it, however, very heartily; and it is impossible for any body, except in the like unhappy circumstances, to imagine how pleasant it was to our palate, at that time, which at another, would have been offensive both to our taste and smell. On the 7th of July, at one in the afternoon, we saw land about six leagues off. At four o'clock another man died, whom we threw overboard to lighten the boat. Our number was then reduced to seven. We had often taken thick fog-banks for land, which has often given us great joy, and hopes, that vanished with them at the same time; but when we really saw the land, it appeared so different from what we had so often taken for it, that we wondered how we could be so mistaken: and it is impossible for any man, not in our circumstances, to form an idea of the pleasure it gave us, when we were convinced of its reality. It gave us strength to row, which we had not for four days before; and we must infallibly, most of

us, if not all, have perished that very night, if we had not got on shore. Our souls exulted with joy and praise to our Almighty Preserver. At six o'clock we saw several shallops fishing, which we steered for ; we went with sail and oars about three or four knots : when we came so near that we thought one of the shallops could hear us, we hallooed as loud as we could ; and at length they heard us, and lowered their sail. When we approached pretty near them they hoisted it again, and were going away from us ; but we made so dismal a noise, that they brought to, and took us in tow. They told us our aspects were so dreadful they were frightened at us. They gave us some bread and water. We chewed the bread small with our teeth, and then by mixing it with water got it down with difficulty.

During our voyage in the boat our mouths had been so dry, for want of moisture for several days, that we were obliged to wash them with salt water every two or three hours, to prevent our lips glewing together. We always drank our own water, and all the people drank salt water, except the captain, surgeon, and myself. In foggy weather the sail having imbibed some moisture, we used to wring it into a pewter bason which we found in the boat : having wrung it as dry as we could, we sucked it all over, and used to lick one another's clothes with our tongues. At length
we

we were obliged, by inexpressible hunger and thirst, to eat a part of the bodies of six men, and drink the blood of four, for we had not since we came from the ship, saved, only one time half a pint, and at another, about a wine glass full of water, each man in our hats. A little food sufficing us, and finding the flesh very disagreeable, we confined ourself to the hearts only. Finding ourselves now perishing with thirst, we were reduced to the melancholy, distressful, horrid act of cutting the throats of our companions, an hour or two after they were dead, to procure their blood, which we caught in a pewter bason, each man producing about a quart: but let it be remembered in our defence, that, without the assistance which this blood afforded to nature, it was not possible we could have survived to this time. At eight o'clock at night we got on shore, at Old St. Lawrence harbour, in Newfoundland, where we were kindly received by the admiral of the harbour. We were cautioned to eat and drink but little at first, which we observed as well as the infirmity of human nature, so near starving, would allow. We could sleep but little, the transports of our joy being too great to admit of it. Our captain, who had been speechless thirty-six hours, died at five o'clock the next morning, and was buried with all the honours that could be conferred upon him, at that place.

Mr.

Mr. Boyce, from the year 1727 to his death, annually observed a strict and solemn fast on the 7th of July, in commemoration of his arrival at Newfoundland, after the dreadful hardships he had endured in consequence of the destruction of the *Luxborough*. So rigid was he in the act of thanksgiving and humiliation, that, when in the decline of life he became settled at Greenwich, he not only abstained from food, but from daylight, would not suffer any person whatever to converse with him, lest that time should be interrupted, which, with becoming gratitude, he devoted to returning thanks to the Supreme Being, for his wonderful escape. Let those who may be so unhappy as to experience his sufferings, imitate his piety; for signal benefits ought to be repaid by exemplary devotion.

ANECDOTE OF LORD MULGRAVE.

ON board the *Courageux*, in which ship Lord Mulgrave had the command, there was a man who worked for the captain and officers, as a taylor, and as he was a remarkably steady, sober man, he became a favourite with his captain, and received accordingly many tokens of his regard. This man, however, during the cruize, fell into a melancholy state of despondency, being firmly

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persuaded

persuaded that he should lose his life whenever the fleets engaged. His commander having for some time observed the dejection of his spirits, at length endeavoured, by argument and ridicule, (but in vain) to drive the idea from his mind.—Shortly after they fell in with the French fleet, when this man was ordered to assist the surgeons in the cock-pit, as a place of the greatest security. After the engagement commenced, the poor fellow, impelled by irresistible curiosity to see what was going forwards, came up the main hatchway, and was instantly mortally wounded with a chain-shot. Lord Mulgrave went to him, who was then exclaiming “what would become of his wife and fatherless children.” His lordship took him by the hand, and told him, he would take care of his wife, and be a father to his children. The poor man, grasping the hand of his noble captain, immediately expired. Lord Mulgrave was as good as his word. The widow was provided with an eligible situation in a nobleman’s family; and the children sent to school, where they were supported and educated at his lordship’s expence.

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN'S WIG.

WHEN Admiral Boscawen added so gloriously to the laurels so often reaped by the British tars, and defeated the French fleet, he was under the necessity of going on board a boat, in order to shift his flag from his own ship to another in the midst of a violent storm. In his passage a shot went through the boat's side, when the admiral, taking off his wig, stopped the leak with it, and by that means kept the boat from sinking, until he made the ship he intended to hoist his flag in. Thus, by a presence of mind so natural to the worthy admiral, was he himself saved, and also enabled to continue the engagement, which ended so gloriously to the British nation.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS'S (*alias* "OLD HAMMER AND NAILS") ECCENTRICITY.

THIS truly brave, but eccentric man possessed many singularities, which could, however, scarcely be deemed otherwise than virtuous, or bright points in his character as a naval commander.—Previously to his going into a particular action, he literally ordered the colours to be nailed to the ensign-staff, and from thence acquired, among the seamen, the whimsical name of "Old Hammer

mer and Nails." Another remarkable incident in his life is, that being struck down by a splinter, he lay for some time on the deck, completely motionless, insomuch that all those round him concluded him dead, and were bewailing, in their uncouth but affectionate terms, his disaster.—Stunned as he was, he soon recovered his recollection, but lay without appearance of life, for a few moments, till at length one of his people uttering an exclamation of grief, whimsically expressed, at his fate, saying he was certainly dead, Captain Edwards jumped instantly on his feet, and exclaimed, "It's a lie, by G—, fire away, my lads."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SUPERIORITY.

THIS wise and politic princess was stiled the Restorer of *Naval* Glory, and the *Mistress of the Ocean*. Her character is well drawn by the author of the *Columna Rostrata*. "By her wise conduct," says he, "and the bravery of her sea-commanders, she spread her fame into all parts of the known world; she considered the dominion of the seas as the chief jewel of her crown. By her victorious arms she broke the naval force of France and Spain, and curbed the insolence of the Hans towns. The terror of her successes
held

held France, though governed by the great Henry, so much in awe, that the sea forces of that kingdom could not become formidable during her reign; and having the Brille, Ramakins, and Flushing, the keys of Holland and Zeeland, in her hands, she could, as it were, lock up the sea forces of the Dutch, at her pleasure. Thus she remained the absolute mistress of the seas, and consequently the arbitress of the affairs of Europe. To signify this, she caused a portcullis to be stamped on her coin, intimating, that it was in her power to shut up the sea, which she made sufficiently appear, when the King of Denmark solicited a passage through her seas, to export corn to Spain, he was refused; and when the Hanseatic fleet dared to attempt a passage without her permission, it was seized and confiscated. Indeed the utmost bounds of Europe, Russia, and Tartary, could not limit the great extent of her fame; but it spread farther, into the most remote parts of Asia, Africa, and America; among the Turks, the Persians, Barbarians, and Indians; in whose dominions, to the great enriching of her kingdoms, she settled commerce, and gained large privileges for the encouragement of her merchants, whom she ever cherished, as the most important part of her commonwealth."

REMARK ON THE CONFINEMENT OF SIR
WALTER RALEIGH.

It is well known, that this brave man and experienced officer was imprisoned, for a great length of time, in the Tower of London, in the reign of James the First, and afterwards put to death.— Prince Henry, the Son of the Monarch, who caused the gallant seaman to be beheaded, often would observe, “that no other king but his father would keep such a bird, as Sir Walter Raleigh, in a cage.”

ANECDOTES OF SAILORS.

Two sailors falling into a learned dispute, whether or no his Majesty (God bless him) was head of the church, which the one pertinaciously insisted upon, and the other as resolutely denied, affirming that power to be vested in the archbishop of Canterbury; a third put an end to the controversy, by observing, to the complete satisfaction of both parties, that his Majesty was surely master of the *Seas*.

Sailors, though they are the best fighters in the world, are not always the greatest scholars, or theologians. One of these being lately at church, and hearing it read that the *ark* was *carried* on

men's shoulders, left the church in a great passion, affirming, with an oath, that master chaplain there had told a d—d lie, “for as how, do you see, he had heard, that the same *ark* was big enough to stow *one Noah, his crew, and a great deal of live stock.*”

A recruit, on his passage to Quebec, on board a ship of war, was complaining bitterly to an Irish sailor, during a storm, of the danger of foundering and being lost. “Never fear, my hearty,” said the tar, “we will have our revenge, for if the ship *founders*, the captain will be tried for it by a court-martial, when we arrive at Quebec.

A SHORT HINT TO THOSE MAKING LONG VOYAGES.

AMONG the number of esculent roots, the parsnip has two uncommon and little known good qualities; one is, that it will endure the severest frost, and that it may be taken out of the ground in the spring as sweet as in autumn; the other is, that it may be preserved by drying to any desired length of time. This latter quality may suggest a method of preserving so pleasant and wholesome a vegetable for the use of seamen in long voyages, to prevent the scurvy, and other disorders inci-

dent to a seafaring life, which is often rendered tedious and distressing for the want of vegetable food, since parsnips dried, and packed in light casks, may be transported round the globe, without any loss of their flavour, or diminution of their nutritive quality.

FRENCH CRUELTY and COWARDICE.

A MORE atrocious and deliberate act of villainy never was perpetrated by the subjects of any civilized nation, than is related in the following anecdote.

Citizen Charbonniere, commander of the *Boudouse*, being in company with another French frigate, fell in with and captured a British merchantman, which of course made no resistance. He took the captain and crew out of the vessel, and brought them on board his frigate, and there in cold blood put them all to death. The captain of the other French frigate humanely remonstrated against this needless bloody act: but this monster urged a decree of the convention, which ordained that all British prisoners should be put to death; the other argued, that at least he might take them to Toulon (near which place they were), as it would never be too late to put the decree into execution, which had probably been passed in a moment

ment of phrensy, and would undoubtedly soon be repealed. These humane arguments had no effect on this sanguinary savage, for he caused them all to be taken on the fore-castle, and shot, to the number of eleven; among whom was the captain's son, a lad of twelve years old, who in vain interceded for his father's life, as the unhappy father did for mercy towards his child. This anecdote was related by an officer of the strictest honour and veracity, who was in the bay of Tunis at the time Charbonniere was there also; and having heard this story of him, and wishing to ascertain the truth or falsehood of it, he waited on the French consul for that purpose, who candidly acknowledged that the fact was too true, and that the deed was reprobated by the whole of the French nation; yet how could that be, when the French government removed this assassin from the Boudouse to the command of the Artemise, a fine new frigate; and soon after promoted him to a line of battle-ship? The account further adds, that the fishermen's wives, apprehensive their husbands might, by way of retaliation, suffer a similar fate if they fell into the hands of the English, were so enraged against Charbonnierre, that they insulted him grossly as he was proceeding from Toulon to Marseilles, and his life was in such danger from them, that he was allowed an armed force to guard him. This cruel wretch is since
gone

gone to answer for his crimes before the most just of all tribunals.

ADMIRAL BLAKE AND THE POPISH PRIEST.

WHILE this gallant Englishman was lying at Malaga, with the English fleet, some of his sailors being on shore ridiculed the host, which they met in the street ; the priest, highly incensed at this insult to their religion, irritated the people to revenge themselves by beating the sailors very severely. When they returned on board, they complained to the admiral, who sent a trumpet to the governor demanding the priest to be sent on board to him. The governor returned for answer, " that he had no power over the church, and could not send him." Blake sent a second message to say, that he would not enter into the question, who had the power to send him, but that if he was not sent within three hours, he would destroy the whole town. The inhabitants alarmed at this threat, obliged the governor to send the priest, who immediately came on board, and excused himself to the admiral, by representing the improper behaviour of the sailors. Blake, with much calmness and composure told him, " that if he had complained of this out-
rage

rage he would have punished them severely ; for he would not suffer any of his men to affront the established religion of any place where he touched ; but he blamed him for setting on a mob of Spaniards to beat them ; that he would have him and the world know, that none but an Englishman should chastise an Englishman."

DISTRESSES EXPERIENCED BY SOME ENGLISHMEN,

Who escaped Slavery from Algiers.

IN the year 1739, one William Okely was taken on board the ship *Mary*, of London, by a pirate vessel, and carried captive to Algiers. He had the good fortune to have a kind master, and being trusted with a sum of money to trade with, kept a shop, and sold strong waters, tobacco, &c. out of the profits of which he was only obliged to give his master a certain sum weekly. However, not being able to bear the thoughts of slavery, he was continually projecting how to make his escape ; and judging seven persons would be enough to manage and carry on his design, he opened his mind to Anthony, a carpenter, who had been a slave fourteen years ; W. Adams, who had been eleven years in slavery ; Jeplis, a sailor, who had been in captivity five years ; and to another carpenter, who had been a slave likewise for five years.

years. There were two more, whose business it was to wash clothes by the sea-side, who had a share in carrying on the work, though they did not go with them. These persons being resolved to attempt an escape, provided a piece of timber twelve feet long, for the keel of a boat, which was to be wrought in Okely's cellar; and which at length, after much difficulty, they accomplished. Their boat being finished, in a manner which would allow of its being taken to pieces again, the next difficulty was how to convey it out of town, and hide the pieces in a secure place. It was, however, not without danger of discovery, at length carried out by pieces, and hid at the bottom of a hedge, near the sea-side, whither they had conveyed a piece of canvas for a sail, and a pair of oars, such as they were, made of a couple of pipe staves. For provisions they laid up a small quantity of bread, and two leather bags filled with water. Every thing being now ready, they appointed their rendezvous at a young fig-tree, near where the pieces of their boat were concealed. Repairing thither at night, they soon got it put together, and added the young fig-tree, which they cut down to strengthen her keel. They bound small canes along the ribs lengthways, and lastly drew on her a double canvas case; then four of them carried her on their shoulders to the sea-side: there they immediately stripped stark naked,

naked, and putting their clothes into the boat, carried her as far as they could wade into the sea, and then all seven got into her; but they had no sooner embarked, than they found they had not proportioned the vessel to the burthen she was to carry, for she was ready to sink under them, therefore two of them were obliged to return to their slavery, and with the other five she seemed to bear up very well. The 30th of June these bold adventurers launched out in the manner described. They worked very hard that night to get out of sight of the ships that lay in the harbour, before day. The next day they were sensible of their little forecast with regard to their provisions, for their bread was soaked through with salt water; and their fresh water became so nauseous by their bags having lain in salt water, that they preferred their urine to it. They made shift with their bread, spoiled as it was, three days, in which time the wind was so contrary they made very little way. One of them had a pocket dial, which they steered by in the day-time, and in the night they were guided by the motion of the stars; but their greatest plague by day was, the heat of the sun; for they had no other remedy (though by the bye the remedy was worse than the disease) but for the fifth man, while the other four were rowing, to scoop out the salt water, which gathered at the bottom of the boat, and throw it upon

upon their naked bodies to cool them. This, with the heat of the sun, so bleached, and, at the same time, so pickled them, that they rose all over in blisters, which were extremely painful. In this wretched condition they continued four days and four nights, and were so brought to the brink of despair, that they laid by their oars, and left off all labour. The fifth, they discovered a tortoise asleep on the sea, and having silently rowed to their prey they took her into the boat, and with triumph cut off her head, drank her blood, ate the liver, and sucked the flesh, which proved a great refreshment to them. About noon they discovered land, and laboured hard to get at it; but being at length tired, they took a little repose, and then, renewing their diligence, towards evening discovered another island. The first they saw was Majorca, and towards that they were resolved to make. They rowed very hard all night, kept within sight of it the next day, which was the seventh day after their putting to sea, and about ten at night got under the island: but the rocks were so steep and craggy, they were not able to climb up. At last they found a convenient place, where they thrust in their weather-beaten boat, and got safely on shore, and were kindly received at the town of Majorca by the Spaniards; from thence they got a passage by sea to Cadiz, and so with Captain Smith, of Rotherhithe

hithe to London, where they arrived in the month of September, and in this perilous manner gained their liberty, after suffering most severely for seven days and nights.

VAN TROMP AND ADMIRAL BLAKE.

VAN Tromp passing Dover Roads without paying the honours due to the English flag, Blake ordered three guns to be fired without shot, upon which the Dutch admiral returned a whole broadside. Blake at this time was in his cabin, drinking with his officers, when the shot broke some of the windows, upon which he exclaimed angrily, "he took it very ill in Van Tromp that he should take his ship for a bawdy-house, and break his windows."

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF EIGHT MEN, WHO WERE ACCIDENTALLY LEFT IN GREENLAND.

THE interposition of Divine Providence was never more manifest than in supporting those unfortunate men under their misfortunes, and restoring them again to their friends.

The particulars of this very extraordinary event, were written by Edward Pelham, who was

one of the number. One day in the middle of August these men were sent on shore by their captain (who was a whale fishing,) upon the coast of Greenland, to hunt for some venison for the ship's provision. Having very good success, they killed, in two days time, above twenty deer, and the third, embarking themselves and their game in their shallop, they found that their ship had been obliged to put to sea, to get clear of the great shoals of ice which were already driven upon the coast. Upon this, they threw their venison overboard, and proceeded to Bell Sound, which was the rendezvous of English ships then in Greenland. Having unhappily missed their point, by the obstinacy of one of their number, who affirmed it to be more to the southward than it was, and discovering too late their error, at their arrival there they found all the ships had sailed to England.

They were now left in a country destitute of all things necessary for human life, without clothes to protect them from the severity of the climate, having no food to subsist on, or if they had any, no fuel to dress it. In this distress they resolved to use their utmost endeavours, at least for their own preservation, and not give themselves up to despair. They agreed to take the next opportunity of fair weather to go to Green Harbour, which affords great stores of deer, to
kill

kill what venison they could for their winter provision. Accordingly, arriving there the 25th of August, they went next day to a place called Cole's Park ; seeing some deer on a hill on their way thither, they went ashore, and killed twelve deer, beside several bears, with all which they returned to Green Harbour, and two days after set out for Bell Sound, to which place the convenience of a vast tent, or shed of boards, erected for the accommodation of the coopers, &c. invited them to take up their abode for the approaching winter. In their way thither they were benighted, and having hauled up their boats, and fixed them as well as they could, they got ashore to seek shelter from the rigour of the cold. The next morning they found their boats driven from their places, and a great part of their venison washed overboard. The 3d of September, being a clear day, they picked up their venison, and launching their boats, got safe to Bell Sound, where they applied themselves with all diligence, to make as good provision as they could for their subsistence, during the winter season in that place. The great shed, as before mentioned, was 80 feet in length, and 50 in breadth; and not far from it, there being another of a less size, they pulled down the latter, to build a little habitation for themselves within the great shed, which having finished, and made a very warm sort of a
L chamber,

chamber, of 20 feet long, 16 broad, and ten high ; they afterwards made four little cabins to lie in ; their beds were the deers' skins dried, which they found to be very warm and useful to them, in their great distress, and as for firing they made bold with some hundreds of empty casks, which they found in the tents, besides several old shallops, which had been left there by the fleet.

Their case was very lamentable for several months, being in continual fear of starving for want of food ; because they found that what they had was not near sufficient for their maintenance, till the arrival of the fleet, and had no hopes of getting any more in that country. They were, therefore, forced to reduce themselves to three meals a week, on bear and venison, and the other four days to feed on the unsavory and mouldy fritters and greaves of whales, which had got spoiled by the wet ; and for an addition to their misfortunes, they began at the same time to lose sight of the sun, which did not appear to them from the 14th October until the 3d of February, all their day being a glimmering sort of light, which lasted but a few hours, and from the 1st to the 20th of December, did not appear at all. With the new year the cold began to be so very excessive, that there was no possibility of finding water below the ice, as they had done before ; all the drink they had from the 10th of January
to

to the 20th of May, was melted snow. The extremity of the cold likewise raised blisters upon their bodies, as if they had been burned. By the last day of January, the days being prolonged to seven or eight hours, they began to take a little heart; but viewing their provisions, and finding that, even at the miserable rate they then lived, they could not last above six weeks, it put them once more upon melancholy reflections. At length the weather beginning to be tolerably fair, and the wild beasts now appearing, beside a sea-horse or two, which they killed, and seven or eight bears, they caught alive fifty foxes in traps, thirty fowls as big as ducks, and about sixty of another sort, as big as pigeons. By this means they lived much better than they had done before, taking sometimes two or three meals a day. The 25th of May, two ships arriving in the Sound from Hull, the master of one having heard that some men had been left, sent ashore some of his crew, with orders to haul up their boat, and walk over the snow to the great shed, to see if they were yet alive. They were just about to go to prayers in the inner hut, and only waiting for one of their number, who was doing something in the outward shed. The Hull men upon their approach cried "Hey!" and they were immediately answered by the man in the large shed, "Ho!" The other seven hearing this, (and probably, according to

the manner of sailors, forgetting their prayers when out of danger,) ran out, and after welcoming these new-comers, carried them into their hut, and entertained them with the best they could; that is, with a piece of venison roasted four months before, and a cup of cold water. They then went on board of one of the Hull ships, where they staid till the London fleet arrived, with which, returning home, they were gratified and rewarded by the Muscovy company, in whose service they had so long endured such hardships.

PIETY OF A NAVAL COMMANDER.

PREVIOUS to the battle off Camperdown, and during the awful moments of preparation, Lord Duncan called all his officers upon deck, and in their presence prostrated himself in prayer before the God of Hosts, committing himself and them, with the cause they maintained, to his sovereign protection, his family to his care, his soul and body to the disposal of providence, and then rising from his knees, he gave the command to make the attack.

LIBERALITY AND HONOUR OF CAPT. CLARKE.

THE following testimony of the liberal character of Captain George Clarke, is translated from the *Feuilleton du Journal des Défenseurs de la Patrie*.

In the seventh year of the republic, Citizen Debrie, a superior officer of the French navy, was in the Isle de France, and put on board a Danish ship, bound to India, the sum of twenty-four thousand livres, (about a thousand pounds sterling), to be conveyed to his family, which, in his absence, was destitute of every resource. The ship happened to be met and stopped by an English man of war, under the command of Captain George Clarke, who found in the papers of the Danes the most incontestible proofs of the sum belonging to Citizen Debrie, and consequently of its becoming the lawful prize of the conquerors. This gallant officer, being informed of the distress which the events of the war had occasioned to the family of the Citizen Debrie, requested of his crew their consent to forward the captured sum to this unfortunate family. Having obtained their consent, he actually wrote a very polite letter to Madame Debrie, and desired her to accept the sum, as a mark of the esteem and gratitude which was due to her husband, for the signal services he had, on many occasions, rendered the English

prisoners ;

prisoners ; subjoining, that the money belonged to her by too respectable a title, not to induce all persons under his command to convey it to her. Citizen Debrie himself communicated this honourable fact to the French journalist.

SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF THREE PERSONS
PREVIOUSLY TO THE EXPLOSION OF HIS MA-
JESTY'S SHIP THE BOYNE, AT SPITHEAD.

WHEN the rapid and dreadful conflagration happened on board the Boyne, a marine was peaceably sitting in his birth with his wife and son, a boy about twenty months old, just beneath the place where the misfortune began, and finding every effort to escape the flames in the ordinary way ineffectual, the man, with the greatest composure and presence of mind, took from the pens a sheep of the captain's live stock, and bracing the boy on the animal's fleecy back, dropped them into the sea. " There," said he, " turn to the land, and God go with you." Encouraged by her husband's resolution, his wife leaped into the brine, and the man followed after, supporting his companion above water, till the boats arrived to their assistance, when they were taken up, little worse for the venture. The sheep, with the greatest steadiness, was seen making for the shore, with

with young Ben Bowline riding upon his back like an infant river-god, to the vast delight of the spectators on shore, who, from the tenderest motives, finding themselves interested in the boy's safety, rushed into the watery element to meet the young navigator, whom they presently unshipped, and succoured with tenderness, till he again fell into the arms of his adventurous parents. The singularity of this event attached the patronage of a most liberal lady in the Isle of Wight, who, having prevailed on the mother of the child to leave his future fortune to her guidance, declared in the most friendly manner, "that as the boy had begun his naval career on a lamb, she would never leave him till he was able to end it like a lion."

Who knows our little hero's future fate,
Some noble Hawke may conquer for the state ;
May wield for Britain's good the chast'ning rod,
And bear the Trident, like another God.

ANECDOTE OF SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

SIR George Rooke, before he was made an admiral, had served as a captain of marines upon their first establishment, and being quartered upon the coast of Essex, the ague made great havoc amongst his men ; the minister of the vil-

lage where he lay was so harassed with his duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid his accustomed fees. The captain made no words ; but the next that died he ordered him to be conveyed to the minister's house, and laid upon the table in his great hall ; this very much embarrassed the poor clergyman, who, in the fulness of his heart, sent the captain word, "that if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute it with him, but would readily bury him and his whole company for nothing."

REPLY OF A DEY OF ALGIERS TO AN ENGLISH
OFFICER.

WHEN Admiral Matthews commanded in the Mediterranean, the Algerines had taken and detained an English ship ; he therefore dispatched Mr. Picktree, one of his lieutenants, as an ambassador to the dey, to demand the restitution of the vessel, and if he did not comply with this request, to assure him that he would bombard the place. " Pray Sir," said the dey to the officer, " if that be the case, what might be the expence to England to do this ?" " Why, Sir," replied the lieutenant, " about fifty thousand pounds."—" Well, Sir," says the dey, " if that be the case, make

make my respects to the admiral, and tell him, I will burn the town for half the money."

ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS'S METHOD OF TREAT-
ING A DISEASE NOT MUCH KNOWN, TERMED
MUTINY.

Soon after captain (now admiral) Cornwallis succeeded to the command of the Canada, on the resignation of Sir George Collyer, and was at sea, a mutiny broke out in the ship, on account of some accidental delay in the clerk's paying some of the ship's company; in consequence of which, they signed what they termed a round robin, wherein they declared, to a man, that they would not fire a gun till they were paid. Captain Cornwallis, on the receipt of this, had all hands called upon deck, and thus laconically harangued them:—"My lads, the money cannot be paid till we return to port; and as to your not fighting, I'll clap you alongside of the first large ship of the enemy I see, when the d—l himself cannot keep you from it." The jacks were so tickled with this tar-like compliment, that they one and all returned to their duty, better satisfied, perhaps, than if they had been paid the money they demanded, ten times over.

A SHORT QUESTION, AS SHORTLY ANSWERED.

A tar being ask'd by his Poll t'other day,
Should e'er the French land, could he tell in what bay ?
Jack roll'd round his quid, then assur'd his dear friend,
That if they land here—'twill be at Gravesend.

CATARACTS OF THE RIVER NILE DESCRIBED.

THE following beautiful description of the cataracts of the Nile, and the circumjacent scenery, is taken from Denon's Travels in Egypt.

A league and a half below the quarries the rocks increase, and form a bar in the river : here we found the Mameluke barks fixed between the rocks, up to the first swell below the falls : the peasants of the neighbourhood had deprived them of the rigging and the provisions. We here quitted the little boat in which we had ascended, and walking by the side of the stream for about a quarter of an hour, we came to the part which is generally called the cataract. This is nothing more than a range of rocks, over which the river flows, forming in some places cascades a few inches in height; they are so insignificant, that they cannot be represented with any effect in a drawing; but I just sketched the bar where this celebrated navigation ends, in order to do away the impression that has been given of the great fall
of

of these famous cataracts, that is, in fact, nothing but a bar formed by a ledge of granite, which crosses the bed of the river for about four or five miles, and only allows the water to pass between rocks, of different heights above the stream, which at different distances, occasion small rapids, during the time of the year in which the waters are low. At this period the boats meet with insurmountable obstacles in passing the falls, and the foaming waves impart in some degree the idea which we have imbibed in Europe, relative to these famous cataracts. The river is impassable here during nine months in the year for all boats heavily laden, and during six months for barks of every kind. It was at this great rock, in the middle, that we stopped, though the waters had not fallen to their lowest point, and our bark was one of the lightest kind. These cataracts would make a fine picture, if they could be represented with any thing like an imitation of their natural colours.

The mountains, the surface of which is broken by black and ragged projections, are reflected with a gloomy aspect on the mirror of the streams, which is broken and divided by sharp points of granite, that roughen its channel, and form long white lines of foam wherever any of these rocks cut its smooth surface. These shapeless masses, with their obscure tints, form a striking contrast
with

with the soft green of the groups of palm-trees, interspersed around the irregular cliffs, and with the celestial azure blue of the clearest sky that can be conceived. A picture faithfully representing these striking objects, would have the advantage of exhibiting a true and yet perfectly novel scenery. When we had passed the cataracts, the rocks grow loftier, and on their summit are rocks of granite appearing to cluster together, and to hang in equipoise, as if it were to produce the most picturesque effects. Across these rough and ragged forms, the eye suddenly discovers the magnificent monuments of the island of Philoe, which form a brilliant contrast, and one of the most singular surprizes that the traveller can meet with. The Nile here makes a turn, as if for the purpose of encircling this island, where the monuments are only separated by groups of palm-trees, or rocks that appear to exist only to contrast the forms of nature, with the magnificence of art, and to make an assemblage in one spot of every thing that is striking and beautiful. The enthusiasm which the traveller experiences at the sight of the monuments of Upper Egypt, may appear to the reader a perpetual and momentous exaggeration ; but it is, however, only the simple expression of that feeling which the sublimity of their character inspires, and it is from the distrust that I feel at being able to give any adequate idea
of

of their real magnificence, by the pencil, that I have endeavoured to do justice to them by my expressions for the surprise and admiration with which they impress the beholder.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF M. DE LA
PEYROUSE.

THE mystery which has enveloped the fate of this distinguished navigator, has excited universal curiosity. Some hopes of the possibility of his preservation have at times been indulged; but it seems now ascertained, that he has fallen a victim either to the hands of assassins, or to that still more dreadful misfortune, the want of food. A late American print contains the following account :—

“ The certainty of the fate of the two ships under the direction of M. Peyrouse, will give relief to the public mind, though we must ever deplore the melancholy event which deprived the world of the services of that truly eminent commander. By several gentlemen from the isle of France, it is reported, that a Danish ship, in her passage to China in the eastern route, took from an uninhabited island, an officer and four or five men belonging to the ships commanded by M. Peyrouse, who were so emaciated and worn down
for

for want of food, that they survived only a few days ; and that papers, containing the history of their shipwreck, and particulars of getting on shore among the natives, &c. were in possession of the government of the isle of France.

The tale related by the unfortunate officer and men to the Danes on board the ship, before they died, is, as nearly as I can learn, as follows : The ships left Port Jackson, and after sailing some time, were unfortunately driven among the rocks, and shipwrecked ; the principal part of the officers and crews landed in safety, and preserved great part of the stores, &c. They found the natives numerous, and apparently hospitable ; after remaining some time on the most peaceable terms with them, it was determined to build a small vessel from parts of the wreck, and the stately trees abounding in their neighbourhood, and to seek out some European settlement, whence they could procure a passage to their own country. In the prosecution of this hopeful scheme, they cut down several trees to commence the business ; not thinking it of any consequence to the natives, they did not formally ask leave of them to use their timber ; the savages however, most unluckily conceiving their rights invaded, became instantly alarmed, and all their former friendly intercourse ceased immediately. It was not long before they became perfectly hostile, and, watching an opportunity when the

French were off their guard, (which was sometimes the case from want of discipline,) they fell upon them from all quarters in a very numerous body, when a most horrible massacre ensued. The voyage of M. Peyrouse had been brought up within a few days to this fatal period, and had been deposited in a safe place known to all the officers : the officer who had escaped thus far in the cruel business, flew to the spot, snatched the papers, fled to one of the boats, where he was joined by four or five men and instantly put to sea, leaving his unhappy countrymen in the merciless hands of the savages, whom they suppose were very soon overpowered, and butchered by their treacherous friends. Happy to find themselves out of the reach of one danger, they continued braving others until they fell in with an island, where they landed, (and here probably they lost their boat.) On this island they remained some months, suffering extremely for the want of food and raiment, until providence brought the Danish ship to their relief, who took them off in a wretched situation, worn down by hunger and thirst to skeletons. Notwithstanding every attention was paid them which humanity could dictate or tenderness suggest, they survived only time enough to relate their woeful tale.

NAVAL MONUMENT AT COPENHAGEN.

A MONUMENT has been erected by the Danes, at Copenhagen, to the memory of the warriors who fell in the battle of the Sound, of April, 1801. The composition consists of an artificial mount, of an elliptical form, 16 feet high, 60 long, and 40 broad, which is surrounded by wrought stones, on each of which is the name of an officer who fell in the combat—that combat which reflected so much honour on the enterprising and persevering spirit of Britain;—and of the ship on board of which he was killed. At the foot of this mount a number of poplars are planted, corresponding with the number of the stones. A path leads to the summit, from which is seen the coast off which the engagement took place. On that side of the monument which fronts the east, is an obelisk of black marble, with the following inscription:—

They died for their Country, April 2, 1801.

Underneath which is written,

The Gratitude of their Fellow-Citizens raised to them this
Monument.

On a tablet of white marble, placed on a pedestal, is sculptured a crown of laurel, oak, and cypress, intertwined with these words:

The Crown which his Country gives never fades on the Tomb
of the Warrior who has died for its Sake.

BONAPARTE AND SIR SYDNEY SMITH.

From Heber's Poem of Palestine.

WHEN He, from tow'ry Malta's yielding isle,
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
 Th' Apostate Chief from Misraim's subject shore
 To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;
 When the pale desert marked his proud array,
 And desolation hoped an ampler sway ;
 What Hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd,
 What arm repelled the Victor Renegade ?
 Britannia's Champion ! bath'd in hostile blood,
 High on the beach the dauntless Seaman stood :
 Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight ;
 E'en the pale Crescent blest the Christian's might.
 Oh, day of death ! O thirst beyond controul,
 Of crimson conquest in th' invaders' soul :
 The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
 O'er the red moat supply'd a panting road :
 O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
 And loftier still the grisly rampire grew ;
 While proudly glow'd above the grisly tow'r,
 The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's bow'r.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF ROBERT SCOTNEY,
 A NATIVE OF SPALDING, LINCOLNSHIRE.

THIS unfortunate sufferer was picked up at sea by the Europe, on the 29th of June, 1803 ; an officer of which relates the following particulars of the miseries endured by this unfortunate man.

At half past eight A. M. we saw a small boat

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on

on our starboard bow, which, upon nearing, we discovered to have only one small sail set, and otherwise to be a perfect wreck. No one was observed on her deck, until upon hailing her, a wretched object presented himself, apparently in a most distressed situation, and in the posture of imploring our assistance; a boat was immediately sent on board of her, with the 2d officer, who returned with him, having sent the wreck adrift. By the poor man's account, it appears that he sailed from London as second mate of the brig Thomas, of London, commanded by Captain Gardner, and belonging to Messrs. Broderick and Co. on the 4th of March, 1802, bound to the Southern Ocean on the whale fishery; that after touching at several places on their outward-bound voyage, they arrived at Staten-land, where they remained six or seven months, and got about seven or eight hundred skins; in the course of that time they rose upon their long-boat, lengthened and decked her, and converted her into a shallop, of which they gave him the command, and put three other seamen on board under him, with orders to accompany the brig to Georgia, whither they were bound, and procure seals and sea elephants. They accordingly left Staten-land in January, 1803, in company with the brig, and after eleven days passage, arrived at Georgia, where they remained two months, and left it in
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the beginning of April, their own brig and another brig, the John of Boston, in company, and stood for the island of Tristan da Cunha. On the 14th of April they were parted from their consorts, in a heavy gale of wind, in which gale he lost his three hands, who were washed overboard by a tremendous sea, from which he himself narrowly escaped, having the moment before gone below for a knife, to cut away some part of the rigging.

At that time he had on board three pounds of meat, three pounds of flour, six pounds of bread, and two hogshheads of water, which were more or less damaged by the gale, some whale's oil remaining in the bottoms of some of the casks, and a small quantity of salt: on this scanty pittance, and without any means of dressing even that, he prolonged his existence for the surprising period of seventy-five days. When we fell in with him, he was shaping a course to the Cape of Good Hope, having missed the island of Tristan da Cunha, to which it was his intention first to have proceeded, for the purpose of rejoining his consorts, whom he expected to meet there. His debility, however, was so great, that he had been for several days previous incapable of going into the hold of his vessel for what little sustenance remained, or of shifting his helm, should a change of wind have happened.

The appearance of this poor wretch, on his
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being brought on board, deeply affected every one: he had entirely lost the use of his extremities, his countenance was pallid and emaciated, and it was the opinion of the surgeon that he could not have prolonged his existence two days more. The poor fellow evinced his thankfulness to God for his preservation in the most affecting manner, and every possible assistance was rendered him that his situation required.

ANECDOTE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE
OF CLARENCE, WHEN PRINCE WILLIAM
HENRY.

IN an early period of the siege of Gibraltar, when Prince William Henry was there, and had made his first naval essay in its relief, the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara, visiting Admiral Digby, was introduced to his royal highness. During the conference between the admirals, Prince William retired, and when it was intimated that Don Juan wished to return, his royal highness appeared in the character of a midshipman, and respectfully informed the admiral that the boat was ready. The Spaniard, astonished to see the son of a monarch acting as a warrant-officer, could not help exclaiming, "Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea, when the humblest

humblest stations in her navy are filled by the princes of the blood."

COURAGE AND HUMANITY OF CAPTAIN
SAMUEL HOOD.

IN the year 1791, in the height of a violent gale of wind, which increased to a perfect hurricane, a raft was discovered from the *Juno's* mast-head, off the port of St. Anne's, in the West Indies, with three people on it, over which the waves washed every moment, so that it appeared next to impossible to save them. Captain Hood immediately ordered a boat to their assistance; but though English seamen are not apt to shrink from danger, the boat's crew thinking it a vain attempt, shewed great reluctance in going; whereupon the captain, declaring that he never ordered any man on a service on which he was afraid to venture himself, immediately leaped into the boat, pushed out of the harbour, and with infinite difficulty saved the poor men from the wreck. The honourable assembly at Jamaica, on being informed of this gallant enterprise, was unanimous in resolving, that the sum of one hundred guineas be presented to Captain S. Hood, for the purchase of a sword, as a testimony of the high sense they entertained of his merit and humanity on this occasion.

INTREPIDITY OF ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

ADMIRAL Boscawen acquired the name of old Dreadnought by the following circumstance:—When captain of the *Glory* frigate, cruising off Madeira, he singly met two Spanish and one French ship, the latter of more than equal force. Captain Boscawen was asleep, when his lieutenant went down to awake him, it being in the close of the evening, and asked him what he must do?" "Do! O d—n you, fight them to be sure." The captain came immediately upon deck in his shirt, in which situation he fought near two glasses; when the enemy, finding they must be taken if they continued the contest, sheered off under cover of the night. Admiral Boscawen was afterwards lying off Gibraltar, to intercept a French fleet that was in the Mediterranean; he wrote to Captain Barton, who at that time commanded the *Litchfield*, that the enemy was near, and at the same time enclosed a list of the French fleet, but took particular notice of a new 74-gun ship which they had, and added, "Barton, may I be eternally d—n'd if I do not take that ship, and insure to you the command of her!" and she was the first he took in that engagement, and he procured the command of her for Captain Barton. Such was the intrepid spirit of that brave man, and the punctual exactness wherewith he kept his promises.

INSCRIPTION AT GOODWOOD, IN SUSSEX.

UNDER the carved head of Admiral Anson's ship the Centurion, which is a lion, and is now to be seen at an inn, near the duke of Richmond's, at Goodwood, in Sussex, are inscribed the following lines :—

Stay, traveller, awhile, and view
One who has travelled more than you ;
Quite round the globe, thro' each degree,
Anson and I have plow'd the sea.
Torrid and frigid zones have pass'd,
And safe ashore arriv'd at last :
In ease and dignity appear,
He in the House of Lords—I here.

LATE LORD HAWKE.

THE Cicerone of the parish church of Stoneham, in Hampshire, which contains a very excellent monument to the memory of this illustrious officer, relates the following anecdote.

When I was a school-boy, my father told me this story of the gallant commander :—Captain Hawke was in such estimation with his good old master, George the Second, that nothing seemed more pleasant to his majesty than to advance the interests of so faithful a servant. Once when there were to be promotions in the army or navy, the king demanded to look at the lists ; when, reading the names of the former as they stood,

and making a pause between, each had a friend to speak of his merits, except poor Major Wolfe. "What!" said his majesty, "is there no one to speak for Wolfe?" The earl of Chesterfield, who was no great friend to the major, observed, that Wolfe had all the rashness of a madman. The king who had well weighed his worth, answered hastily, in his plain, but honest way, "So much the better, my lord; I will promote him for that, and I hope he will bite some of my generals."—Upon reading over the navy-list, the conduct was similar, till the king came to Hawke; all were silent. "What," said his majesty, "has Hawke done, that no one will speak for him?" The silence continued.—"Well," rejoined the king, "then I will speak for him: Hawke shall be my admiral." This coming from George the Second, was eulogium enough for any one; for no king ever knew better how to find out merit, or delighted more to reward it.

SHOCKING INSTANCE OF BARBARITY BY THE
DUTCH AT CEYLON.

THE infamous affair at Amboyna has, through the whole world, circulated the eternal disgrace of the Dutch name. There is another instance of their abominable policy, which is less known in Europe, but has excited general indignation in
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the eastern world. In the year 1798, Captain Pakenham, of the *Resistance*, happening to be with his ship at Timar, one of the spice islands lately conquered by the English, he was invited along with his officers, by the Dutch governor, to an entertainment. Some circumstances prevented the captain from accepting the invitation; his officers, however, went, and found, with astonishment and horror, that the Dutch had made hospitality a pretext to obtain an opportunity of assassinating them. They were set upon without the least warning, and the first lieutenant, with one or two more, were infamously murdered, with some sepoys, who attempted to defend their officers. The surgeon, however, who was a very strong man, with the assistance of two sepoys, fought his way to the beach, and made good his retreat to his ship. Upon the surgeon's representing this barbarous conduct of the Dutch, Captain Pakenham instantly gave orders to fire upon the town, and it was in consequence soon reduced to ashes. The Dutch inhabitants, and all those who were concerned in the massacre, fled precipitately into the interior of the island. Several of the perpetrators of the crime were afterwards taken, and suffered the just punishment due to their treachery.

ACCOUNT OF THE ENCROACHMENT OF THE
SEA UPON THE LAND.

AN officer many years in the army in the East Indies, being struck with Mr. Churchman's idea of reducing to a system all the changes of the land gaining on the sea, and *vice versa*, has made known these curious facts. He was very particularly acquainted with a lady who died at Madras, in the year 1797, at the advanced age of ninety-six years, who declared, that the sea had encroached there about three English miles within her own remembrance; that some years since a row of cocoa nut trees stood in the place where the ships now ride at anchor; and, from the time he left India in 1797, until his return there in 1799, the sea had encroached so much as to cause the beach-house belonging to the customs, which stood at the south end of the fort, to be removed three miles to the north of it, and that the sea at that place continued to encroach gradually on the land every year.

PHENOMENON OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

IN the year 1780, the 2d of October, the island of Jamaica was visited by a most furious hurricane, which extended its rage to almost all the other islands; it was attended with frequent and
violent

violent shocks of earthquake; a sudden and very extraordinary elevation of the sea broke in upon, and overwhelmed the town of Savanna le Mer, and on its retreat swept every thing away, so as not to leave the smallest vestige of man, beast, or house behind. The wretched inhabitants, who had fled in time and escaped the ravages of this wonderful phenomenon, on their return beheld nothing but complete ruin and desolation. Every part of the island felt the effects of this convulsion of nature, though in a less degree. Much, however, to the credit of the merchants and planters, a very liberal subscription was raised for the unfortunate sufferers. The squadron, which had sailed from Port Royal, with the trade for Europe, under Rear-Admiral Rowley, shared in the dreadful calamity; several ships having foundered and every soul on board perished. Others were dismasted, and experienced the severest distress from this dreadful conflict in the elements.

A VESSEL NAVIGATED THROUGH HELL GATES,
BY A BLACK PILOT.

THE following anecdote is related of a black man, the pilot of the *Experiment*, of fifty guns, who, during the American war, took her through Hell Gates, to the great surprise of Lord Howe, who thought the ship had dropped from the clouds.

clouds. At the instant of the greatest danger, Sir James Wallace, the captain, gave some orders on the quarter-deck, which Blackey thinking infringed upon his privilege, calmly tapped Sir James upon the shoulder, and said, " Massa, you no peak here." The captain felt the force of Mungo's observation, who (to the surprise of Lord Howe, and those acquainted with the difficulty of navigating a ship through Hell Gates), took her safe to Sandy Hook. The addition of the Experiment to his little fleet, at such a crisis, was a vast reinforcement. Lord Howe rewarded the Black man with a pension of fifty pounds for life. Had not the Experiment sailed through Hell Gates, she would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and which afterwards she did in the course of the war.

STATE OF THE FRENCH MARINE, IN THE
FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

IN a memoir on the state of the French marine, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, M. Legrand described the naval battle of 1304, between the French and the Flemings. A very particular account of which he found in a history, in verse, entitled, *La Branche aux Royaux Lignages*, written in 1306, by William Givart. This small work, consisting of fifteen verses, one
of

of the oldest now extant in the history of the French navy, gives a very accurate description of the naval tactics and manœuvres of that period. M. Legrand has employed it to make known the different kinds of vessels of which squadrons were then composed, and the manner of fitting them out, either for attack or defence. From this memoir it results, that, until Francis the First, the kings of France had no regular navy; and that in their naval wars they were accustomed to purchase, or hire privateers ready equipped and manned, or merchant ships which they manned themselves, and furnished with war-like machines.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF COMMODORE WILSON.

THE gallant action of Captain Dance, in beating off a ship of the line with Indiamen only, stands unrivalled in the annals even of his own country, if we except the truly gallant exploit of Commodore Wilson, on the 9th of March, 1757. He, like Captain Dance, not only offered the enemy battle, "if he chose to come down," but when he did come, attacked him with the same intrepidity; engaged him with the same singular good fortune; nor quitted him until that enemy (in a line of battle ship, together with a frigate of 26 guns) flew from the commander of three or four

heavy laden English East-Indiamen. Capt. Dance fought and put to flight the French admiral. Captain Wilson fought and pursued the opponent of the English admiral. On the 3d of August, 1758, both commanders received the thanks of the Honourable Court of East-India Directors, and similar acknowledgments for each brilliant service. A special commission being soon after conferred on the hero of the 9th of March, constituting him "commodore and commander of all ships and vessels of the East-India company," he was appointed to the Pitt, an East-India ship of war, of 50 guns. On his arrival in the East-Indies, he again manifested his gallant spirit: he volunteered his ship and his services to Admiral Pococke; and in the bay of Bengal, he chased and brought to action a French ship of the line of 70 guns.—At Batavia, he vindicated the rights of his country against the Dutch; and after having conferred British names on distant lands, he achieved that which no commander in the India service had ever dared to attempt before him, and availed British commerce of the advances it has since derived from the eastern passage to China, through Pitt's straits. He returned, and resigned a commission, the duties of which he had discharged with so much public advantage and private honor. Commodore Wilson died at Ayton, in Cleveland, Yorshire, on the 17th of June, 1795, where,

where he was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF EIGHT PERSONS
FROM BEING STARVED TO DEATH, AT SEA ;

Described in a letter from Capt. Bradshaw, Commander of the *Andalusia*,
dated Halifax, April 30, 1759.

ON the 27th day of February, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we saw a vessel without masts, about three miles to leeward of us ; and immediately bore down to see what she was : I found it to be the *Dolphin* sloop, Captain Baron, from the Canaries, bound to New York ; they had been from the Canaries ever since Sept. 11th, 165 days ; 115 of which they had nothing to eat. I sent my boat on board to see what condition they were in ; my people called to me and told me they were helpless and starving, and desired to know whether I would take them on board.— I ordered my people to put them in the boat, and bring them on board, which accordingly they did. When they came alongside our ship we were obliged to haul them in with ropes, they were so very weak : there were the captain and seven others ; but such poor miserable creatures sure never were seen : had it been a week longer they must all have died. When I came to examine the captain and the people, they told me, that they had not any provisions for upwards of three months before they saw me ;
they

they had eaten their dog, their cats, and all their shoes, and in short, every thing that was eatable on board. On the 10th of January they all agreed to cast lots for their lives, which accordingly they did ; the shortest lot was to die ; the next shortest to be the executioner. The lot fell upon Anthony Gallitia, a Spanish Gentleman, a passenger ; they shot him through the head, which they cut off and threw overboard ; they then took out his bowels and ate them, and afterwards ate all the remaining part of the body, which lasted but a very short time. The captain told me, they were for casting lots a second time, but it happened very luckily that he bethought himself of a pair of breeches, which he had lined with leather ; he soon found them, took out the lining, and cut off for each man's share a piece of about an inch and a half square, for the day's allowance ; that, with the grass that grew upon deck, was all the support they had for about twenty days before I met with them : the grass was in some places four or five inches high. The captain brought on board the remaining part of the leather lining, which I have got, and a piece of the same that was the allowance of one man for the day. No words in my power to express, are sufficient to describe the truly deplorable and wretched condition these poor unfortunate sufferers were in when I met with them.

PHENOMENON AT MALTA.

A COVETOUS man is never satisfied, says the old adage, and it cannot be more fully exemplified than in the following instance of avarice :

Forty years since a Maltese clock-maker, who owned the mountain of Zebug, formed a plan of making salt-works, by digging a reservoir, and letting in the sea-water. He flattered himself that the heat of the sun would cause the water to evaporate, leaving behind it a sufficient quantity of salt, not only to indemnify him for the expence he had been at, but to enrich him considerably. The difficulty was to facilitate the entrance of the water, it being 40 or 50 feet below the reservoir made in the rock. After a variety of attempts, he at last discovered a grotto under the rock, and made an aperture like the mouth of a well. This plan succeeded extremely well ; and he was delighted to find that the water in the reservoir diminished every day, which he attributed to the natural effect of the sun, and he continued letting in as much water as possible, in hopes of encreasing the quantity of salt ; but his surprise was beyond description, on perceiving the water was not evaporated, but absorbed by the spongy rock, from which, from filtration, it returned to the place from whence it originally came. It was some time before he made this discovery, which at last

was owing to his wishing to collect the salt he imagined to be contained in the reservoir, at the bottom of which the rock was entirely dissolved by the acid of the salt, and nothing remained but a kind of mud. The grief he suffered from this disappointment threw him into a dangerous illness. On the approach of winter the weather became windy and the sea rough. One day in particular a terrible storm arose, and the violence of the wind drove the raging waves into the grotto, where the body of water increasing considerably, and being confined in this circular spot, acted with a rotatory motion, and formed a water spout: there being no passage but the well newly opened, it forced its way through with violence, and appeared like a beautiful wheat-sheaf of water of so large a circumference as to fill up the whole mouth of the well; and rising perfectly entire to the height of sixty feet, formed a magnificent aigrette: its projectile force was so great, that the wind could not act upon it till it had reached the before-mentioned height, when it suddenly separated, and the aqueous particles composing this immense body of water were diffused over the country on all sides, to the extent of more than a mile. This violent rain of salt water destroyed all vegetation; and the cultivated fields, which before had been amply productive, appeared as if they had suffered from fire. The inhabitants of the
neighbour-

neighbourhood brought an action against the clock-maker, and claimed damages to a great amount, but he died before the affair was decided. To prevent another misfortune of the same nature, they stopped up the mouth of the well with large stones. This operation occasioned another phænomenon, as extraordinary as the former. A great quantity of air was confined by the waves in the bottom of the grôtto, which being rarified, repulsed the water with such violence, as to cause the most terrible explosions, which not only shook the rock, but the whole neighbourhood. The tremendous noise of the explosions resounded through all the grottos, and resembled a discharge of artillery of all sizes, quietly succeeding each other. These sounds being constantly echoed, had the effect of the most violent peals of thunder, particularly when different storms met together ; the terror was general, and constant apprehensions were entertained that the rocks would be thrown down, under which this subterraneous thunder never ceased to roar when the wind was high. This horrible noise still continues whenever the well is filled up ; but when the impetuous waves confined in the cavern have in some degree removed the stones at the bottom of the well, the water acts with the greatest violence upon them, breaking them, and reducing them to powder, and driving them back into the sea : the

first stones being carried away, the others fall of course, and the well once cleared, the wheat-sheaf of water forms again, and spreads desolation through the adjacent parts. In the space of 20 years, the well has been filled up three times, and the inhabitants are in constant dread of a fresh explosion.

SOME ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN GOODALL'S SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE FROM FRANCE.

AT the commencement of the war, Captain Goodall commanded a privateer belonging to London, called the Catherine and Mary, in which he took some valuable prizes. On the 25th of July, 1803, he fell in with la Caroline French privateer, of nearly double his force. She had in her possession at that time two English prizes, which tempted him to attack her; when after an action of twenty-five minutes, he quitted the French privateer (being able to outsail her) and made for the two prizes, both of which he captured in sight of la Caroline, who made all the sail she could to retake them; to prevent which Captain Goodall placed his vessel between the two prizes, and the Caroline determined to hazard another action, rather than tamely let them be taken possession of. The second engagement was a most dreadful one; it lasted one hour and fifty-

fifty-five minutes, and Captain Goodall at length was obliged to strike his colours, but not till he had expended every shot in his vessel; the two prizes were therefore soon retaken by the same privateer. Captain Goodall and his crew were put on board the French ship; the seamen were confined below; but himself and Mr. Palmer, an officer, were allowed the use of the cabin. On the first of August they were taken into L'Orient. The commissary there treated them in the most inhuman manner: he ordered them a seven days march to Rennes, without any other subsistence than bread and water, and the former only scantily supplied. At Rennes they were put in gaol along with the criminals, where they remained three days on bread and water, although the felons were allowed beef. A remonstrance from Captain Goodall to General Laborde procured them seven *sous* per day for each man, which was paid them until their arrival in the environs of Paris, where they were again imprisoned, and the allowance for each man reduced to three *sous* per day. On this small pittance they existed in prison, and likewise on their march to Epinal, which took place a few days afterwards. They reached the place intended for their final abode the 13th of September, where they found about 250 of their countrymen.—On Captain Goodall's enquiring into the state of the prison allowance, he

found the French government allowed each man six *sous* per day ; but the captain of the *depot* received the whole himself, and in lieu thereof gave each man only four ounces of beef, and one pound and a half of black bread, which the prisoners could not exist upon, and must have been starved to death, but for the humanity of Captain Brenton and officers, who allowed, out of their private purses, a weekly stipend to the crew, to supply the wants of nature. They were only required to attend prayers regularly. Captain Goodall did the same by the crew of the privateer.—Throughout all the country which Captain Goodall and his crew marched to the prison, they never met with any reproach from the tradesmen or peasantry, and from no other sort of people except those connected with the government, and they were brutal in the extreme. Captain Goodall remained at Epinal from the 13th of September until the end of the month, without being able to obtain a *sous* of the subsistence-money ; and not having signed the parole, as nearly all the rest of the officers had done, he conceived it no breach of faith to quit a place where he must inevitably have starved, had he not had any other resource. For that purpose Captain Goodall proposed a plan of escape to Mr. Palmer, who consented to be the partner of his toils. It was a fortunate circumstance that Captain G. had just

just received a supply of money from Paris, from one who has often proved an Englishman's friend. Being thus prepared, they set off the next day, being the 9th of October, having first taken care to provide themselves with a French guide. —The guide took them through bye-ways during the day-time, and at night pursued the main road till sun-rise, when they found themselves 35 miles distant from Epinal. Here they took up their abode for the day. Not having dared to purchase any provisions on the road, the only refreshment they had during the day was a draught of water. They had passed through several towns and villages without any interruption; and on the morning of the 3d, arrived on the borders of the Rhine, within a short distance from Basle. Here the guide executed his last kind office for them, which was to shew them the most convenient place to swim across, which after some difficulty they accomplished; but on gaining the land, they found themselves on an island, and that they must cross another channel, whose current was much stronger than the one they had already passed: they however, after much fatigue, surmounted this obstacle, and now once more found themselves surrounded with difficulties; another strong current was still before them. Almost worn down with fatigue and fear, they saw a boat coming to the little island on which they

were. In the boat fortunately were two milkmaids, who were coming to perform their morning office. For a trifle Captain G. and his friend obtained a passage on shore, which placed them safe on the German territory. They now for the first time since their departure ate a hearty meal. Their fears were at an end ; and they now pursued a circuitous route, by Swalen, Durlich, &c. to Berlin, where Captain G. obtained a passport of Mr. Jackson, who received him with marked attention. They soon after embarked on board the Lark packet for England, and arrived safe at Harwich.

PATRIOTISM AND DARING SPIRIT OF HARRY
PAULET.

IN the year 1758, Mr. Paulet was master of an English vessel in North America, and traded up the river St. Laurence ; but being taken by the enemy, he remained a prisoner, under Montcalm, at Quebec, who refused to exchange the Captain, on account of his knowledge of the coast, &c. : they therefore sent him to France, to be kept a prisoner during the war ; and for this purpose he was embarked on board a vessel ready to sail with dispatches to the French government. Being the only Englishman on board, Harry was admitted into the cabin, where he took
notice

notice, that the packet hung in an exposed situation in a canvas bag, for the purpose of being thrown overboard on any imminent danger of being taken. This he marked as the object of a daring enterprize; and shortly after the vessel being obliged to put into Vigo for provisions, he carried his design into execution. There were two men of war lying at anchor in the river, and Mr. Paulet thought this a good opportunity to make his premeditated attempt. He therefore, one night, when the watch were asleep, took the packet out of the bag, and, having fixed it to his mouth, silently let himself down to the water, and to prevent discovery, floated on his back to the bows of one of the English ships, where he secured himself by one of the cables, and, calling for assistance, was immediately taken on board, with the packet. The captain highly pleased with his bold attempt, treated him with great kindness, and, in token of his respect, gave Harry a scarlet suit of cloaths, trimmed with gold and velvet, which he retained to the day of his death. The dispatches being transcribed, proved to be of the utmost consequence to our affairs in North America, and Mr. P. was sent with a copy of them post over land to Lisbon, from whence he was brought to Falmouth in a sloop of war, and immediately set out for London: upon his arrival in town, he was examined by proper persons in
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the Administration, and rewarded agreeably to the nature of his services; but what is still more remarkable, an expedition was soon after formed, upon a review of these dispatches, and the British success in North America, under Wolfe and Saunders, are to be attributed to the patriotism of Harry Paulet. For his service Government rewarded him with the pay of a lieutenant for life, which, with other advantages, enabled him to purchase a vessel. Here fame takes liberty with his character, and asserts, that he used to run to the French coast, and now and then take in a cargo of brandy. Certain it is, that Harry was one morning returning from one of his cruizes, when the French fleet had stolen out of Brest, under Conflans, while admiral Hawke lay concealed behind the rocks of Ushant, to watch the motions of the enemy: but Paulet, preferring the love of his country to his cargo, soon ran up to the British admiral, and demanding to speak with him, was ordered to make his vessel fast, and come on board. Upon relating what he knew of the enemy, the admiral told him if he was right he would make his fortune; but he protested, that if he deceived him, he would hang him at the yard-arm. The fleet was instantly under weigh, and, by Paulet's directions to the master, (for he was an excellent pilot) the British fleet was presently brought between the enemy and their
own

own coast. The admiral then ordered Paulet into his own vessel, and told him to make the best of his way ; but Harry requested of the admiral, as he had discovered the enemies of his country, that he might be allowed to assist in beating them.— This was assented to by the commander, and Paulet had his station assigned him, at which no man could behave better; and when the battle was over, this true-born Englishman was sent home covered with commendations, and soon after rewarded in such a manner, as enabled him to live happy the rest of his life. Mr. P. possessed a freehold in Cornhill ; and, respecting the good he did with his income, there is not a poor being in the neighbourhood of Pedlar's Acre who will not testify with gratitude some act of benevolence for the alleviation of his poverty, by this humane, heroic Englishman. Parsons, the comedian, speaking of Mr. Paulet, frequently declared, with much gravity, “ That he would rather expend a crown to hear Harry Paulet describe one of Hawke's battles, than sit gratis by the most celebrated orator of the day. “ There was,” said Parsons, “ a manner in his heartfelt narrations, that was certain to bring his auditors into the very scene of action ; and when describing the moments of victory, I have seen a dozen labouring men, at the Crown public-house, rise together, and, moved by an instantaneous impulse, give

give three cheers, while Harry took breath to recite more of his exploits."

PARTICULARS OF THE PRESERVATION OF THE
EXETER EAST INDIAMAN, BY TWO LASCARS.

THE Exeter East Indiaman was extremely leaky on her homeward bound voyage from China; indeed so much so, as to create the most serious alarm to the commander. Every method was taken that could be thought of, in order to discover the leak, but without success. At length after many ineffectual efforts for this purpose, Abdallah Seyd, an Arab pearl-diver, a lascar on board, undertook to examine her bottom, fore and aft, while on her course; which, having done, he found a small space under her bilge, abreast the fore chains, where both copper and sheathing were off for a foot and a half: the plank he described as quite rotten, having run his knife completely into it. He afterwards, assisted by Raw Soor, another lascar, got a piece of deal board, with some fear-nought, and tarred oakum on the inner side, nailed, which completely put an end to all further apprehensions. Thus was saved both the ship and cargo, as also the lives of the people, by the fortunate discovery of the lascars, who were both handsomely rewarded for this piece of service.

ANECDOTE OF CAPT. WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

SIR Frederic Haldimand, who was Governor of Canada, during the American war, was remarkable for having every apartment in his house kept with peculiar neatness. At that mansion which is appropriated to the governor, he had formed one large room, in which he held his levees; and to avoid the dust and soil, brought in by the officers, &c. he would not have it carpeted, but had it carefully scoured every morning. In Canada it is customary, during the winter season, in order to prevent slipping on the ice, to wear on the feet a kind of patten, called caulks. Captain Chambers, who then acted as commodore on the lakes in Canada, entered the general's room without any precaution, and with his caulks made several indentions on the floor. The governor, much irritated, cried out—"My God! my God! commodore! your caulks will ruin my floor!"—The commodore immediately replied—"D—n your deck, 'tis no deck for me, if it will not bear caulking!"

A REMARKABLE BRITISH GAME COCK.

A cock that had been purchased by the present Admiral Berkely, when captain of the Marlborough, of 74 guns, for the purpose of being kept
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as his live stock, greatly distinguished the undaunted spirit attached to the English breed, during the time the Marlborough was engaged in close action with the French Fleet on the glorious first of June, 1794. By being ordered on the boldest service against the enemy, she became totally dismasted, and was reduced to a mere wreck. At the time her main-mast went, the cock alluded to flew upon the stump, and began to flutter his wings and crow with exulting boldness. So singular a circumstance attracted the attention of the brave tars, who became reanimated by the example, and fought with additional bravery, until victory crowned them with her laurel. This undaunted cock was preserved until the ship reached Plymouth; when in remembrance of his valour and the glorious occasion, he was presented to Lord Lenox, who placed him in a walk, where he to this day struts with a silver collar round his neck, descriptive of his worth, proudly supporting his honor and the gallant behaviour of the British flag.

RIGHTS OF THE BRITISH FLAG.

THE following anecdote records an instance of the very spirited conduct of Sir Thomas Rich, commander of the Enterprize frigate :

On the 25th of July, 1776, being in the Bay
of

of Biscay, he fell in with a French squadron, consisting of two ships of the line and several frigates, under the command of the Duke de Chartres.—The Enterprize stood on her course, and passed within hail of the French Admiral, who hailed, and desired the commodore of the British frigate to bring to, and come on board. Sir Thomas Rich replied, that if the admiral had any thing to communicate, he might send on board the Enterprize. The French admiral enraged at this refusal, declared, that unless his orders were obeyed he would fire into the frigate. This threat had no effect on Sir Thomas Rich, who continued firm in his resolution, and told him, that he obeyed no orders but those which came from his own admiral. The spirited manner of the British commander so pleased the Duke de Chartres, that he changed his demand into a request; upon which all animosity ceased, and the first lieutenant of the Enterprize was sent on board, where he was received by the French admiral, and all his officers, with every respect.

ENGLISH COURAGE DISPLAYED IN THE FOLLOWING GALLANT ENTERPRIZE, AND DUTCH COWARDICE EXPOSED.

On the 3d of April, arrived at Whitehaven, the Shannon of Workington, which had been captured

captured on the 24th of the preceding month, by a privateer off Gnèe, fitted out at Flushing, carrying 14 guns, and 150 men. From the examination of the mate of the said ship, before the magistrates, belonging to Workington, it appears that the Shannon, Thomas Osborne, master, took in a freight at Liverpool, from which port she sailed on the 15th of February, for Baltimore, in Maryland: that on the 23d of the same month she was, by distress of weather, put into Lochindol, in Ireland. When soon afterwards pursuing her voyage, she fell in with, and was captured by, a Dutch lugger privateer, from Flushing, called the Admiral Bruix, Captain Sieves. Capt. Osborne and three of his crew were put on board the privateer; and the remainder of the crew, seven in number, were left on board the Shannon, under the prize-master and nine seamen, who had orders to navigate her to a port in Holland. Of these, eight were Dutch and two Frenchmen. The next day the Shannon's people, which consisted of the mate, five men, one of whom had a wooden leg, and a boy about eleven years of age, rose upon the ten foreigners, whom they confined in the cabin, and took possession of the deck of the vessel, which they kept till the 29th; when being almost exhausted through want of provisions, they made a proposal to the Frenchmen, that if they would quit the vessel, they should be accommo-

dated with the yaul, to carry them on shore in Donnegal Bay, near which they then were. After some parlying, the eight Dutchmen consented to this offer, and accordingly, as stipulated, passed singly through the cabin window into the boat, and steered towards the shore. The two Frenchmen remained on board the Shannon, which after encountering many storms and dangers, arrived in Whitehaven harbour, on the 3d of April, as mentioned above.

SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF A YOUTH, WHO
WAS FOUND IN A BOX AT SEA.

Extract of a Letter from Dover, April 2, 1804.

THE Princess Royal smack, laden with potatoes, arrived here this morning. On Sunday last, about three P. M. they discovered something floating on the water, and on their nearer approach found it to be a kind of flat box, something like a washing shawl, with a young lad, about 15 years of age, in it; they hoisted out their boat and took him in, off the Spaniard Buoy. He and another lad had got into the box at Sheerness, and the tide had drifted them out of the harbour; the other lad jumped overboard, and endeavoured to swim on shore; the one which came in here continued drifting until picked up by the above vessel: he had been two days and two nights without any thing to eat or drink;

and the box he was in was only six feet long, two feet, nine inches wide, and twelve inches deep.—Great praise is due to the master of the smack, who took every care by administering food, &c. to him in small quantities at first, to recover him. The fate of his companion is unknown.

THE PRESS-GANG DEFEATED; OR, THE BITER BIT.

A WHIMSICAL circumstance occurred lately off Gravesend: a West-Indiaman arrived at that place, and was soon boarded by a press-gang.—The crew of the West-Indiaman were brought upon deck, and while the lieutenant was examining them, a health-boat arrived. As no bill of health was found on board the West-Indiaman, or at least none that was deemed satisfactory, the crew of the West-Indiaman, the lieutenant of the man of war, and all his gang, were ordered to Stangate Creek, to perform quarantine for forty days, which they no doubt passed in perfect harmony and good fellowship with each other.

UNEXAMPLED GENEROSITY OF CAPT. LORD COCHRANE, AND HIS SHIP'S COMPANY.

THE following is a striking instance of the generosity of our naval officers and seamen, exemplified in the conduct of Capt. Lord Cochrane, his officers, and ship's company, of the *Pallas*, to
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the Spanish captain and supercargo of *La Fortuna*, one of the rich prizes captured, among others, by the *Pallas*, in one of her cruizes, at the commencement of the present war with Spain. It deserves to be recorded to the honour and credit of the royal navy of Old England.—The *Pallas*, Capt. Lord Cochrane, on his cruise off the coast of Spain and Portugal, fell in with and took *La Fortuna*, a Spanish ship, from Rio de la Plata, to Corunna, richly laden with specie (gold and silver) to the amount of 150,000*l.* and about the same sum in valuable goods and merchandise, in all near 300,000*l.* value. When the Spanish captain came on board with the supercargo, who was a merchant and passenger from New Spain, they appeared much dejected, as their private property on board was lost, which amounted to 30,000 dollars each person in specie and goods. The papers and manifest of the cargo of *La Fortuna* being examined, the Spaniards told Lord Cochrane that they had families in old Spain, and had now lost all their property, the hard earnings by commerce in the burning clime of South America, the savings of nearly twenty years, and were returning to their native country, to enjoy the fruits of their commercial speculations. The captain in particular stated, that he had lost in the war 1799 a similar fortune, by being taken by a British cruiser, and was forced

to begin the world again. Both the Spaniards seemed to feel their forlorn situation so much, that Lord Cochrane felt for them; and, with that generosity ever attendant on true bravery, consulted his officers as to the propriety of returning each of these two gentlemen to the value of five thousand dollars of their property in specie, which was immediately agreed to be done, according to their respective proportions. On this his lordship ordered the boatswain to pipe all hands on deck, and addressed the seamen and royal marines with much feeling, and in a plain seaman-like way stated the above facts.—On this the gallant fellows, with one voice, sung out, “Aye, aye, my lord, with all our hearts!” and gave three cheers. The Spaniards were overcome with this noble instance of the generosity of British seamen, and actually shed tears of joy, at the prospect of being once more placed in a state of independence; they of course returned their thanks to the captain, his officers, and ship’s company, for their unprecedented munificence on this occasion.

PERILOUS SITUATION AND ESCAPE OF JOHN
DEAN, OF THE SUSSEX INDIAMAN.

IN the year 1738, the *Sussex Indianan* sprung a leak off the east of the Cape of Good Hope.—The captain, and officers, and part of the crew, plundered, and deserted her, and went on board
the

the Winchester, her consort, leaving John Dean and fifteen brave men in the Sussex, who resolved to stay with the ship, and bring her into port, conceiving she ought not to have been abandoned and deserted. They repaired her leak, and carried her into Madagascar; but, on going from thence to Mosambique, she afterwards unfortunately struck on a rock on the Bassas de India, lost her rudder, and was finally lost.

In this state John Dean, with eight men, resolved to try their fate in the pinnace, while the remainder determined to continue on board and share the fate of the ship. The pinnace got stove, and three of the men out of eight were drowned; the remainder drifted into shoal water, as did a part of the pinnace, which the survivors converted into a raft. The next day the ship also parted, and drifted nearer shore. John Dean and four men then committed themselves to sea on their little raft, and were seventeen days getting on shore to Madagascar. Their stock consisted of a piece of pork, part of a butt of water, and three small crabs found afloat at sea. The men duly returned thanks to God for their miraculous escape. They lived for several months in different parts of Madagascar, when three of them died. John Dean found his way in an English ship bound to Bengal, and came from thence to England; when he sent his narrative to the East-India

India Company, who granted him a pension, and had his picture taken. which is now hanging up in one of the committee-rooms at the India-house. He died on the 17th of December, 1747.

LACONIC ADDRESS OF ADMIRAL HADDOCK
TO HIS SON.

WHEN the renowned Admiral Haddock was dying, he begged to see his son, to whom he thus addressed himself:—"Notwithstanding my rank in life, and public services so many years, I shall leave you only a small fortune; but, my dear boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seamen's wages or provisions in it; nor is there one single penny of dirty money."

ENGLISH GRATITUDE EVINCED IN THE CON-
DUCT OF A YOUNG OFFICER.

A YOUNG midshipman was taken prisoner, during the last Spanish war, and carried to Peru, in South America, where he remained on parole for some years. During this period an accident brought him acquainted with a lady, a near relation of a very high female personage of New Spain, whose influence at length procured his liberty: some time after which he returned to England. In the pursuit of his profession

fession he had the fortune to have a birth on board the ship, perhaps the most successful in capturing the Spanish prizes, which fell into our hands on the commencement of the present contest with Spain. It happened, that this young man was detached with a party of seamen to take possession of a valuable prize just taken ; when, upon loading the ship, he found, to his utter astonishment, the very lady to whose kind attentions he had been under so many obligations. It was now his singular fortune to have his case exactly reversed, and to enjoy the felicity of being able to repay his obligations with a large interest. The circumstance was no sooner made known to his shipmates, than with the generosity so characteristic of British seamen, the officers and crew immediately agreed to restore her property to their illustrious captive. All her large and beautiful vessels of pure gold, an immense quantity of the most valuable jewels, all her costly furniture, and property of every description to an exceeding large amount, with which she was returning to her native country, were restored to her : thus nobly proving, that humane and generous treatment of a British seaman in misfortune, will never fail to be gratefully remembered by his gallant companions, when occasion shall present itself. The fortunate midshipman took his illustrious friend

under his protection during her stay in this country.

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS.

IN the reign of Queen Mary, Lord William Howard, first Baron of Effingham, and Lord High Admiral of England, put to sea with twenty-eight sail, to meet King Philip, the destined husband of his mistress. That prince was escorted by one hundred and sixty sail, and carried at his topmast head the Spanish flag. The English admiral could not bear to see it flying in the British channel, and without once considering that the Spaniards were almost six to one, without despairing of success, in case of an action, saluted the prince with a shot, and made him take down his colours before he would pay any compliments to him.

CRUELTY OF SPANIARDS TOWARDS THE ENGLISH.

THE following facts are related by one of the seamen who was unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of those barbarians, and which will ever reflect eternal disgrace on the Spanish name :

On the 6th of July we sailed in the brig Success, Captain Brum, of New York, from Kingstown,

town, Jamaica, for New York ; and on the 13th she was captured two leagues from Cape St. Anthony, by a Spanish galley, belonging to the Havannah, and without a deck, with two masts, and two square sails, and called *La Bonne Union*. The galley was commanded by Captain Cæsar, and manned with forty Spaniards and Frenchmen. — Three days after we were taken, Capt. Brum, the passengers, eight in number, and the hands, were all ordered below, and the hatches shut upon them, and so kept all night. In the morning the pirates prepared their knives, cutlasses, and clubs, opened the forecastle, and called for the captain ; but one of the seamen (Peter Dachemin), with the view of preserving the captain's life, stepped forward and ascended to the deck. The ruffians, with their instruments, arranged in two ranks, compelled every seaman to run the gauntlet, while each gave him a blow, a gash, or a stab, as he passed ; Captain Brum and his passengers and crew were all in succession taken from the hold, and treated with the same horrid cruelty, excepting five French passengers. An English gentleman, named Smith, who was one of the passengers, was beaten with such severity, that he sprung into the long-boat to escape, and broke his ankle in two places. The mate of the brig, two English passengers, and two seamen, were put in irons on board the galley, and three days afterwards

afterwards were sent ashore at Conyalouts, 180 miles from the Havannah ; and the brig with the captain, and remainder of the crew, were sent to Campeachy.

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THE following account of manly courage stands unrivalled in the annals of naval history :

In the reign of Queen Anne, Admiral Benbow being stationed in the West-Indies to distress the enemy's trade, with a small squadron, and having received information, that Du Casse, the French admiral, was in those seas with a force equal to his own, he resolved to attack him ; and soon after discovered the enemy's squadron near St. Martha, steering along the shore. He quickly gave orders to his captains, formed the line of battle, and the engagement began.— He found, however, that the rest of the fleet had taken some disgust at his conduct ; and that they permitted him, almost alone, to sustain the whole fire of the enemy. Nevertheless the engagement continued till night, and he determined to renew it the next morning ; but had the mortification to perceive that all the rest of the ships had fallen back, except one, who joined with him in urging the pursuit of the enemy. For four days did this intrepid seaman, assisted only by one ship, pursue
and

and engage the enemy, while his cowardly officers, at a distance behind, remained spectators of his activity. His last day's battle was more furious than all the former: alone, and unsustained by the rest, he engaged the whole French squadron, when his leg was shattered by a cannon ball. He then ordered that they should place him in a cradle upon the quarter-deck, and there he continued to give orders as before, till at last his ship became quite disabled, and was unfit to continue the chase any longer. When one of his lieutenants expressed his sorrow for the loss of the admiral's leg, "I am sorry for it too," cried Benbow, "but I had rather lost both my legs than see the dishonour of this day. But do you hear, if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out." He soon after died of his wounds; and his cowardly associates, Kirly and Wade, were tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot.

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN LAWSON.

THIS gallant officer, whose name deserves to be enrolled in the list of those brave heroes, who have nobly shed their blood in the defence of their country, lost his life by a musket shot, while valiantly fighting against the Dutch near their own coast,

coast, in the year 1665. The very superior skill and judgment shewn upon all occasions by this able and experienced officer, induced the most able seamen readily to receive his advice in every affair of danger and difficulty. There is a curious and interesting anecdote related of him by Lord Clarendon. Just before he went to sea for the last time, he paid a visit to the chancellor and treasurer, and, after having stated to them the condition of his finances, which, it seems, were by no means in so flourishing a situation as the world in general thought them, he requested of them, that, if he should fail of success in this expedition, the King would give his wife two hundred pounds a year during her life; if he lived he desired nothing: he hoped he should then make some provision for his family by his own industry. The request was so modest, that they willingly informed his Majesty of it, who as graciously granted it; this affair being adjusted to the complete satisfaction of Mr. Lawson, he immediately proceeded to attack the enemy, and unfortunately for his country perished, in defending its rights.

GLORIOUS DEATH OF ADMIRAL BERKELEY.

THE subject of the following anecdote was adorned with every quality necessary to constitute a hero.

a hero. As he lived so he died, the admiration of all who knew him, and one of the greatest ornaments to the British navy. Nothing can be more honourable to the memory of this gallant officer, than the testimony of his valour, as related by the enemy, whom he had been contending with, (the Dutch,) in the following words:—
“Highly to be admired was the resolution of Vice-Admiral Berkeley, who, though cut off from the line, surrounded by his enemies, great numbers of his own men killed, his ship disabled, and boarded on all sides, yet continued fighting almost alone, killed several with his own hand, and would accept of no quarter, till at length being shot in the throat, with a musket ball, he retired into the captain’s cabin, where he was found dead, extended at his full length on a table, and almost covered with his own blood.”

METHOD OF CONTINUING AN ENGAGEMENT,
WHEN THE SHOT WAS ALL EXPENDED,

By SIR JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

THE presence of mind evinced in Sir John Kempthorne, by having recourse to such an unusual mode of defence as hereafter described, may be relied on for its authenticity, as it is related by an historian, whose veracity cannot be doubted.

At

At the commencement of the war with Spain, in the year 1620, Sir John was ordered to the Mediterranean; and, when on his passage, was attacked by a large Spanish man of war, commanded by a knight of Malta. Notwithstanding the superiority of his antagonist's force, Captain Kempthorne defended himself for a considerable time with the greatest spirit; but at length his shot failing, he was obliged to have recourse to a very costly method of prolonging the fight.— Recollecting there were several bags of dollars on board, he substituted in the place of the ordinary charge, rightly judging it was, at all events, better to annoy than to enrich his enemy; and his newly invented shot did so much mischief to the Spaniard's rigging, that he was very near getting clear, when an unlucky shot from the enemy rendered him incapable of any farther resistance.— He was now boarded, taken, and carried into Malaga. The noble knight, to whom he was a captive, admiring the gallantry of a noble foe, treated him with the utmost respect; and after a short time sent him back to England. A few years afterwards it happened, that this same Spaniard was captured by Commodore Ven, and, unlike the treatment which our countryman met with, was sent prisoner to the Tower. Captain Kempthorne now determined not to be inferior to the knight in generosity, and therefore rested
not

not a moment, until he had procured his release from confinement, though it was extremely expensive, and also very inconvenient to himself. This generous and much-admired conduct so elevated him in the opinion of his countrymen, that they readily embraced every opportunity to shew their esteem, and contribute towards establishing his fame and fortune, which he at length acquired, and few men ever more deserved.

TYRANNICAL CONDUCT AND CRUELTY OF THE
DUTCH TO CAPTAIN REEVES, WHOM THEY
TOOK PRISONER.

FOR the honor of civilized nations, it is hoped few such instances of barbarity will ever disgrace the page of history, as is recorded in the following account, given by himself. As soon as he was made a prisoner, they led him to the deck, and seeing him severely wounded, immediately stripped him to the skin ; he was then conveyed into a Dutch boat, and brought on board a man of war, whose captain refused to give him the assistance of his surgeons, and in which ship he was forced to lie several hours, covered only with a rug: the next day he was sent to Flushing, without any care taken of him, or any allowance made to him, during the passage. In consequence of such ill-treatment he threw himself overboard

but was again recovered by the men's boat-hooks, and, notwithstanding his miserable condition, put in irons. For the space of three days he received no sustenance, till at last being nearly perishing, he was removed to a provost's-house, where, by the kindness of a surgeon, he, contrary to all expectation, recovered; but still was kept almost naked and in chains!!!—He was, however, at length happily relieved from the clutches of such monsters, into whose hands he had unfortunately fallen.

INVINCIBLE COURAGE OF SIR JOHN HARMAN.

THE determined spirit of this valuable and courageous officer, who so gloriously maintained the honour of the English flag, cannot be too much admired by every true friend to his country.

In an action off Dunkirk, between the English and Dutch fleets, Sir John Harman, who was commander of the *Henry*, being surrounded and furiously assailed from all quarters by the Zealand squadron, Admiral Evertzen, who commanded it, hailed, and offered him quarter; to which this brave fellow replied, "No, Sir, it is not come to that yet." The next broadside killed the Dutch admiral, by which means their squadron was thrown into confusion, and obliged to quit the *Henry*. Three fire-ships were now sent to burn her;

her; one of them grappled her starboard quarter, but the smoke was too thick to discern where the grappling-irons had hooked, until the blaze burst out, when the boatswain resolutely jumped on board, disentangled the irons, and instantly recovered his own ship. Scarcely was this effected before another fire-ship boarded her on the larboard side; the sails and rigging taking fire, destruction appeared inevitable, and several of the crew threw themselves into the sea; upon which Sir John Harman drew his sword, and threatened to kill the first man who should attempt to quit the ship; and at length, by the exertions of the remainder of the crew, the flames were extinguished. Sir John Harman, although his leg was broken, continued on deck giving directions, and sunk another fire-ship which was bearing down upon him; when after having fought his ship as long as it was possible to keep her above water, in a most crippled state, he after much difficulty, got into Harwich, where he repaired the damages his ship had sustained, and in a short time was ready to proceed to sea again, to share in future glorious actions.

HUMANITY OF AN ENGLISH COMMANDER.

A VANQUISHED enemy is considered by every Englishman to merit the protection of the con-

queror; and never fails receiving every kindness that may tend to alleviate the distress occasioned by the chance of war: an instance of which is presented to us in the following anecdote:

Captain Tyrell having demolished a battery, and some privateers which had taken shelter under it, in Grand Anse bay, in the island of Martinico, his crew being flushed with success, earnestly solicited their commander for leave to land and plunder it. The answer which Capt. Tyrell made to their request, reflects on him the highest honour.—“My lads” said he, “it is beneath us to render a number of poor people miserable, by destroying their habitations and little conveniences of life. Brave Englishmen scorn to distress even their enemies, when not in arms against them.” This humane answer had the desired effect: the brave tars relinquished their project, and gave three cheers to their gallant commander.

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEFEAT OF M. DE CONFLANS,

Upon the Fleet not receiving the usual Supplies,

THE English fleet, under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, during its long cruizes, was constantly supplied from the Flemish coast, with fresh provisions, vegetables, and porter. After the victory obtained over M. de Conflans, the
weather

weather became so extremely tempestuous, that the usual supplies for the fleet could not be sent out; it was therefore necessary that the men should be put on short allowance; in consequence of which the following witty impromptu was written by an officer :

Ere Hawke did bang
Monsieur Conflans,
You sent us beef and beer;
Now Monsieur's beat,
We've nought to eat,
Since you have nought to fear.

GALLANTRY, PERSEVERANCE, AND FORTITUDE
OF CAPTAIN GRENVILLE.

DURING the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a squadron of ships were sent to the Azores, in order to intercept the Spanish plate fleet, when unexpectedly meeting with 53 sail of men of war, the English fleet, although very inferior to such a formidable force, were determined to give them battle. In consequence of this the following glorious action was fought, which, as an instance of the most determined bravery, stands unrivalled in the annals of either this, or any other country.

Captain Grenville, who was in the *Revenge*, being entirely cut off from the rest of the English

ships, and pent up between the island of Flores and the fleet of the enemy, gallantly attempted to break through their line, (this, however, he was unable to accomplish;) and though he had ninety of his men sick on board, he maintained a most obstinate contest of fifteen hours, with the best of the Spanish ships; and during this engagement he was laid aboard, at one and the same time, by the *St. Philip*, a ship of 78 guns, and by four more of the largest vessels in the fleet, some of which carried two hundred, others five hundred, and some eight hundred soldiers, besides seamen, who, though they several times boarded him, were as often repulsed, and either shot or driven overboard. He never had less than two large galleons by his side engaging him the whole time, and these were continually relieved by fresh ships, men, and ammunition; so that between the hours of three in the afternoon and day-light the next morning, this single ship maintained a close fight with fifteen of the most powerful vessels in the Spanish navy; sunk some of them, particularly one of the great galleons, and the admiral of the hulks, and obliged the remainder to sheer off. Her noble commander, though wounded severely in the beginning of the engagement, kept the upper deck, until an hour before midnight, when, unfortunately receiving a wound in his body, from a musket-ball, he unwillingly

willingly quitted the deck to have his wound dressed, and while he was below under the hands of the surgeon, he received another shot in his head, and the surgeon was killed by his side.— At length, having lost the greatest part of his brave men, his ship very much disabled, the masts all split into pieces, the decks covered with dead and wounded, and the powder spent to the very last barrel, he endeavoured to persuade the officers to sink the ship with all on board of her. Though he could not succeed in inducing them to adopt this expedient, yet they unanimously resolved to die in their own defence, rather than submit to any dishonourable conditions; and notwithstanding the wretchedness of their situation, they did not surrender till they had obliged the Spaniards to promise both their lives and liberty. At the time they struck their colours, the ship was a perfect wreck, and had six feet water in the hold, three shot under water badly stopped, all her masts carried by the board, her tackle quite ruined, and her upper works, and the whole vessel, laid almost even with the water. She had been engaged, not only with the 15 ships that had boarded her, but in reality, by turns, with the whole fleet of 53 vessels; and had received, upon a moderate computation, eight hundred cannon shot, and withstood the fire of nearly ten thousand soldiers, and seamen; and this with

only one hundred men, being the total number fit for duty at the commencement of the action. The Spaniards, by their own confession, lost above a thousand men, and several officers of distinction. Of the crew of the *Revenge*, about sixty survived this glorious affair; and among these there was not a man but carried off wounds, which would be as the most honourable memorials of their undaunted courage and intrepidity. The gallant captain was removed on board the ship in which was the Spanish admiral, where, two days after, he died of his wounds. Thus finished the career of a truly valuable subject, whose life had ever been devoted to the service of his country, to the protection of his queen, his religion and honour; in defence of which he gloriously withstood the enemies of his country, in a manner that will ever reflect the highest honour on his name, and future generations will esteem the name of Captain Grenville, as a hero worthy to be imitated by all men.

BARBARITY OF THE SPANIARDS TO SOME
ENGLISH SAILORS,
WHOM THEY MADE PRISONERS.

AMONG the variety of instances recorded, descriptive of the treatment met with by the English, when so unfortunate as to be vanquished by the

subjects of any other nation, the cruelty committed by order of a captain in the Spanish navy, over a few defenceless men, (which will stamp eternal disgrace on the Spanish name,) particularly deserves to be publicly noticed, as related in the following anecdote :

The Rebecca, a small brig, belonging to Glasgow, commanded by Captain Jenkins, being in the Mediterranean, was boarded by a Spanish guarda-costa, and the crew made prisoners, and put on board the Spanish vessel, where after having been treated with the greatest inhumanity, they proceeded so far as to cut off one of Jenkins's ears, which the captain of the guarda-costa gave to Capt. Jenkins, telling him, when he should again visit England, to carry that present to the King, his master, whom he would serve in the same manner if he had him in his power.

The above fact was stated at the bar of the House of Commons, in the year 1738, by Jenkins himself; and being asked by a member what he thought, when he found himself in the power of such barbarians, he replied with great composure :—"I recommended my soul to God, and my cause to my country."

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF LORD AUBREY
BEAUCLERK.

THE uncommon intrepidity of this gallant young officer is such, that will naturally inspire in the breasts of every one a wish, that such an example of fortitude and heroism may be imitated by those who may in future be candidates for naval glory.

In the memorable expedition to Carthagena, in the year 1740, Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was captain of his Majesty's ship the Prince Frederic, under the command of Admiral Vernon, who was ordered, with some other vessels, to cannonade the castle of Bocca Chica; one of the ships being obliged to quit her station, the Prince Frederic was exposed not only to the fire from the castle, but to that of Fort St. Joseph, and to two ships that guarded the mouth of the harbour, which he sustained for many hours that day, and part of the next, in the most heroic manner. As he was giving the necessary orders upon deck, both his legs were shot off; but such was his magnanimity, that he would not suffer his wounds to be dressed till he had communicated his orders to his first lieutenant, which were to fight his ship to the last extremity. Soon after this he gave some directions about his private affairs, and then resigned his soul with the dignity of a hero and a christian,

He

He was a commander of superior fortitude and clemency, amiable in his person, steady in his affections, and equalled by very few in the social and domestic virtues of life: he possessed modesty, candour, and benevolence; his loss was not only felt by his relatives and friends, but by the nation at large.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE EDWARD.

ON an expedition to the coast of France, his Royal Highness Prince Edward, brother to his present Majesty, embarked as a midshipman on board the commodore's ship, the *Essex*, of 64 guns. On this occasion the following anecdote is related: When his Royal Highness first went on board, the captains of the squadron attended to pay their respects. A sailor, standing with some others in the fore-castle, and attentively observing what passed, whispered to a messmate:—"Why the young gentleman an't over civil I thinks; d'ye see how he keeps his hat on before our captains."—"You lubberly fool," replied the other, "how should he know manners, seeing as how he never was at sea before?"

CRUELTY OF THE FRENCH TO LIEUTENANT
COTGRAVE, HIS OFFICERS, AND SHIP'S COM-
PANY.

THE barbarous treatment sustained by Lieut. Cotgrave and his men must deeply impress the mind of every Briton with a disgust for the French name, which nothing can eradicate, and serve to make him fully sensible of the contrast between English generosity over a conquered enemy (which is well known), and French cruelty, as illustrated by the following particulars :

The Ranger cutter having been boarded by the enemy, the Frenchmen drove Lieut. Cotgrave, his officers, and ship's company, out of the cutter into the boats of *La Ralieuse*, with drawn swords. Lieutenant Cotgrave was one of the first on board the frigate. As soon as his head appeared above the gangway, two of the French seamen took him by the collar, hauled him with great violence up the side, and when on the gangway, threw him on the main deck, took off his hat, pulled out his cockade, and trampled on it. After suffering this indignity, they dragged him into the captain's cabin. The second captain of *La Ralieuse*, and a seaman by his orders, then pulled off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, boots, stockings, &c. The same operation was performed on every individual officer, seaman, and boy of the *Ranger*;

they were then forced, without distinction, into the hold of the frigate. The next morning Lieut. Cotgrave and his crew were ordered from the hold to the gangway, in this very indecent situation, though it was raining excessively hard. The soldiers of the ship then surrounded these unfortunates, with marks of derision and contempt, and actually kept them in this miserable situation from nine in the morning until six in the evening, when they were again forced into the hold; the French captain at the same time telling them, "that was the way he would treat all English slaves." In this deplorable, naked condition, they all remained till the frigate arrived at Brest, when upon hearing of the defeat of their fleet by the British under Earl Howe, a part of their clothes were returned them; and on being landed they were treated with rather less severity.

SIR JAMES SAUMAREZ.

THE mildness and paternal attention of this excellent commander are clearly manifested in the successful method he adopted of suppressing the mutinous conduct of seamen, and more particularly so in the following instance:

When Sir James Saumarez was commander of the *Orion*, a circumstance occurred which does the highest credit to his heart and understanding.

During

During the mutiny which unfortunately spread from the *Nore* to the fleet under Lord St. Vincent, the *Orion* continued perfectly free from the smallest discontent. Sir James, from the most worthy motives, even ventured to receive on board his ship, in the hope of reform, one of the most violent of the mutineers, but a most excellent and intrepid seaman and ship's carpenter, who was to be tried upon a capital charge. The seasonable admonitions of Sir James, wrought so complete a change, that, from the most obdurate of rebels, he became one of the most loyal of his sailors. A few days after he got on board, the signal was made for the boats of each ship to be manned and armed, to witness the execution of four mutineers. On this occasion Sir James sent for the carpenter into his cabin, and, after expostulating with him on the heinousness of his crime, he assured him, he would save him the anguish of beholding his companions in guilt suffer for an offence, in which he himself had been a sharer, and possibly the cause. This exhortation had the desired effect. The man fell upon his knees, bathed in tears, uttered the strongest protestations of loyalty to his king and attachment to his commanders; and his subsequent conduct did not disgrace his promises. He particularly distinguished himself at the battle of the Nile; and, after the action, he was very instrumental in pre-
serving

serving *Le Peuple Souverain* from foundering. His courage and skill as a carpenter fitted him for the most arduous undertakings: indeed few men were to be found who could render greater assistance in repairing leaks, stopping shot-holes, and every circumstance that was attended with danger, equal to him.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE ON BOARD THE JOHN
AND ELIZABETH, OF JERSEY.

THE following dreadful account of a number of persons, who lost their lives by means of suffocation in the hold of a ship, a few years ago, will be read with much interest, and, we trust, will also operate as a warning and preventive against adopting the destructive means which led to it in future.

On a Thursday, in the month of December, one hundred and twenty persons, who were discharged from two fencible regiments, the *Somerset* and *Suffolk*, were put on board the *John and Elizabeth*, of only 35 tons, by an officer of the army, who saw and approved of the vessel, and paid the master five shillings a head to land these soldiers in England. On the Saturday following, the vessel left Jersey, and about four in the afternoon put into Guernsey, to give the people an opportunity of supplying themselves with provisions, and to lay
in

in a stock of water. They sailed from Guernsey on the Friday, about ten o'clock in the morning, this wind W. S. W.; at six in the afternoon it began to blow, and continued to increase: upon which they took three reefs in the mainsail, and set the storm-jib.

At three o'clock on the following Tuesday morning, it blew so very hard and so thick, that the master was unable to make the land distinctly, and about four lay her to. At eight, bore away to make the land: which was at length made about ten; but the weather being very hazy, he could not distinguish what land it was. The vessel now shipped immense quantities of water, from the sea running so very high, and more than the pumps could discharge. At eight o'clock the master called to the people then below, and told them it was impossible to keep the hatches open any longer, as the vessel would thereby inevitably founder, and as many as chose might run the hazard of coming on deck, but that the hatches must be battened down, in order to save the vessel and their lives. About seven of the people came on deck, one of whom perished by the severity of the weather. The hatches were laid on, and the tarpaulins laid over. At about twelve, it blowing still with greater violence, the master was alarmed with the cry of fire; upon which he ran to the fore-hatchway, and tore off the hatch, and also the tarpaulins and hatches

hatches of the main-hatchway, on which an offensive smell issued from the hold ; the pumps, in the mean time, were kept continually at work, but could scarcely free the vessel. On Wednesday morning the wind shifted to N. W. by N. about two o'clock. At day-light, on examining the hold, shocking to relate ! forty-seven men and three women were found dead, all of whom were thrown overboard. One man died after the arrival of the vessel in Cowes road.

DISTRESSED SITUATION OF THE CREW OF THE
SPANISH SHIP, ASIA,

Commanded by Don JOSEPH PIZARRO.

THE dreadful calamity occasioned by a total failure of provisions to a number of men, at a considerable distance from any inhabited island, may be better conceived than described. Among the various perils and disasters incident to a nautical life, none appears so truly distressing as the prospect of starvation, which the following anecdote will exemplify :

During Lord Anson's voyage round the world, the Spaniards fitted out a squadron of ships (to traverse the views and enterprizes of the English vessels), one of which, the Admiral's ship, named the Asia, of 66 guns, when off Cape Horn, was
reduced

reduced to such infinite distress, that after every kind of sustenance failed, the sailors gave four dollars a piece for every rat that could be caught ; and some little time previous to this, a sailor, who died on board, had his death concealed by his brother, who, during that time, lay in the same hammock with the corpse, only to receive the dead man's allowance of provisions. In this shocking situation, they were alarmed (if their horrors were capable of augmentation) by the discovery of a conspiracy among the marines, which was to massacre the officers and the crew of the ship, that they might satisfy their hunger by eating their bodies. But their designs were discovered, when just upon the point of execution, by means of one of the conspirators, and three of the ringleaders were put to death. At length, though the conspiracy was suppressed, yet, by the complicated misfortunes of sickness, fatigue, and hunger, which could not be alleviated until too late, the greatest part of the ship's company died a lingering and painful death ; so that, when the ship arrived at the River de la Plata, out of nearly seven hundred men, only about fifty were remaining alive, and scarcely able to crawl for want of nourishment.

PHENOMENON, NEAR CAIRO.

THE following description of the effects of a thunderbolt, at Cairo, is, perhaps, one of the most singular occurrences of the kind, that has ever been known to happen on board of a ship, belonging either to this or any other country.

In the year 1749, about the middle of October, a large Turkish man of war, commanded by Rahip Mahomet, having, from very stormy weather, taken shelter in a small port, near Cairo, was very nearly destroyed by a thunderbolt, which fell on the main-mast, and made a large hole through the center of it, from which it descended into the well of the pump. It then came up to the deck, through the middle hatch, nearly killed four of the Bashaw's men, who were lying carelessly on the under-deck, and then passing by the long-boat, near to which was a large sheep of the Caramania breed, which was instantly struck dead, immediately passed to the place where the Bashaw's horses were kept; and, without doing them any injury, it afterwards went through a port-hole, at the head of the ship, and disappeared.

The mast of the ship was very soon in flames, which, added to the extreme darkness of the night, caused great confusion among the crew of the ship, not being able to extinguish it. At
Q length,

length, however, with some difficulty, they cut it down, and it fell into the sea. At the same moment, fire was discovered breaking out very near the powder-room: all now gave themselves up for lost; but it was fortunately stopped in its progress by an English surgeon, who luckily was on board, and shortly after entirely extinguished, the great surprize and joy of the terrified crew.

DAN. BRYAN; OR, A FRENCH GENERAL BURIED
BY AN OLD ENGLISH SAILOR.

DANIEL BRYAN was an old seaman, and captain of the fore-top, who had been turned over from the *Blanche* into Sir Sidney's Smith's ship *Le Tigre*. During the siege of Acre, this hardy veteran made repeated applications to be employed on shore; but, being an elderly man, and rather deaf, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of slain, fell one of the Generals of that nation. The Turks, in triumph, struck off the head of this unfortunate officer, and, after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it, naked, a prey to the dogs. Precluded from the rites of sepulture, it, in a few days, became putrescent; a shocking spectacle, a dreadful memento of the horrors of war, the fragility of human nature, and the vanity of all
sublunary.

ambition, hopes, and expectations. Thus exposed, when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to their ship, enquiries were constantly made respecting the state of the deceased general. Dan frequently asked his mess-mates why they had not buried him? but the only reply that he received was, *Go and do it yourself.*" Dan swore he would; observing, that he had himself been taken prisoner by the French, who always gave their enemies a decent burial, not like those — Turks, leaving them to rot above-board. In the morning, having at length obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough good-natured manner, exclaimed, "I've been burying the general, Sir, and now I'm come to see the sick!" Not particularly attending to the tar's salute, but fearful of his catching the plague*, the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the coxswain enquired of the surgeon, if he had seen old Dan? "Yes, he

* At this time the plague was making great ravages among the wounded Turks; scarcely half a dozen of them escaped the mortality.

has been burying the French general." It was then that Dan's words in the hospital first occurred. The boat's crew, who witnessed the generous action, an action truly worthy of a British sailor, in whose character are ever blended the noblest and the milder virtues, thus related its circumstances:—

The old man procured a pick-axe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down, out of a port-hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him; "No!" he replied, "you are too young to be shot yet; as for me, I am old and deaf, and *my* loss would be no great matter." Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung and lowered down, with his implements of action on his shoulder. His first difficulty, not a very trivial one, was to beat away the dogs.* The French now levelled their pieces—they were on the instant of firing at the hero! it was an interesting moment!—but an officer, perceiving the friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw

* It may be remarked here, that the dogs in this part of the world have lost that fidelity, and that noble generosity of character, which distinguish them in European countries. Ferocious and unsocial, suspicious even of their masters, instead of protecting them, if they were not restrained by the abject fears of their degenerated nature, they would fall upon and devour them.

himself across the file : instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder ceased ; a dead, a solemn silence prevailed, and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth. He covered it with mould and stones, placing a large stone at its head, and another at its feet. But Dan's task was not yet completed. The unostentatious grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write,

“ Here you lie, old CROP.”

He was then with his pick-axe and shovel, hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days afterwards, Sir Sidney, having been informed of the circumstance, ordered old Dan to be called into the cabin. “ Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French General.” “ Yes, your Honour.”—“ Had you any body with you ?” “ Yes, your Honour.”—“ Why, Mr. — says you had not.” “ But I had, your Honour.”—“ Ah ! who had you ?” “ God Almighty, Sir.”—“ A very good assistant, indeed. Give old Dan a glass of grog.” “ Thank your Honour.” Dan drank the grog, and left the cabin highly gratified. He is now a pensioner in the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.

HEROIC CONDUCT AND DREADFUL CATASTROPHE
OF CAPT. ENGLEDDUE, AND HIS SHIP'S CREW,

On the Coast of Gambia, in the Year 1759.

THE following interesting narrative is extracted from a letter, written by a merchant, resident at James Fort, on the 22d of March, 1759 :

I had wrote thus far, when I was interrupted by the most shocking news I ever experienced. O my friend, *Engledue* and his sloop are no more ! (what a dreadful alternative !) cut off by those damned villains in the Cassinka country, who attacked him at the port of trade, where he defended himself ; he weighed anchor to get clear of the creek ; they pursued, and bush-fought him ; he killed seventeen of the brutes ; at last, being wounded with an arrow on the breast, and most of the crew destroyed, he went into the cabin, opened the powder-scuttle, hailed the natives to come on board, collected the remains of his crew, laid a train, walked the quarter-deck with a pistol in his hand, a black-boy standing ready with a lighted match : when he saw a sufficient number on board, he gave the word of command to fire ; the faithful slave obeyed ; their bodies were scattered in the air, and the Almighty, I hope, with open arms was ready to receive their souls. Above thirty of the barbarians perished by the explosion.

Thus

Q 400-178 211 20 6944 by

by this conveyance: my mind will be more at ease in a few days; till then my friends must excuse me.

MILITARY COWARDICE AND CLERICAL
COURAGE.

IN the year 1745, his Majesty's ship the *Lion*, of 58 guns, Captain Butt, fell in with two French ships, which, after a desperate engagement, she compelled to sheer off. After the conflict, Captain Butt confined his captain of marines for cowardice. He had called upon him several times during the action, but he could not be found. At last some of the midshipmen pulled him out from under a large bag of hay, with one of his corporals by him. The Rev. Mr. Leach, chaplain of the ship, when the captain of marines deserted his charge, and meanly hid himself behind the hay, bravely put himself at the head of the *corps*, rallied them thrice on the poop of the ship, and encouraged them to behave like Englishmen, till at length he was shot dead on the spot.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF SIR SIDNEY
SMITH'S ESCAPE FROM THE TEMPLE.

AFTER several months had rolled away, since the gates of his prison had first closed upon the

British hero, he observed that a lady, who lived in an upper apartment on the opposite side of the street, seemed frequently to look towards that part of the prison where he was confined. As often as he observed her he played some tender air upon his flute, by which, and by imitating every motion that she made, he at length succeeded in fixing her attention upon him, and had the happiness of remarking, that she occasionally observed him with a glass. One morning when he saw that she was looking attentively upon him in this manner, he tore a blank leaf from an old mass-book, which was lying in his cell, and with the soot of the chimney contrived, by his finger, to describe upon it, in a large character, the letter A, which he held to the window, to be viewed by his fair sympathizing observer. After gazing upon it some little time, she nodded, to shew that she understood what it meant. Sir Sidney then touched the top of the first bar of the grating of his window, which he wished her to consider as the representative of the letter A, the second B, and so on until he had formed from the top of the bars a corresponding number of letters; and by touching the middle and bottom parts of them, upon a line with each other, he easily, after having inculcated the first impression of his wishes, completed a telegraphic alphabet. The process of communication was, from its nature, very

very slow ; but Sir Sidney had the happiness of observing, upon forming the first word, that this excellent being, who beamed before him like a guardian angel, seemed completely to comprehend it, which she expressed by an assenting movement of the head. Frequently obliged to desist from this tacit and tedious intercourse, from the dread of exciting the curiosity of the gaolers, or his fellow-prisoners, who were permitted to walk before his window, Sir Sidney occupied several days in communicating to his unknown friend his name and quality, and imploring her to procure some unknown royalist of consequence and address, sufficient for the undertaking, to effect his escape ; in the achievement of which he assured her, upon his word of honour, that whatever cost might be incurred, would be amply reimbursed, and that the bounty and gratitude of his country would nobly remunerate those who had the talent and bravery to accomplish it. By the same means he enabled her to draw confidential and accredited bills for considerable sums of money, for the promotion of the scheme, which she applied with the most perfect integrity.—Colonel Phelipeaux was at this time at Paris, a military man of rank, and a secret royalist, most devotedly attached to the fortunes of the exiled family of France, and to those who supported their cause. He had long been endeavouring to bring

bring to maturity a plan for facilitating their restoration, but which the loyal adherent, from a series of untoward and uncontrollable circumstances, began to despair of accomplishing. The lovely deliverer of Sir Sidney applied to this distinguished character, to whom she was known, and stated the singular correspondence which had taken place between herself and the heroic captive in the Temple. Phelipeaux, who was acquainted with the fame of Sir Sidney, and chagrined at the failure of his former favourite scheme, embraced the present project with a sort of prophetic enthusiasm, by which he hoped to restore to the British nation, one of her greatest heroes, who, by his skill and valour, might once more impress the common enemy with dismay, augment the glory of his country, and cover himself with the laurels of future victory. Intelligent, active, cool, daring, and insinuating, Colonel Phelipeaux immediately applied himself to bring to maturity a plan, at once suitable to his genius, and interesting to his wishes. To those whom it was necessary to employ upon the occasion, he contrived to unite one of the clerks of the minister of the police, who forged his signature, with exact imitation, to an order for removing the body of Sir Sidney from the Temple to the prison of the Conciergerie. After this was accomplished, on the day after that on which the inspector of
gaols

gaols was to visit the Temple and Conciergerie, a ceremony which is performed once a month in Paris, two Gentlemen of tried courage and address, who were previously instructed by Colonel Phelipeaux, disguised as officers of the *marée* *chaussée*, presented themselves in a *fiacre* at the Temple, and demanded the delivery of Sir Sidney, at the same time showing the forged order for his removal, This the gaoler attentively perused and examined, as well as the minister's signature. Soon after, the register of the prison informed Sir Sidney of the order of the Directory, upon hearing which, he at first appeared to be a little disconcerted, while the pseudo officer gave him every assurance of the honour and mild intentions of the Government towards him; Sir Sidney seemed more reconciled, packed up his clothes, took leave of his fellow-prisoners, and distributed little tokens of his gratitude to those servants of the prison from whom he had experienced indulgencies. Upon the eve of their departure, the register observed, that four of the prison guards should accompany them. This arrangement menaced the whole plan with immediate dissolution. The officers, without betraying the least emotion, acquiesced in the propriety of the measure, and gave orders for the men to be called out; when, as if recollecting the rank and honour of their illustrious prisoner, one of them
addressed

addressed Sir Sidney, by saying, "Citizen, you are a brave officer, give us your parole, and there is no occasion for an escort." Sir Sidney replied, that he would pledge his faith, as an officer, to accompany them, without resistance, wherever they chose to conduct him.

Not a look or movement betrayed the intention of the party. Every thing was cool, well-timed, and natural. They entered a *fiacre*, which, as is usual, was brought for the purpose of removing him, in which he found changes of clothes, false passports, and money. The coach moved, with an accustomed pace, to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where they alighted and parted in different directions. Sir Sidney met Colonel Phelipeaux at the appointed spot of rendezvous.

The project was so ably planned and conducted, that no one but the party concerned was acquainted with the escape, until near a month had elapsed, when the inspector paid his next periodical visit.

What pen can describe the sensations of two such men as Sir Sidney and Colonel Phelipeaux, when they first beheld each other in safety? Heaven befriended the generous and gallant exploit. Sir Sidney and his noble friend reached the French coast wholly unsuspected; and, committing themselves to their God and to the protecting genius of brave men, put to sea in an open

open boat, and were soon afterwards discovered by an English cruising frigate, and brought in safety to the British shore.

BRAVE ACTION OF CAPTAIN GRIGNION, COMMANDER OF AN ENGLISH PRIVATEER.

IN February, 1759, Captain Peter Grignion, commander of a privateer, of St. Kitt's (consort of the Thurloe privateer, Capt. Mantle) cruising off Curacoa harbour, discovered a French schooner privateer coming in; whereupon Capt. Grignion, crossing the harbour, got between the schooner and the town, when an engagement ensued in sight of the fort, and so near it, that three of the schooner's balls passed the governor and other gentlemen, who, happening to be near their fort, were viewing the engagement. The fort was then ordered to fire upon the English privateer, which it did, thirty-six shot, without effect; Grignion having boarded and made prize of the schooner, and returned a low obeisance to every shot fired from the fort.

During the above engagement, the commander of a French privateer Snow (who had been beating up for volunteers at Curacoa, and had shipped near a hundred stout fellows, Dutch free negroes included) applied to the governor, for leave to go out against the English privateer, which having
obtained

obtained, a number of new volunteers immediately jumped on board. The Frenchman instantly sailed out, whom Capt. Grignion perceiving, sent his prize away, and though he had but fifty hands left, waited for his formidable antagonist, who, coming up close, endeavoured several times to board him, but in vain, Grignion's sloop sailing round the Frenchman with great ease, and pouring in a broadside, and a volley of small arms each time. They then, at three in the afternoon, came to a close engagement, and continued till dusk, when they lay by to refit. The fire, in a little time, was renewed on both sides with great bravery, and continued till twelve at night, when they parted by consent, and Grignion pursued his cruize. During the engagement, wagers of a thousand milled dollars to a hundred were laid against Grignion. The Frenchman returned next day to careen, being greatly damaged, and having a number of men miserably wounded and burnt, but would not own any killed, though many of the volunteers were missing.

CHARACTERISTIC BRAVERY OF AN ENGLISH
SEAMAN, AT THE ATTACK OF FORT OMOA.

At the attack of the celebrated fortress of St. Fernando de Omoa, in 1779, the following singular circumstance is related of a sailor, who
singly

singly scrambled over the fort, with a cutlass in each hand. Thus equipped, he fell in with a Spanish officer just aroused from sleep, and who in his hurry had forgotten his sword. The tar, disdaining to take advantage of an unarmed foe, and willing to display his courage in single combat, presented the officer with one of the cutlasses, telling him, he scorned any advantage; "you are now," said he, "on a footing with me." The astonishment of the officer at such an act of generosity, and the facility with which a friendly parly took place, when he expected nothing else, but (from the hostile appearance of his foe) to be cut to pieces, could only be rivalled by the admiration which the relating the story excited in his countrymen. Upon this circumstance being mentioned to Sir Peter Parker, at the return of the squadron, he appointed this intrepid fellow to be boatswain of a sloop of war. A few years after, either in a fit of madness, or intoxication, he forgot his situation, and struck the Lieutenant of the Ferret sloop of war, for which he was tried by a court-martial, condemned to suffer death, and was executed.

A DEAD SPANIARD ON A BED OF HONOUR.

DURING Vice-Admiral Vernon's expedition, on the island of Cuba, in 1741, the Worcester, Defiance, Shoreham, and Squirrel, took several valuable prizes; the last, after a smart contest, boarded, and took with her boats a large Spanish privateer of 16 guns, and 130 men, which Captain Warren discovered at anchor, close in on the Cuba shore: her crew landed, and sought refuge in the woods; being pursued by the Squirrel's people, several of them were killed. In the pursuit, a tar observing a dead Spaniard lying on a British ensign, swore, "d—n him, if he should lie on so honourable a bed;" and rolling off the dead body, brought away the ensign, and gave it to his captain, who discovered concealed in one corner of it a packet of letters, which were of great consequence.

BRAVERY OF AN ENGLISH FISHERMAN.

ON the 30th of May, 1695, William Thompson, in a fishing-boat, out of Pool, in Dorsetshire, with only one man and a boy, was attacked by a French sloop privateer, which he obliged to sheer off. Thompson not intimidated by the superior force of the enemy, pursued, came up with, and, after engaging her for two hours, she

R

struck.

struck. The privateer had two guns, several small arms, and sixteen men: Thompson had two small guns, and a few muskets. On his arrival at Pool, with his prize, the Lords of the Admiralty presented him with a gold chain, and a medal of the value of fifty pounds.

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing of the MARRIAGE of Captain FOOTE, of the Royal Navy,
with Miss PATTEN, of Foreham, which was solemnized on
Wednesday morning, August 24, 1803.

MAY the union, cemented on Wednesday, at matin,

Be blissful, and crown'd with abundance of fruit:

May the *Foote* ever closely adhere to the *Patten*,

The *Patten* for ever stick close to the *Foote*.

And though *Pattens* are used but in moist, dirty weather,

May *their* journey through life be *unclouded* and *clean*;

May they long *fit* each other—and *moving* together,

May only one *sole* (soul) be still cherish'd between.

SIMPLICITY OF AN OLD WOMAN, THE MOTHER OF A DUTCH ADMIRAL.

P. HEIN, from a cabin-boy, rose to the rank of an admiral. He was killed in the action, at the moment his fleet triumphed over that of the Spaniards. Their high mightinesses sent a deputation to his mother, at Delft, to condole with her on the loss of her son. This simple old woman,

man, who had remained in her original obscurity, answered the deputies: *I always foretold, that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was; he loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly.*

NARRATIVE OF THE SINGULAR ADVENTURES
OF FOUR RUSSIAN SAILORS,

Who were cast on the desert Island of East Spitzbergen.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LE ROY.

IN the year 1743, one Jeremiah Okladmkoff, a merchant of Mesem, in the government of Archangel, fitted out a vessel, carrying fourteen men, destined for Spitzbergen, to be employed in the whale or seal fishery. For eight successive days, after they had sailed, the wind was fair; but on the 9th it changed, so that instead of getting to the west of Spitzbergen, the usual place of rendezvous, they were driven eastward of those islands, and, after some days, they found themselves at some distance from one of them, called East Spitzbergen. Having approached this island within about two English miles, their vessel was suddenly surrounded by ice, and they found themselves in an extremely dangerous situation.

In this alarming state a council was held, when

the mate, *Alexis Himkoff* informed them, that he recollected to have heard, that some of the people of *Mesem*, some time before, having formed the resolution of wintering upon this island, had accordingly carried from that city timber proper for building a hut, and had actually erected one at some distance from the shore.

This information induced the whole company to resolve on wintering there, if the hut, as they hoped, still existed. They dispatched, therefore, four of their crew in search of the hut.—These were *Alexis Himkoff*, the mate; *Iwan Himkoff*, his godson; *Stephen Scharapof*, and *Feodor Weregine*.

Having maturely considered the nature of their undertaking, they provided themselves with a musket, a powder-horn containing twelve charges of powder, with as many balls, an ox, a small kettle, a bag with about twenty pounds of flour, a knife, tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and every man his wooden pipe.—Thus accoutred, these four sailors quickly arrived on the island.

They began with exploring the country, and soon discovered the hut they were in search of, about an English mile and a half from the shore. It was thirty-six feet in length, eighteen feet in height, and as many in breadth. It contained a
small

small anti-chamber, about twelve feet broad, which had two doors, the one to shut it up from the outer air, the other to form a communication with the inner room : this contributed greatly to keep the larger room warm, when once heated. In the large room was an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner ; that is, a kind of oven without a chimney, which serves occasionally either for baking or heating the room ; or as is customary amongst the Russian peasants, in very cold weather, for a place to sleep upon.

They rejoiced greatly at having discovered the hut, which had suffered much from the weather ; our adventurers, however, contrived to pass the night in it. Early in the morning they hastened to the shore impatient to inform their comrades of their success.

I leave my readers to figure to themselves the astonishment and agony of mind these poor people must have felt, when, on reaching the place of their landing, they saw nothing but an open sea, free from the ice which, but a few days before, had covered the ocean. Whatever accident had befallen the ship, they saw her no more ; and as no tidings were ever afterwards received of her, it is most probable that she sunk, and that all on board of her perished.

This melancholy event depriving the unhappy wretches of all hope of ever being able to quit

the island, they returned to the hut whence they had come, full of horror and despair.

Their first attention was employed in devising means of providing subsistence, and for repairing their hut. The twelve charges of powder which they had brought with them, soon procured them as many rein-deer, the island, fortunately for them, abounding in these animals.

I have before observed, that the hut, which the sailors were so fortunate as to find, had sustained some damage, and it was this—there were cracks in many places between the boards of the building, which freely admitted the air. This inconvenience was, however, easily remedied, as they had an axe, and the beams were still sound, so it was easy for them to make the boards join very tolerably ; besides, moss growing in great abundance all over the island, there was more than sufficient to stop up the crevices, which wooden houses must always be liable to. Without fire, however, it was impossible to resist the rigour of the climate ; and without wood, how was that fire to be produced, or supported ? Providence, however, has so ordered it, that, in this particular, the sea supplies defects of the land. In wandering along the beach, they collected plenty of wood, which had been driven ashore, by the waves ; and which at first consisted of the wrecks of ships, and afterwards of whole trees,
with

with their roots, the produce of some more hospitable, but to them unknown climate.

Nothing proved of more essential service to these unfortunate men, during the first year of their exile, than some boards they found upon the beach, having a long iron hook, some nails of about five or six inches long, and proportionably thick, and other bits of old iron fixed in them; the melancholy relics of some vessels cast away in some remote parts. These were thrown ashore by the waves, at a time when the want of powder gave our men reason to apprehend that they must fall a prey to hunger, as they had nearly consumed those rein-deer they had killed. This lucky circumstance was attended with another, equally fortunate; they found on the shore the root of a fir-tree, which nearly approached to the figure of a bow.

As necessity has ever been the mother of invention, so they soon fashioned this root to a good bow, by the help of a knife; but they still wanted a string and arrows. Not knowing how to procure these at present, they determined on making a couple of lances, to defend themselves against the white bears, by far the most ferocious of their kind, whose attacks they had great reason to dread.

Finding they could neither make the heads of their lances, nor their arrows, without a hammer,

they contrived to form the large iron hook mentioned above into one, by heating it, and widening a hole it happened to have about its middle, with the help of one of their large nails. This received the handle, and a round button at one end of the hook served for the face of the hammer. A large pebble supplied the place of an anvil, and a couple of rein-deer's horns formed the tongs. By the means of such tools they made two heads of spears, and after polishing them, and sharpening them on stones, they tied them as fast as possible with thongs made of rein-deer skins, to sticks about the thickness of a man's arm, which they got from some branches of trees that had been cast on shore.

Thus equipped with spears, they resolved to attack a white bear, and, after a most dangerous encounter, they killed the formidable creature, and thereby made a new supply of provisions. The flesh of this animal they relished exceedingly, as they thought it much resembled beef in its taste and flavour. The tendons they saw, with much pleasure, could with little or no trouble be divided into filaments, of what fineness they thought fit. This, perhaps, was the most fortunate discovery these men could have made, for, besides other advantages, they were hereby furnished with strings for their bows.

The success of our unfortunate islanders in
making

making the spears, encouraged them to proceed, and to forge some pieces of iron into heads of arrows of the same shape, though somewhat smaller in size than the spears above-mentioned. Having ground and sharpened these like the former, they tied them with the sinews of the white bear to pieces of fir, to which, by the help of fine threads of the same, they fastened feathers of the sea-fowl; and thus became possessed of a complete bow and arrows. Their ingenuity, in this respect, was crowned with success far beyond their expectation, for, during the time of their continuance on the island, with these arrows they killed no less than two hundred and fifty reindeer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes. The flesh of these animals served them also for food, and their skins for cloathing, and other necessary preservation against the intense coldness of a climate so near the pole.

They killed, however, only ten white bears in all, and that not without the utmost danger; for these animals being prodigiously strong, defended themselves with astonishing vigour and fury. The first our men attacked designedly, the other nine they slew in defending themselves from their assaults; for some of these creatures even ventured to enter the outer room of their hut, in order to devour them.

To remedy, in some measure, the hardship of
eating

eating their meat half raw, they bethought themselves of drying some of their provision during the summer in the open air, and afterwards of hanging it up in the upper part of the hut, which was continually filled with smoke down to the windows; it was thus thoroughly dried by the help of that smoke. This meat, so prepared, they used for bread, and it made them relish the other flesh the better, as they could only half dress it. Water they had in summer from small rivulets that fell from the rocks, and in winter from the snow and ice thawed: this was of course their only beverage, and their small kettle was the only vessel they could make use of for this and other purposes.

Our mariners, seeing themselves quite destitute of every means of cure in case they should be attacked with the scurvy, judged it expedient not to neglect any regimen generally adopted as a preservative against this impending evil. Iwan Himkof, who had several times wintered on the coast of West-Spitzbergen, advised his unfortunate companions to swallow raw and frozen meat broken into small bits, to drink the blood of rein-deer warm, as it flowed from their veins immediately after killing them; to use as much exercise as possible, and, lastly, to eat scurvy-grass, which grows on the island, though not in great plenty.

Three of the sailors, who pursued the above method, continued free from all taint of the disease.

ease. The fourth, Feodor Weregine, on the contrary, who was naturally indolent, averse to drinking the rein-deer blood, and unwilling to leave the hut when he could possibly avoid it, was, soon after their arrival on the island, seized with the scurvy, which afterwards became so bad, that he passed almost six years under the greatest sufferings; in the latter part of that time he became so weak that he could no longer sit erect, nor even raise his hand to his mouth; so that his humane companions were obliged to feed and tend him, like a new-born infant, to the day of his death.

I have mentioned above that our sailors brought off a small bag of flour with them to the island. Of this they had consumed about one half with their meat, the remainder they employed in a different manner, equally useful. They soon saw the necessity of keeping up a continual fire in so cold a climate, and found, that if it should unfortunately go out, they had no means of lighting it again; for though they had a steel and flints, yet they wanted both match and tinder.

In their excursions through the island they had met with a slimy loam, or a kind of clay, nearly in the middle of it; out of this they found means to form a utensil which might serve as a lamp; and they proposed to keep it constantly burning with the fat of the animals they might kill. Having therefore fashioned a kind of lamp, they filled it
with

with rein-deer fat, and stuck in it some twisted linen shaped into a wick ; but they had the mortification to find, that as soon as the fat melted, it not only soaked into the clay, but fairly run through it on all sides. The thing therefore was to devise some means for preventing this inconvenience, not arising from cracks, but from the substance of which the lamp was made being too porous. They made, therefore, a new one, dried it thoroughly in the air, then heated it red hot, and afterwards quenched it in their kettle, wherein they had boiled a quantity of flour down to the consistence of starch. The lamp being thus dried, and filled with melted fat, they now found, to their great joy, that it did not leak. But, for greater security, they dipped linen rags in the paste, and with them covered all its outside. Succeeding in this attempt, they immediately made another lamp, for fear of an accident, that in all events they might not be destitute of light ; and when they had done so much, they thought proper to save the remainder of the flour for similar purposes.

They had skins of rein-deer and foxes in plenty, that had hitherto served them for bedding, and which they now thought of employing in some more essential service, but the question was how to tan them. After deliberating on this subject, they took to the following method: they soaked the

the skins for several days in fresh water, till they could pull off the hair pretty easily; they then rubbed the wet leather with their hands till it was nearly dry, when they spread some melted rein-deer fat over it, and again rubbed it wet; by this process the leather became soft, pliant and supple, proper for answering every purpose they wanted it for. Those skins which they designed for furs they only soaked for one day, to prepare them for being wrought, and then proceeded in the manner before-mentioned, except only that they did not remove the hair. Thus they soon provided themselves with the necessary materials for all the parts of dress they wanted.

But here another difficulty occurred. They had neither awls for making shoes or boots, nor needles for sewing their garments; this want they soon supplied by means of the bits of iron they had occasionally collected. The making eyes to their needles gave them indeed no little trouble; but this they also performed with the assistance of their knife, for having ground it to a very sharp point, and heated red hot a kind of wire, wove for that purpose, they pierced a hole through one end, and, by whetting and smoothing it on stones, brought the other to a point, and thus gave the whole a very tolerable form.

The sinews of the bears and the rein-deer,
which

which they had found means to split, served them for thread; and thus provided with the necessary implements, they proceeded to make their new cloaths.

Their summer's dress consisted of a kind of jacket and trowsers, made of skins prepared as I have mentioned above; and in winter they wore long fur gowns.

When our four mariners had passed nearly six years in this dismal place, Feodor Weregine, whose illness we had occasion to mention above, and who all along had been in a languishing condition, died, after having in the latter part of his life suffered the most excruciating pains. Though they were thus freed from the trouble of attending him, and the grief of being witnesses to his misery, without being able to afford him any relief, yet his death affected them not a little. They saw their number lessened, and every one wished to be the first that should follow him. As he died in winter, they dug a grave in the snow as deep as they could, in which they laid the corpse, and then covered it in the best manner they could, that the white bears might not get at it.

Now, at the time when the melancholy reflections occasioned by the death of their comrade were fresh in their minds, and when each expected to pay this last duty to the remaining companions
of

of his misfortunes, or to receive it from them, they unexpectedly got sight of a Russian ship; this happened on the 15th of August, 1749.

The vessel belonged to a trader who had come to Archangel, proposing it should winter in Nova Zembla; but, fortunately for our poor exiles, Mr. Vernezobre proposed to the merchant to let his vessel winter at West-Spitzbergen, which he at last, after many objections, agreed to.

The contrary winds they met with on their passage made it impossible for them to reach the place of their destination. The vessel was driven towards East-Spitzbergen, directly opposite to the residence of our mariners, who, as soon as they perceived her, hastened to light fires upon the hills nearest their habitation, and then ran to the beach, waving a flag of rein-deer's hide, fastened to a pole. The people on board seeing these signals, concluded that there were men on the island who implored their assistance, and therefore came to an anchor near the shore.

It would be in vain to attempt describing the joy of these poor people, at seeing the moment of their deliverance so near. They soon agreed with the master of the ship to work for him on their voyage, and to pay him eighty roubles on their arrival, for taking them on board, with all their riches, which consisted in fifty pod, or two thousand pounds of rein-deer fat, in many hides

of

of these animals, and skins of the blue and white foxes, together with those of the ten white bears they had killed. They took care not to forget their bow and arrows, their spears, their knife and axe, which were almost worn out, their awls, and their needles, which they kept carefully in a bone box, very ingeniously made with their knife only; and, in short, every thing they were possessed of.

Our adventurers arrived safe at Archangel on the 28th of September, 1749, having spent six years and three months in their rueful solitude.

The moment of their landing was nearly proving a fatal one to the loving and beloved wife of Alexis Himkof, who being present when the vessel came into port, immediately knew her husband, and ran with so much eagerness to his embraces, that she slipped into the water, and very narrowly escaped being drowned.

All three on their arrival were strong and healthy, but having lived so long without bread, they could not reconcile themselves to the use of it, and complained that it filled them with wind. Nor could they bear any spirituous liquors, and therefore drank nothing but water.

Before I conclude, I cannot help subjoining a reflection of Mr. Vernezobre, with which he concludes one of his letters.—“ I make no doubt, but some of your readers will consider the adventures of these sailors in the same light as the English

do Robinson Crusoe. But however ingenious that composition is, a comparison with this narrative will prove much in your favour; as the former is all fiction, whereas your subject consists of facts sufficiently authenticated. And Crusoe is represented as having almost lost what knowledge he had of christianity; but our sailors carefully retained their religious principles, and, as they assured me, never wholly departed from their confidence in the goodness of God, to be exerted in their behalf, even in this world.

REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT OF SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH.

BEING sent, some years since, on shore upon the Irish coast with a brother officer, who is now holding a deservedly high situation in the service, to look for some deserters from their ship, after a long, fatiguing, and fruitless pursuit, they halted at a little inn to refresh themselves: having dined, Sir Sidney on a sudden became silent, and seemed lost in meditation: "My dirk for your thoughts," exclaimed his friend, gently tapping him on the shoulder, "what project, Sidney, has got possession of you now?"—"My good fellow," replied the young warrior, his expressive countenance brightening as he spoke, "you will, no doubt, suppose me a little disordered in my mind,

but I have been thinking that, before twelve years shall have rolled over my head, I shall make the British arms triumphant in the Holy Land." We need not knock at the cabinet-door at St. Cloud to know how splendidly this prediction was verified.

THE SAILOR'S DIRGE.

Sew up the hammock ! Death has laid
Poor Jack in honour's bed ;
Heave out a sigh, and lower away—
Our gallant messmate's dead.

A right true-hearted lad he was,
A seaman stout and bold,
He lov'd his friend, he lov'd his girl,
But now his heart is cold.

So long as French or Spaniard fought,
No lion was more brave ;
But when he cried for quatter, none
Than Jack more free to save.

When overboard, and struggling hard
For life's dear sake was I,
Tho' wild the waves and loud the wind,
Jack heard my piteous cry.

He ask'd no leave of paltry fear,
But swam and took me out ;
Now Jack must sink, and I may swim,
So fortune veers about.

Farewel,

Farewel, poor Jack, tho' o'er thy head
The ocean billows roll,
Good hope that Heav'n's sweet mercy there
Will find and save thy soul.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF CAPTAIN ELPHINSTONE, OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

AFTER the battle between the fleets of Russia and Sweden, off Cronstadt, in May 1780, Captain Elphinstone, then a very young lieutenant, was dispatched by his uncle, Admiral Ceuse, to Catherine, who was at that time at the palace of Zarko Zelo, with an account of the successful manœuvres of his fleet. For four days and nights preceding the Empress had taken no rest, and but little refreshment, the greater part of which time she had passed upon the beautiful terrace near the baths of Porphyry, listening, with the greatest anxiety, to the distant thunder of the cannon, which was so tremendous, that several windows in Petersburgh were broken by its concussion. It is said, that anticipating the last disaster, her horses and carriages were ready to convey her to Moscow. Young Elphinstone arrived at the palace late at night, in his fighting clothes, covered with dust and gunpowder, and severely fatigued with long and arduous duty. His dispatches were instantly carried to the empress, who ordered her page in

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waiting

waiting to give the bearer refreshments and a bed, and requested that he might on no account be disturbed. The gallant messenger availed himself of her graciousness, and "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," never opened his eyelids till the dawn had far advanced, during which period Catherine had sent three times to see if he were awake. At length Captain Elphinstone, in all his *dishabille*, was conducted to her presence by her secretary, when she commenced an enchanting conversation, in which she complimented the gallantry and many naval achievements of his family; and after proceeding upon various topics for about half an hour, she said, calling him, "My, son, now let us proceed to business: I have received the dispatches, which have afforded me infinite satisfaction; I thank you for your bravery and zeal; I beg you will describe to me the position of the ships," which, as Captain Elphinstone explained, she indicated with her pencil upon a leaf of her pocket-book; and as she gave him her orders to the commander-in-chief, she presented him with a rouleau of ducats, a beautiful little French watch, and, although very young, promoted him to the rank of captain.

HUMANITY AND BRAVERY OF THE LATE KING
OF SWEDEN.

IT was during the battle, mentioned in the preceding anecdote, that the Swedish monarch behaved with his accustomed gallantry: as he was rowing in his barge, and giving his orders, in the thickest of the battle, a shot carried away the hand of the strokesman, and at this moment a small Russian vessel of war discovering the king, bore down upon him; the brave and generous monarch, seeing the accident which his poor bargeman had sustained, and his own personal peril at the same time, calmly took out his handkerchief and bound over the wound, then leaped on board one of his gun-boats, and miraculously escaped, by that good fortune which never favours little minds, at the instant when his barge was boarded by the enemy, the cushions of which were preserved in the apartment of Captain Elphinstone, in the marine barracks, as trophies of war and of humanity,

GALLANT BEHAVIOUR AND WONDERFUL PRESERVATION OF CAPTAIN BOUCHIER, OF THE
HECTOR.

AMONG the French prizes which were taken in the West Indies, on the glorious 12th of April, 1782, was the Hector, of 74 guns, which struck

to the Canada, commanded by captain, now Admiral Cornwallis. Captain Bouchier was afterwards appointed to the Hector; and, in the month of August following, that ship sailed for England, with Rear-Admiral Graves's squadron. Being badly manned, and a heavy sailer, she dropped so far astern, that she parted company with the fleet about a week after they left the Havannah. Her situation after this was truly deplorable. She was an old ship, and in such bad condition, that before she sailed from Jamaica, all her guns, excepting fifty-two, were taken out, and her masts were replaced by others of a smaller dimension; her complement of men amounted to 300, most of whom were invalids from the fleet, American and French prisoners.

In this miserable condition, on the evening of the 5th of September, she fell in with the Eagle and Gloire French frigates, each mounted with 40 guns, and a complement of 800 men, besides a great number of land officers and troops, whom they were conveying to North America. The weak state of the Hector was not long unperceived by the frigates, who instantly bore down, and placing themselves one upon her beam and the other upon her quarter, began a furious cannonade; Captain Bouchier made a most gallant resistance, but the slackness of the Hector's fire, and the slowness of her movements, gave the ene-
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my frequent opportunities of raking her; confiding in the number of their men, they attempted to board the Hector, but were nobly repulsed with great slaughter. The engagement continued almost four hours with unabating violence, when, to the astonishment of those on board the Hector, the enemy ceased firing and sheered off, although day-light must have discovered to them the miserable state she was in. The damages sustained were prodigious, her already crazy hull was almost torn to pieces, the masts, sails, and rigging, rendered by the shot useless; her emaciated and weak crew worn down by sickness, performed prodigies of valour, and by their noble exertions supplied the defect of strength and numbers. Forty-six of those brave fellows were either killed or wounded, among the latter was Captain Bouchier, who received so desperate a wound in the arm, that he was obliged to quit the deck: giving charge of the ship to Captain O'Brien Drury, (who was on his passage to England); this officer maintained the battle with undaunted courage and intrepidity till the enemy sheered off.

They were still destined to encounter more serious and dreadful calamities. A few days after the engagement a storm arose, in which they lost all their masts and rudder; the leaks encreased to so violent a degree that the hold was filled with salt water, by which a great quantity of the pro-

visions and fresh water was spoiled. The only remaining sail was fothered and drawn under the bottom of the ship, with the hope of diminishing the leak; this had no manner of effect, the leaks continued to gain upon them, the decks were fast sinking, and some of the beams of the orlop deck had absolutely fallen into the hold. The sick died apace. The small quantity of spirits, which for several days had supported the rest of the crew from perishing, was nearly exhausted. It required the utmost exertion of the officers to prevail on and keep the men at the pumps, many of whom dropped down dead while working them. For four days they were reduced to the deplorable necessity of existing without either spirits or water. The most miserable and afflicting picture now presented itself, that of being destined to linger out a painful but short existence, when, to their inexpressible joy, on the 3d of October a sail was discovered bearing down upon them. This proved to be the Hawke snow, a letter of marque, belonging to Dartmouth, commanded by Captain John Hill, from Lisbon, bound to St. John's, Newfoundland. The distressed situation of the Hector was no sooner known to this generous and humane man, than, without considering the risk to which himself and crew might be exposed, he instantly applied himself to their relief. He remained by them all night, and in the morning

morning took on board Captain Bouchier* and the 200 poor fellows who were left. His vessel became so much crowded, that in order to accommodate them the better, he threw overboard a great part of his cargo. On the day when the *Hawke* arrived at St. John's, the last cask of water was abroach; had the wind proved otherwise than fair, their generous deliverers might have been involved in the distresses which the unfortunate crew of the *Hector* had so recently experienced.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF AN ENGLISH LADY.

The following gallant exploit, in which an English lady bore a distinguished part, is highly worthy of notice.

The ship *Betsey*, bound to London from Jamaica, having parted company with the convoy in the Gulph of Florida, on the 20th of July, 1794, when off the Lizard, fell in with and was captured a squadron of French frigates. The master and crew (excepting the mate, cook, carpenter, a boy, and Mrs. Williams, a passenger) were taken out of the *Betsey*, and a lieutenant and thirteen Frenchmen put on board to take charge of the prize.

On the 23d, in the evening, the ship being

* At present captain of Greenwich-Hospital.

driven by a heavy gale of wind in sight of Guernsey, a plot was laid for securing the Frenchmen and to retake the ship. On the mate suggesting it to Mrs. Williams, she instantly fainted, sensible, it is presumed, that if the same failed every soul would be put to death. Recovering in a short time her composure, she went to the mate, and, with heroism unparalleled, actually engaged to assist in the execution of the project. At eleven o'clock at night, when the lieutenant was asleep in his birth, and others of the French were between decks in the fore part of the ship, the signal was given, and Mrs. Williams kept her resolution by locking the lieutenant's door, and standing with her back against it to prevent its being forced: in the meanwhile the Frenchmen on deck were thrust down the hatchway by the three men, and threatened with death if they made the least attempt to get up. Providence favouring their efforts, with a fine breeze to the S. W. they reached Cowes Road at two o'clock in the morning of the 25th. When a boat went on board, they found Mrs. Williams in the same position, with a pistol in her hand.

PRAISEWORTHY CONDUCT OF CAPT. JONES,
OF THE CHESTERFIELD PACKET.

THE following transaction, so highly honourable to Captain Jones, of the Chesterfield packet, is worthy of being recorded in the annals of British humanity.

On the 28th of September, 1793, after having experienced a severe gale, it became more moderate, but a large and heavy swell was running, when Captain Jones fell in with and spoke the *Maria*, Captain Humphries, of London, bound for Newfoundland, out five weeks, and in great distress, her mizen-mast and main-top-mast carried away, her boats washed overboard, her stern-frame stove in, six of her upper deck beams broken, and in a very leaky condition. The captain and crew in this dreadful situation solicited Captain Jones to take them on board, but his boats having been washed overboard in the same gale of wind in which the *Maria* suffered, there was no alternative to give these poor men assistance but boarding her with the packet. Captain Jones accordingly determined to try what he could do at all risk, and was happy enough to execute his plan with a good deal of success, by laying her on board on the larboard quarter, by which effort he took out the captain and five
men,

men ; but two of the crew, in the great hurry and expedition in which it was executed, were unfortunately left on board. Captain Jones, with the greatest humanity, made several unsuccessful attempts to release these unhappy men from their miserable situation ; at length he run close alongside the *Maria* and threw a rope on board, calling to the men to make themselves fast to it and jump overboard, which they executed, and were hauled on board unhurt.

HEROIC ACHIEVEMENT OF THREE SCILLY
PILOTS.

ON the 31st of August, 1794, a most daring and brave attempt was made, with success, by a boat and with only three men, who went to sea from St. Mary's, Scilly, in quest of ships as pilots. At two leagues distance from the land they spoke a brig, which, on the 29th, had been captured by three French frigates, about twenty leagues to the westward. She was in the possession of seven Frenchmen, five of whom were remarkably stout men ; there had been left on board one English sailor and a boy, the former of whom, on a swivel being pointed at the boat, called to them that they had neither powder nor arms, and desired them to jump on board, which they no sooner had done, than a conflict ensued with such weapons

pons as could be most readily obtained ; at one time the conflict was so desperate that they had nearly overcome the Scilly men, however, at length the Frenchmen were subdued, and the vessel, on the 1st of September, was carried into St. Helen's Pool. She proved to be the brig Beckford, belonging to Great Yarmouth, from Sophia Bay, on the Barbary coast, laden with salt-petre and hides.

ANIMATED DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

THE following impressive and well-written narrative is extracted from a late elegant publication of Mr. Carr, entitled, *A Northern Summer*. A battle, in which the departed Nelson achieved such immortal glory for himself and for his country, cannot be regarded but with enthusiastic admiration by Englishmen.

On our return to the city, says Mr. Carr, "and about a mile from it, a tufted hillock of small poplars attracted our notice : it was the national tomb of the heroes who fell in the memorable battle of Copenhagen Roads, on the 2d of April, 1801, and stood in a meadow about two hundred yards from the road, and looked towards the Crown Battery. As we approached it we saw a small monumental obelisk, which was raised

raised to the memory of Captain Albert Thurah, by the Crown Prince. It appeared, by the inscription, that during the heat of that sanguinary battle a signal was made from one of the block ships, that all the officers on board were killed; the Crown Prince, who behaved with distinguished judgment and composure during the whole of that terrific and anxious day, and was giving his orders on shore, exclaimed, "Who will take the command?" The gallant Thurah replied, "I will, my prince," and immediately leaped into a boat, and, as he was mounting the deck of the block ship, a British shot numbered him with the dead, which formed a ghastly pile before him, and consigned his spirit and his glory to the regions of immortality.

As the battle, under all its circumstances, was as awful and affecting as any in the English and Danish history, the reader will, I am sure, feel no reluctance minutely to contemplate the larger tomb which first attracted our notice: it is a pyramidal hillock, neatly turfed and planted with sapling poplars, corresponding with the number of officers who fell. A little above is an obelisk of grey northern marble, raised upon a pedestal of granite, bearing this inscription:—*To the memory of those who fell for their country, their grateful fellow-citizens raise this monument, April 2, 1801; and beneath, on a white marble*

marble tablet, under a wreath of laurel, oak, and cypress, bound together, is inscribed: — *The wreath which the country bestows never withers over the grave of the fallen warrior.* The whole is enclosed in a square palisado: as a national monument it is too diminutive.

The next day I visited the spot where so much blood was shed. A young Danish officer upon the Crown battery obligingly pointed out the disposition of the ships, and spoke of the battle with great impartiality. From the disposition of the British fleets, before the squadron under Lord Nelson bore down and rendered his intention indubitable, the Danes were firmly of opinion that the British commander intended to proceed either to Calscrona or Revel, and made no preparation for defence; their ships were lying in ordinary: they therefore trusted entirely to their block ships and batteries. On that day the Hero of the Nile surpassed those achievements, which an admiring and astonishing world conceived must for ever remain without imitation, as they had been without example, in the annals of the British navy. Favoured with a fortunate shift of wind, and an extraordinary elevation of the tide, which at that time was higher than the Danes had long remembered it, he placed his unsupported squadron, and, as it is said, with an *unobserved* signal of retreat flying at the mast head of the

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ship of the chief in command, in a most advantageous and formidable position. The citizens of Copenhagen in a moment flew to their posts ; all distinctions were lost in the love of their country. Nobles and mechanics, gentlemen and shopmen, rushed together in crowds to the quays ; the sick crawled out of their beds, and the very lame were led to the sea-side, imploring to be taken in the boats, which were perpetually going off with crowds to the block-ships. A carnage, at once tremendous and novel, only served to increase their enthusiasm. What an awful moment ! The invoked vengeance of the British nation, with the fury and velocity of lightning, was falling with terrible desolation on a race of gallant people, in their very capital, whose kings were once seated upon the throne of England, and in the veins of whose magnanimous prince flowed the blood of her august family. Nature must have shuddered as she contemplated such a war of brethren : the conflict was short, but sanguinary beyond example ; in the midst of the slaughter, the heroic Nelson dispatched a flag of truce on shore, with a note to the Crown Prince, in which he expressed a wish that a stop should be put to the farther effusion of human blood, and to avert the destruction of the Danish arsenal and of the capital, which he observed the Danes must then see were at his mercy. He once more proposed their

withdrawing from their triple league, and acknowledging the supremacy of the British flag. As soon as the Prince's answer was received, a cessation of hostilities took place, and Lord Nelson left his ship to go on shore. Upon his arrival at the quay, he found a carriage which had been sent for him by Mr. D. a merchant of high respectability, the confusion being too great to enable the prince to send one of the royal carriages; in the former the gallant admiral proceeded to the palace in the Octagon, through crowds of people, whose fury was rising to phrenzy, and amongst whom his person was in more imminent danger than even from the cannon of the block ships; but nothing could shake the soul of such a man. Arrived in the palace at the Octagon, he calmly descended from the carriage, amidst the murmurs and groans of the enraged concourse, which not even the presence of the Danish officers who accompanied him could restrain. The Crown Prince received him in the hall and conducted him up stairs, and presented him to the king, whose long shattered state of mind had left him but very little sensibility to display upon the trying occasion. The objects of the impressive interview were soon adjusted to the perfect satisfaction of Lord Nelson and his applauding country; that done, he assumed the gaiety and good-humour of

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a visitor,

a visitor, and partook of some refreshments with the Crown Prince.

During the repast Lord Nelson spoke in raptures of the bravery of the Danes, and particularly requested the Prince to introduce him to a very young officer, whom he described as having done wonders during the battle, by attacking his own ship immediately under her lower guns. It proved to be the gallant young Welmoes, a stripling of seventeen; the British hero embraced him with the enthusiasm of a brother, and delicately intimated to the Prince that he ought to make him an admiral; to which the Prince very happily replied, "If, my lord, I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service." This heroic youth had volunteered the command of a praam, which is a sort of raft, carrying six small cannon, and manned with twenty-four men; who pushed off from shore, and in the fury of the battle placed themselves under the stern of Lord Nelson's ship, which they most successfully attacked, in such a manner, that although they were below the reach of his stern chasers, the British marines made terrible slaughter amongst them: twenty of these gallant men fell by bullets, but their young commander continued knee-deep in dead at his post, until the truce was announced. He has been honoured,

noured, as he most eminently deserved to be, with the grateful remembrance of his country, and of his prince, who, as a mark of his regard, presented him with a medallion, commemorative of his gallantry, and has appointed him to the command of his yacht, in which he makes his annual visit to Holstein. The issue of this contest was glorious and decisive; could it be otherwise, when its destinies were committed to a Nelson?

THE SAILOR'S FAREWEL.

BY DR. OGILVIE.

HARK! the halloo that calls us away!

Tom, fill us a bumper in haste;

While the ship lies unmoor'd in the bay,

Let us drink to the days that are past.

Let us drink, jolly boys, ere we part,

To our mates who carouse on the shore;

To the friend whom we lodge in our hearts;

To the nymph whom we prize as our store.

Adieu to the hut in the vale,

To the secret recess of the grove;

To old Ned, with October so stale,

To Molly, the maid of my love.

To the joys of the feast and the glass,

Where beauty displays all her charms;

To the song, and the buxom young lass,

That melts at the sound in your arms.

See the main-sail that floats on the wind,
Hark ! they heave up the anchor ; Gee-ho !
Our friends stand assembled behind ;
While the shores all re-echo—hillo !

Let the hearts of each Briton rejoice,
At the shouts that resound from the main ;
'Tis the spirit of England, brave boys,
That swells in the slow-rolling strain.

Farewel to our dear native home,
And our sweet little pastimes of yore ;
O'er the wide spreading ocean we roam,
And may see the old hamlet no more.

Yet the heart of a sailor can feel
For his friends, for his country's repose ;
To these it presents the smooth peal,
And the rough oak beneath—to their foes.

Free lords of the ocean we steer,
In commerce as well as in war ;
To the nations we speak without fear :
Let the Monsieurs contend—if they dare.

We'll bring with your monkeys so gay,
In frolic akin, as in face,
Some spruce little Frenchman to play,
And give each—the *fraternal embrace* !

Ye breezes, blow fair from the land !
Thou Power on all nature impress'd,
Who hold'st the wild wind in thine hand ;
O smooth the rough billows to rest !

They fill the loose sails as they glide ;
The landscape recedes from the view ;
In our broad wake we furrow the tide.---
Ye shores of Old England, adieu !

ANECDOTE OF CAPTAIN VANCOUVER.

CAPTAIN Vancouver used to say, that he had been nearer the pole than any other man—for that when the immortal Cook, in latitude 72, was stopped in his progress by impenetrable mountains of ice, and was preparing to tack about, he went to the very end of the bowsprit, and waving his hand, exclaimed—*Ne plus ultra*.

MACKLIN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH
MAN OF WAR.

AN English man-of-war can speak all languages : she is the best interpreter, and most profound politician in this island ; she was always Oliver Cromwell's ambassador ; she is the wisest minister of state that ever existed, and never tells a lie—nor will she suffer the proudest Frenchman, or Spaniard, or Dutchman, to bamboozle her, or give her a saucy answer.

ENTERPRISING ACT OF ADMIRAL HOPSON
WHEN A BOY.

BONCHURCH village, in the Isle of Wight, claims the honour of having been the birth-place of the gallant Admiral Hopson ; who, from a common sea-boy, rose to a high rank in the navy, and was much celebrated in the reign of Queen Anne.

The history of this extraordinary character is as follows :—He was left an orphan at an early age, and apprenticed by the parish to a taylor ; a species of employment ill-suited to his enterprising spirit. As he was one day sitting alone on the shop-board, with his eyes directed towards the sea, he was struck with the appearance of a squadron of men-of-war coming round Dunnose : following the first impulse of his fancy, he quitted his work, and ran down to the beach, where he cast off the painter of the first boat he saw, jumped on board, and plied the oars so well, that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place. Early the next morning the admiral fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both sides with equal bravery. During this time Hopson obeyed his orders with great cheerfulness and alacrity ;
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but, after fighting two hours, he became impatient, and enquired of the sailors what was the object for which they were contending. On being told that the action must continue until the white rag at the enemy's mast-head was struck, he exclaimed: "*Oh! if that's all, I will see what I can do.*" At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our young hero, taking advantage of this circumstance, determined either to haul down the enemy's colours, or to perish in the attempt. He accordingly mounted the shrouds unperceived, walked the horse of the main-yard, gained that of the French Admiral, and ascending with agility to the maintop-gallant-mast-head, struck and carried off the French flag, with which he retreated; and, at the moment he regained his own ship, the British tars shouted *Victory*, without any other cause than that the enemy's flag had disappeared. The crew of the French ship being thrown into confusion in consequence of the loss of the flag, ran from their guns, and while the admiral and officers, equally surprised at the event, were endeavouring to rally them, the British tars seized the opportunity, boarded the vessel, and took her. Hopson at this juncture descended the shrouds, with the French admiral's flag wound round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors on the main-deck, who

received his prize with the utmost rapture and astonishment. This heroic action reaching the quarter-deck, Hopson was ordered to attend there; and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by brow-beating and threatening him with punishment for his audacity; but the admiral, on hearing of it, observed a very opposite conduct: *My lad*, (said he to Hopson) *I believe you to be a brave young man; from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck; and according to your future conduct, you shall obtain my patronage and protection.* Hopson soon convinced his patron that the countenance shewn him was not misplaced. He went rapidly through the several ranks of the service until he became an admiral; and so great was the confidence which his sovereign placed in his conduct, that she gave him the command of a squadron, with a commission to cruise at his own discretion. In this service he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his royal mistress, and became the pride of the British navy.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF RE-CAPTURE.

ON the 28th of August, 1799, was decided the following extraordinary case of a re-capture, made by one English sailor and a boy, who retook

the snow, Liberty, from a prize-master and nine Frenchmen.

The facts proved upon oath were the following : —The vessel was freighted at the West-Indies to London, with a cargo of cotton, rum, &c. 6000*l*. value. In the month of January, 1797, she was captured in the Bay of Biscay by a French privateer. A prize-master and nine French seamen were put on board; the only Englishman left were Robert Cloyston, the mate, and Oliver, a grown-up boy. The second day the mate observed that the French crew got intoxicated, and that they quarrelled among themselves, and most cordially hated the prize-master. The mate consulted the boy how he should retake the ship; the latter could speak French tolerably well. Accordingly, the next morning, Oliver spoke to four of the Frenchmen that were the most refractory, and told them if they would assist to retake the ship, they should be well rewarded. The Frenchmen agreed to the scheme, and the next morning the prize-master was knocked down, and cut with an axe; the helm was taken possession of, the ship re-captured, and the other French sailors secured. When this was effected, the boy Oliver told them, if they made for a port in France, they would all be put to death; and therefore (being off Scilly) they had better steer for Cork, where they would be safe. The ship was accordingly
carried

carried into Cork, and Mr. Cloyston acted as master; from thence she arrived safe in the port of London.

Sir William Scott, the judge, reviewed the whole case, and was clearly of opinion, that the applicants deserved the highest reward which the law would allow; he therefore adjudged the recaptors one sixth of the ship and cargo, together with reasonable costs.

GENEROSITY OF AN IRISH SAILOR.

IN October, 1799, during the escort of the treasure which had been taken in the Spanish frigates, *Thetis* and *Santa Brigeda*, to the dungeons of the citadel at Plymouth, where it was deposited for safety, as the procession was passing through the market-place, some interruption occasioned a stoppage of the headmost waggon of the second division. This naturally drew a croud about the waggon; during which, a gentleman pushed forward to see how the dollars were packed, when the honest tar, who carried the British ensign over the Spanish, asked him in a goodnatured way, "if his honour wished to smell at the treasure;" the gentleman said laughingly, "he would much rather taste it:" the sailor immediately putting his unemployed fingers into his mouth, pulled out a small Spanish gold coin, and a quid; and putting

ting both into the gentleman's hand, emphatically said, "By Jasus, in my country we find tasting better than smelling, and feeling is the naked truth; so your honour's welcome." The gentleman offered him more than the real value; but honest Patrick refused, and said "he had enough and to spare." The waggon then driving on, prevented any other application on the subject.

SPIRITED BEHAVIOUR OF A BRITISH SAILOR,
AT THE ATTACK OF THE HELDER.

THIS man was one of the detachment of seamen sent on shore to assist in drawing the artillery up the beach. The party employed on this service were covered by a body of grenadiers, one of whom having dropped, Jack started from his gun, and examined the body, exclaiming with an oath, that he was a dead man, and he would take his place; and, having stripped off the grenadier's belt and cartouche-box, and equipped himself therewith, he seized his firelock, and began loading and firing at the enemy: he discharged his piece six times, at each time bringing down his man. At length he dropped himself, and was carried on board the hospital-ship to be amputated, having received a ball through his knee. This was not all; he was told that he must be brought to trial for having deserted his post,

post, and taken upon himself a task out of the line of his duty : " But, please your honour," replied this gallant fellow, " I killed six of them." " That may be," said his captain, " but you flew from your quarters."—" Then, please your honour," rejoined Jack, in the simplicity of his heart, " forgive me this once, and I will kill no more of them."

NOBLE FORTITUDE AND HEROISM OF A MARINE.

IN cutting out a Spanish polacre, from the harbour of La Seva, in 1799, by the boats of the Success frigate, a marine, who had his right arm broken by a grape-shot, was asked by Lieutenant Facey, " if his right-arm was not disabled ?" To which he nobly replied, " yes, it was ; but, thank God, though he could not pull a trigger with his right, he could handle a cutlass with his left hand ;" and in this situation was very active in assisting to board and carry the vessel.

REMARKABLE COMBINATION OF COURAGE AND SEAMANSHIP.

THE following extraordinary instance of British seamanship, valour, and dexterity, occurred in the

the escape of a pilot-boat from a French privateer, in the month of January, 1800 :—

The vessel was the *Amity*, belonging to Bembridge, on the look out for ships. About ten in the morning they discovered a lugger-privateer about two miles distance, which they could not perceive before in consequence of the morning being hazy. There being little wind, the enemy was rowing with thirteen oars on each side, and fast approaching: the master of the pilot-boat thought it best to leave his vessel immediately, there being no other means of escaping. He and another man, therefore, got into their small boat, and desired James Wallis, the boy, to come also; but he bravely answered, he would remain by the vessel, whatever might be the consequence. Thus resolved, he gave them his watch and all the little money he had, which he requested they would give to his father; they promised to perform his request, and immediately left him to his fate, when the privateer was only about a quarter of a mile distant. In a few minutes she shot up under his lee-quarter, with an intention to grapple the pilot-boat; and having fresh way, lowered their main-top-sails and lug-sail; the lad observing their design, just as they were in the act of heaving their grappling-irons, put his helm down, and went about, whilst the privateer fired small-arms and swivels into her. This manœuvre obliged

obliged them to make sail and tack: when they had made all the sail they could, the young man, with great judgment, tacked and weathered them about the length of the lugger: the privateer having gained his wake, tacked also. The youth continued to tack every time the privateer set her sails, which was repeated seventeen or eighteen times: they likewise constantly fired when near, and particularly when crossing at a distance, never more than thirty yards. After manœuvring in this dexterous manner for above two hours, a fresh breeze happily sprung up: the pilot-boat was then on the last tack, and had gained about a cable's length to windward, when she crossed the privateer, which, after firing all her swivels and small-arms, bore up and left him.

SUPERSTITION OF FORMER AGES;

Illustrated by an Historical Anecdote of William, surnamed Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.

IN the year 1222, or 1223, when William Earl of Salisbury, was returning from an expedition to the Holy Land, he was overtaken at sea by a violent tempest, which gave rise to the following narrative of a miraculous interposition, so consistent with the superstitious genius of that age: —

“ There arose so great a tempest at sea, that despairing of life, he threw his money and rich apparel overboard. But when all hopes were past, they discerned a mighty taper of wax burning bright at the prow of the ship, and a beautiful woman standing by it, who preserved it from rain and wind, so that it gave a clear bright lustre. Upon sight of which heavenly vision both himself and the mariners concluded of their future security ; but every one there being ignorant what this vision might portend, except this earl, he attributed it to the benignity of the Blessed Virgin ; by reason, that upon the day when he was honoured with the girdle of knighthood, he brought a taper to her altar, to be lighted every day at mass in honour of her, when the canonical hours used to be sung, and to the intent, that for this terrestrial light he might enjoy that which is eternal.”

INGENIOUS DEVICES OF CAPTAIN MARTIN,
OF THE MARLBOROUGH INDIAMAN.

CAPTAIN Martin, while commanding the Marlborough Indiaman, was attacked by three French ships of war, one of 70, one 60, and one of 32 guns ; of which last force his own ship was. They had taken a station in India to intercept all the outward-bound ships that year. The Marlborough's

borough's cargo was valued at 200,000*l.* sterling, having 100,000*l.* in foreign specie on board ; this Captain Martin supposed they knew, as otherwise he was of opinion they would have sunk him with their lower tier, when two or three times near him. He first saw them on Thursday morning, and it was Saturday night before he was quite clear of them. His officers and people would persuade him that they were English ships, and mentioned their names, the largest they called the Barrington ; upon which he hauled up his sails, and was sending his boat to invite the captain to dinner, and to learn their news ; but not being thoroughly satisfied while viewing them with his glass, he perceived the largest open her lower tier of ports ; and asking if the Barrington had two tiers of ports, he was informed not ; on which he recalled his boat and made all the sail he could ; which they no sooner perceived than they began to fire upon him, hauling down English and hoisting French colours, continuing a brisk engagement for two or three glasses before he could get any distance from them. They kept chasing them till the next day, when they were so near that they could hear what was said on board each other's ship. Perceiving thick weather arising, he formed a scheme which proved of great service to him. He quietly ordered every man to his post, and the sails to be trimmed as sharp as possible ; he
then

then told the man at the helm, that when he told him to put the helm hard-a-weather, he must put it hard-a-lee, and that if he made no blunder he would reward him handsomely, but, if he erred, he would shoot him through the head. Then going on the poop, and seeing the French ship so near, he stamped with affected wrath, and asking if he had a mind to be on board her, bid him put the helm hard-a-weather ; he put it quite the contrary, as ordered, and brought the ship quite round, almost under the French ship's bowsprit, which surprised them greatly, they imagining they meant to board them. As soon as they were convinced that was not their design, they began to fire, and put their helm hard-a-lee ; but their sails not being prepared like his, were all taken aback, which put them into great confusion, and had there been as much wind as he expected from the appearance of the weather, in all probability they had lost all their masts, which was his aim ; but, as it was, before they could get in a proper condition to follow him, he had got above a league ahead. This was reckoned very able seamanship, as well as a serviceable stratagem. Being at such a distance when night came on, he easily altered his course without observation. He got close in under land, and anchored to refresh his people, and repair his rigging and sails, which were much shattered. He declared he never

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slept

slept sounder for four or five hours, than he did that night on the open deck, with a log of wood for his pillow. Not being perfectly secure, at dawn of day he ordered some men up to the mast-head to keep a good look-out, where they had not been long before they cried out that they espied a pagoda, but he knowing the coast very well, knew there could be no such thing in sight, and concluded it to be one of the French ships. He immediately cut away his anchor, and made all the sail he could ; but before he was well underweigh the French sixty-gun ship was nearly up with him. Thus they continued all day. At night he once more effectually deceived them : as soon as it was dark, he ordered a light to be placed in the great cabin-window and no other light to appear in the ship ; he then ordered a water-cask to be sawed in halves, in one of which he fixed a mast exactly the height of the light in the window, to which he affixed a candle and lantern, and putting the light out of the window, turned the cask adrift. The French soon came up with it, and believing it was his ship, and that he meant to fight, prepared for action ; but before all was arranged it sunk, and left them in a perplexity how to proceed. Captain Martin continued his course, and in a short time arrived safe in the port he was bound to.

LUDICROUS INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE LATE
ADMIRAL VERNON AND MR. (AFTERWARDS
SIR WILLIAM) BARNABY.

MR. Barnaby was a man extremely attached to exterior appearance, and aimed, on all occasions, at being the best dressed man in whatever company he mixed : he however carried this desire on some occasions to a height which exposed him to ridicule, and the imputation of absurdity. Mr. Vernon, it is said, was of a different turn of mind ; he, on the opposite direction, sunk his ideas of dress into a slovenly appearance, highly improper in an officer of any rank, and truly reprehensible in a commander-in-chief like himself, as well as derogatory to the decency of a gentleman. A meeting between two such opposite characters must have been not a little amusing, supposing them both to have had an opportunity of displaying their different inclinations. This absolutely took place, and in the following manner : Mr. Barnaby, immediately after his arrival at Jamaica, proceeded, as is customary, to pay a visit of ceremony to the commander-in-chief. On this *solemn* occasion he equipped himself gorgeously in a suit of silk, or, as some say, velvet, very splendidly laced. The admiral was, as was not uncommon with him, coarsely dressed in a very ordinary

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dinary manner. When Mr. Barnaby was announced, Mr. Vernon rose from his escrutore with much apparent and pretended confusion, and hurrying into an inner apartment, put on a wig of ceremony, which, having adjusted with pretended haste and embarrassment, he advanced towards Mr. Barnaby with great gravity, and desired to know his commands; when the latter informed him with much precision and attention to form, "that he had the honour to command a bomb-vessel, which had just arrived from England." Mr. Vernon, with a ludicrous and grotesque alteration of countenance, replied, "Gad, so, sir, I really took you for a dancing-master."

AMIALE AND HONOURABLE CONDUCT OF
CAPTAIN DE L'ANGLE, OF THE DURSLEY
GALLEY, TOWARDS SOME SPANISH PRISONERS.

THE following anecdote redounds so highly to the honour of this brave and worthy man, that, to omit it, would be unpardonable. The circumstance which it records took place in the year 1742, and is thus related in a letter which was subsequently written :—

A year or two since, his majesty's ship, the Dursley galley, of 20 guns, Captain de L'Angle, commander,

commander, cruizing to the eastward of Alicant Bay, made a small sail, to which she gave chase. Coming up with it towards evening, and firing a gun, the bark struck ; and the boat going off to take possession of her, found her a small zobeyne, bound from Malaga to Yvica, with provisions and passengers of both sexes, whom our soldiers without much ceremony plundered of what money or things of value they had on board. The surgeon of the man-of-war (from whom I have this narrative) soon after going on board the prize, it being almost dark, could just perceive a Romish clergyman (for such he appeared by his dress) leaning in a disconsolate manner over the side of the vessel, with a young girl with him all in tears. On seeing this he took occasion to speak with him in Latin, which brought on a conversation in that language, by which he understood that this prelate was Bishop of Yvica, on his passage from Spain to that island, and that the young girl was a relation left under his care. The surgeon, after a few compliments of condolment, returned to his ship, and gave Captain de L'Angle an account of what had passed. This worthy commander immediately sent his pinnace for the bishop and his fair kinswoman, for whom he had provided an elegant supper, during which, being placed at the head of the table, they were treated by him and his officer with the politeness and respect due to
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their

their rank and quality; in the mean while the captain had taken such proper measures that, as soon as supper was ended, he caused to be restored to these distressed prisoners all the little money, jewels, plate, clothes, &c. which they had lost, excepting a silver chalice, which could not be recovered. Imagine, sir, to yourself, the sentiments of this honest prelate at such unexpected treatment from those whom, no doubt, he had been taught to regard as cruel heretics, and from whom he probably apprehended the worst usage for himself and his young relation. The simplicity and the goodness of his heart discovered itself by a flood of tears, more expressive than the rhetoric of a jesuit, or the wit of a cardinal. Captain de L'Angle, pleased with the sincerity of his joy, assured him of his being safe as well as free, and the next morning he should be at full liberty to pursue his voyage without any fears of future danger. Accordingly, after an agreeable breakfast, he was re-conducted on board his own bark, and arrived soon after safe at Yvica.

I am well informed that this bishop has so lasting a sense of this obligation, that whenever (though the war still subsists) an English man-of-war appears off the port of Yvica, he never fails to send out a boat with such refreshments as the island affords, and his compliments to the captain, in acknowledgements for the favours shewn
him

him on board the Dursley galley. This therefore, ought to recommend a generous behaviour to our enemies.

ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF
RE-CAPTURE.

ON the 2d. of April, 1801, the Beaver, merchantman, O'Connor, master, laden with wine from Oporto to London, parted from her convoy. On the 10th she was captured by the Braave, French privateer of 18 guns and 70 men; the captain of which put on board a prize-master and four men; leaving only O'Connor and a boy on board the Beaver. He contrived to secure the French prize-master, by seizing him and tying his hands behind him, in the cabin, and locked the door; then ran on deck with a crow-bar and pistol and attacked the man at the helm, who, in the scuffle, fell overboard and was drowned. The other three men being aloft in the tops, he took the helm, and ordered them to stay there or he would shoot them. In this anxious state he remained all night, the Beaver making very little way being very leaky. In the morning at daylight, to his great joy, he discovered a frigate, and contrived to make a signal of distress, upon which she bore down towards him, and proved to be the Loire: Captain Newman, who sent a boat

on board to his assistance, and carried the Beaver into Plymouth.

For this gallant exploit, the Court of Admiralty awarded Mr. O'Connor 850l. ; to the boy who assisted him, 150l. ; to the officers and crew of his majesty's ship, Loire, 500l.

CRUELTY AND INFAMOUS CONDUCT OF THE
FRENCH COMMODORE, MAC NAMARA, TO-
WARDS THE OFFICERS AND CREWS OF
SOME ENGLISH CARTEL-SHIPS.

SUBSEQUENTLY to the expedition against Louisburg, in 1745, Captain Man of the Launceston, man-of-war, with fourteen cartel ships, was dispatched thence by Commodore Warren to France, with the prisoners who had been taken in arms, and such of the inhabitants as chose to remove thither. "No sooner were we arrived in the road of Rochfort," says Mr. Gibson, one of the officers employed on this occasion, "but Commodore Mac Namara, in a ship of seventy-four guns, obliged us to come to under his stern. We obeyed and shewed our passports, which, when he had read, he insisted that every master should deliver into his hands his particular journal. Some looking on it as an unreasonable demand, with resolution opposed, but were confined in irons in his ship for their refusal. Soon after, he
sent

sent for me : being admitted into his cabin, he ordered me to sit down at his green-table and give an account of my own proceedings in writing; which orders I readily complied with, and delivered into his hands. Upon the receipt of it he told me, that the cartels could receive no favour at Rochfort ; and since he was informed by several passengers, that I had been a very busy, active fellow against the interest of his most christian majesty at Louisburg, if he could find out any article whatever, that was in the least contradictory to the declaration I had delivered, he would send me to the tower. He immediately sent on board for my trunk, and insisted on my giving him the key. I did ; and he took all my papers, and read them over in the first place ; after that, he broke open the letters directed for London ; those, indeed, he sealed up again, and, having put them into the trunk, dismissed me. His next orders were, that the cartels should not go on board the Launceston on any pretence : he charged us, likewise, not to go on shore, and gave strict orders to the garrison to watch us night and day ; and in case any of us attempted to go on shore, the guard was directed to shoot us. He would not permit a boat to bring us the least supply of any kind ; insomuch, that we were obliged to live wholly on salt provisions, and drink water that was ropy and very offensive to the smell, for above six weeks successively.

When

When this cruel commodore set sail with his fleet, consisting of about two hundred sail of merchantmen and seven men-of-war, for Hispaniola, another as cruel supplied his place. On Sunday eve he sent out a yawl with orders for all the carts to unbend their sails. We did as directed; and on Monday morning, his men came in their long-boats and carried all our sails on shore, into the garrison, which surprised us to the last degree, as we had been detained so long and lived in expectation of our passports every day. At this unhappy juncture, Captain Robert Man, who was commander of the *Launceston*, was taken violently ill of a fever, and, notwithstanding intercession was made that he might be removed on shore, as the noise on board affected his head too much, yet the favour was inhumanly denied him, and to every officer in the ship besides."

LAUGHABLE ECCENTRICITIES OF THE LATE
CAPTAIN, THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM
MONTAGUE.

IN coming up the Channel during the time he commanded the *Bristol*, he fell in with a numerous fleet of outward-bound Dutch merchantmen. He fired at several in order to compel them to bring to, a measure authorised by custom and his
general

general instructions. The Dutch, aided by a fair wind, hoped by its assistance to escape the disagreeable delay of being searched or overhauled, and held on their way : Captain Montague pursued, but, on overtaking them, took no other satisfaction than that of manning and sending out his two cutters, with a carpenter's-mate in each, ordering them to cut off twelve of the ugliest heads they could find in the whole fleet, from among those with which, as it is well known, those people are accustomed to ornament the extremity of their rudders. When these were brought he caused them to be disposed on brackets round his cabin, contrasting them in the most ludicrous manner his vein of humour could invent, and writing under them the names of the twelve Cæsars.

Another anecdote is, that being once at Lisbon, and having got into a night affray with the people on shore, he received in the scuffle what is usually termed a black-eye. On the succeeding day, previously to his going on shore, he compelled each of his boat's crew to black with cork one of their eyes, so as to resemble a natural injury ; the starboard rowers the right-eye, the larboard rowers the left, and the coxswain both : the whimsical effect may be easily conceived.

When under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke, in 1755, he solicited permission to repair to town.

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The admiral, aware of the impropriety of such a request, and at the same time wishing to palliate refusal by imposing, on his permission, a condition he conceived impossible to be undertaken, even by a man of Captain Montague's harmless, though extravagant turn of mind, jestingly said, "The complexion of affairs was so serious that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than where his barge could carry him. Captain Montague, not to be foiled or abashed, is said to have immediately repaired to Portsmouth, where he gave orders for the construction of a carriage on trucks, to be drawn by horses, on which he meant to row his barge: and having previously stored it with provisions and necessaries requisite for three days, to proceed to London. Having lashed it to the carriage, the crew was instructed to imitate the action of rowing with the same solemnity, as if they had been actually coming into the harbour from Spithead. Sir Edward, as it is said, received intelligence of his intention soon after the boat and its contents were landed, and immediately sent him permission to proceed to London in whatever manner he thought proper.

HONOURABLE AND GENEROUS CONDUCT OF
THE SAME OFFICER.

WHEN in the West Indies, in the early part of his life, an affair, very disagreeable to Captain Montague, unfortunately occurred :—a boat passing his ship in the night, was fired at by his order, to compel it to bring to, some suspicion being entertained that there were French people on board. Through inattention, or carelessness, one of the shots so fired wounded a negro in the leg, so terribly, that he died the next morning. Admiral Knowles thought proper to suspend him from his command on that account, and, as it is said, not only refused to allow him a court-martial, but also the privilege, which the captain earnestly requested, of being tried by the laws of the island of Antigua, where the unfortunate accident happened.

This unjust treatment afterwards underwent a legal investigation ; and Captain Montague, with that honourable and generous eccentricity, which so strongly marked his character, was contented with vindicating his own honour, and proving, to the satisfaction of the court, the ill usage he had experienced ; for though it was supposed very considerable damages would have been recovered against the admiral, the trial was prevented from regularly proceeding to an end, the counsel for
Captain

Captain Montague being instructed by him to declare he would be contented with a verdict of ten guineas, and the costs of suit. The sum recovered we believe to have been afterwards distributed among the prisoners in the marshalsea.

DOCTORS SOMETIMES DIFFER.

THE medical profession, indeed, is not the only one, the members of which are apt to entertain different opinions on the same subjects, as is evident from the following anecdote of the admirals, Kempenfeldt and Geary.

In the month of July, 1780, Admiral Geary then commanding a squadron in the Channel, an enemy's fleet was discovered. Rear-admiral Kempenfeldt, who at that time acted as Admiral Geary's first-captain, was universally and most deservedly esteemed one of the bravest and best-informed officers in the service, as to the management and requisite mode of manœuvring a large fleet previous to the commencement of, and during the continuance of an action itself. Lord Hawke, than whom no man was a sounder judge of nautical abilities, adds in a postscript to one of his letters to Admiral Geary, " I am glad you have got so excellent an officer as I am convinced Kempenfeldt is: he will be of great service to you."

But

But in the attainment of this universally acknowledged and valuable qualification, he had contracted a habit of using more signals than men less practised in that particular branch of service deemed necessary : of this latter class of commanders was Admiral Geary. As soon as the enemy was discovered, and the signals made for a general chase, Kempenfeldt, burning with as much impatience as his commander-in-chief to get up with the enemy, though differing in a trivial degree in his ideas as to the best mode of effecting it, brought up the signal-book, which he opened and laid on the binnacle with the greatest form and precision ; Admiral Geary, eagerly supposing the chase to be the Brest fleet, went up to him with the greatest good-humour, and, squeezing him by the hand in a manner better to be conceived than expressed, said, quaintly—" Now, my dear, dear friend, do pray let the signals alone for to-day, to-morrow you shall order as many as ever you please."

THE MORNING-STAR OF GIBRALTAR DOCK-YARD.

At the commencement of the winter of 1798, the dock-yard at Gibraltar was employed on the repairs of some of the ships under the Earl of

St. Vincent's orders ; conceiving his presence would accelerate the public service, he quitted the *Ville-de-Paris*, then bearing his flag off Cadiz, and took up his residence at the garrison. On his requiring that the workmen in the dock should commence their employment at day-break, which was at this season at five o'clock, he was informed that the gates were not opened until an hour after that time ; he therefore applied to the governor, General O'Hara, for an alteration in the hour, accommodated to this early duty. " The men," said the governor, " will not be able to see."—" Perhaps not," said his lordship, " but they can hear me." The request was granted ; the Earl of St. Vincent was ever at his post at the dawn of day, with Stentorian voice directing the business ; and, from the insignia of his rank, with which he was decorated, he was metaphorically styled, " The morning-star."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF BRITISH HEROISM.

ON the morning of the 23d of November, 1799, the Marquis of Granby, of Sunderland, S. Urwin, master, was captured in crossing the Kentish Knock, by a French lugger-privateer. The master and two men were put into the Frenchman's boat, in order to be conveyed on board the privateer,

rateer, which was giving chase to another vessel, and by carrying a press of sail, in a short time left the boat nearly five miles a-stern; this circumstance induced Mr. Urwin to conceive it practicable to retake his own vessel, and wresting a sword out of the hands of the officer in the boat, he compelled the French sailors to row him back to the Marquis of Granby. He gallantly boarded her sword in hand, and soon cleared the deck of the Frenchmen, who precipitately plunged into the sea, and were picked up by their countrymen in the boat. Mr. Urwin proceeded on his voyage; but what became of the French sailors and the boat was not known. The Committee of the Navigation Policy Company, in which the vessel was insured, as a reward for Mr. Urwin's bravery and merit, presented him with a piece of plate, with a suitable inscription.

FIRMNESS AND INDECISION CONTRASTED.

THE late Captain Watkins was one of the commanders under the orders of Captain Powlett, afterwards Duke of Bolton, when detached by Admiral Mathews of Civita Vecchia, in quest of some vessels which had arrived at that place, with stores, artillery, &c. in the year 1743. Two papal gallies were then in the port, having put in there while the British ships lay off, and before they

they had orders to proceed to extremities. It was not long afterwards determined to attempt burning them in the harbour. Two feluccas coming down the Tyber were therefore detained, and fitted up as fire-ships for that purpose: the boats of the different ships were ordered to attend them; the whole enterprize to be under the command of Captain Watkins, who was the junior captain, and to whom, according to the general custom of the service, the direction of such an undertaking, as it were of right, belonged. Captain Hodsell, who was also present, and was a senior officer, insisted that the command should be entrusted to him. Captain Watkins of course yielded up his claim, but insisted on attending as a volunteer. When the boats and feluccas had proceeded to the very entrance of the harbour, the centinels were heard passing the word, and the bells ringing the hour: every thing else was quiet, and appeared to bespeak security. Captain Hodsell, however, alarmed at the foregoing circumstance, ordered his people to lay on their oars, and asked the advice of Captain Watkins, whether it would be prudent to proceed? The latter firmly replied, "He was not there to give advice, but to obey orders." The same question was afterwards proposed to other officers of less rank, who unanimously returned the same answer. But Captain Hodsell, thinking that the

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enemy

enemy had taken the alarm, ordered the boats, &c. to return.

LUDICROUS TERROR OF A SPANISH CAPTAIN.

ADMIRAL Byron, in his celebrated narrative, relates the following incident, which occurred while he was at Chaco.

“Some time after we had been here, a snow arrived in the harbour from Lima, which occasioned great joy amongst the inhabitants, as they had no ship the year before on account of the alarm Lord Anson had given upon the coast. This was not the annual vessel, but one of those which come unexpectedly. The captain of her was an old man, well known upon the island, who had traded here, once in two or three years for more than thirty years past. He had a remarkably large head, and therefore was commonly known by a nick-name they had given him, of *Cabuco de Toro*, or “Bull’s Head.” He had not been here a week before he came to the governor, and told him with a most melancholy countenance, that he had not slept a wink since he came into the harbour, as the governor was pleased to allow three English prisoners liberty to walk about, instead of confining them, and that he expected every moment they would board his vessel, and

carry her away : this he said when he had above thirty hands aboard. The governor assured him he would be answerable for us, and that he might sleep in quiet ; though at the same time he could not help laughing at the man, as all the people in the town did. These assurances did not satisfy the captain, he used the utmost dispatch in disposing of his cargo and to put to sea again, not thinking himself safe till he had lost sight of the island.

TANTARARARA ROGUES ALL.

DURING the time of Earl St. Vincent's (then Sir John Jervis) co-operation with Sir Charles Grey in the West Indies, about the year 1794, there were some circumstances attending the procedure of a convoy of merchant-ships to Europe on which Sir John wished to consult the different masters. A signal was made to this effect :—the masters of the merchantmen attended on board the admiral's ship ; he stated to them the motives which had influenced him to convene them, and requested their sentiments on the subject. Finding that each delivered his opinion as his respective interest dictated, the admiral endeavoured to shew the expedience of unanimity, but without effect ; at which, much irritated, he hastily paced the deck, loudly snapping his fingers, singing,
2 with

with a voice of no common strength, *Sing tantararara, rogues all, rogues all; sing tantararara, rogues all;*" and repeated it with such vehemence, that the masters, dreading some more impressive marks of the admiral's displeasure, hastened out of the ship without further communication, and the convoy was dispatched to England on his own plan, but without the concurrence his solicitude for the common interest of the trade had in vain endeavoured to procure.

EXTRAORDINARY SEA-FIGHT.

ABOUT the year 1683, the Captain Pacha of the Porte, with a whole Turkish fleet under his command, on a visit to Cairo and other ports, for the purpose of convoying the vessels laden at those places for Constantinople, met with two English ships, the Hector, and William and Ralph, loading corn in the Gulph of Mola. Corn being a prohibited commodity, and not to be transported, under penalty of forfeiting ships, cargo, and the liberty of the men, the pacha was invited, by the prospect of such a booty, to command the seizure of these vessels, which, as they were but two, it was not questioned but they would yield at the first summons; but in this the Turk was mistaken, he had to deal with people who knew

their situation, who were unused to fear, and who were resolved to make the infidels pay as dearly as possible for the liberty, property, and lives of Britons. Immediately the English ships cut their cables and stood out to sea, where they were attacked by the whole Ottoman fleet, being sometimes boarded by one and then by two gallies at once; yet, as they plied their guns with half-pikes, they often cleared their decks, and beat off the enemy with great slaughter. The captain-pacha, being ashamed that his whole fleet should meet with such opposition from such vessels, resolved to enter his men at the gunroom-ports of one of the ships, and running the prow of his own galley into the stern, the valiant English crew clapped an iron spike into the trunch-hole of the prow, by which the galley being wedged fast to the timbers of the ships, they brought their guns to bear aft, and charging them with cross-bars, pieces of iron, and cartridge-shot, raked them fore-and-aft, killed the captain-pacha himself and near three hundred of his men. At length, having spent all their shot, they charged their guns with pieces of eight, but being overpowered by numbers of their enemies, and not able to make further resistance, after maintaining this unequal conflict for more than three hours, they set fire to their ships, which, blowing up, destroyed two or three gallies which lay alongside them, together with those
near,

near, who were fighting upon deck, hand to hand, with the defendants ; so that none of these undaunted fellows were taken, but three or four that were picked up out of the sea. Thus ended this extraordinary action, the Turks gaining the victory with the loss of three hundred slaves killed and wounded, besides the captain-pacha, and several other officers of note killed, and five hundred Turks slain or wounded. The gallies were forced into port, where they remained a full month to repair. This affair struck the Porte with amazement at the bravery, or obstinacy, as they called it, of the English ; and it is a matter not altogether forgotten at Constantinople at this day.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she might be ;
Her sails from Heav'n receiv'd no motion—
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign, or sound of their shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The abbot of Aberbrothok,
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder it warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And bless'd the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in Heav'n shone so gay—
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds scream'd as they floated round,
And there was pleasure in the sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph, the rover, walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the chearing power of spring ;
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess---
But the rover's mirth was wickedness,

His eye was on the bell and float,
Quoth he, my men put out the boat ;
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok.

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose, and burst around :
Quoth Sir Ralph, the next who come to the Rock
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothok.

Sir Ralph, the Rover, sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore,

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky,
They could not see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is, they see no land ;
Quoth, Sir Ralph, it will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.

Canst hear, said one, the breakers roar ;
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore,
Now, where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell.

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
Tho' the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shiv'ring shock,
Oh, Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !

Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair ;
The winds rush in on ev'ry side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide,

But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear ;
A sound as if, with the Inchcape bell,
The devil below was sounding his knell.

THE CONVERTED PILOT.

FROM political motives, John II. of Portugal, concealed the progress of his navigators on the western coast of Africa: he therefore, on all occasions, magnified the dangers of a Guinea voyage; declaring that every quarter of the moon produced a tempest; that the inhospitable shores were covered with the most tremendous rocks; that the inhabitants were cannibals, and that no vessel, but those of a particular construction which the Portuguese builders had invented, could live in those raging seas. A pilot, who had often made the voyage, and was a better seaman than a politician, publicly maintained, in opposition to the king's opinion, that any other kind of ship would serve equally well for the purpose as the *caravellas* of his sovereign. John immediately sent for the *unwary* pilot, and publicly reprimanded him for his ignorance. Some months afterwards this same pilot re-appeared at court, and approaching the king, thus addressed him: "*Being of an obstinate disposition, may it please your Majesty, I resolved, notwithstanding what your Majesty asserted, to attempt a voyage to Guinea in a vessel different from those that are usually employed, and I now acknowledge that it is impossible.*" The king could not refrain from smiling,

smiling, he favoured the pilot with a private interview, and giving him money, desired him to encourage the deception.

AN INGENIOUS NIGHT-SIGNAL.

IN the early part of the year of the blockade of Cadiz, so effectually executed by Earl St. Vincent, there appeared one night every indication of an approaching gale of wind; it shortly took place, and rapidly increased to such a height as to threaten the destruction of several, if not all, of the ships then at anchor. The only means of warding off the present danger was to veer away more cable, but this could not be instantly given in command, as no night-signal was yet established, for this purpose; suddenly his lordship called for the boatswain and all his mates, stationed them on the poop, gangway, and forecastle, and told them to pipe together loudly, as when veering cable; this was heard on board all the surrounding ships, when the captains, rightly conceiving the admiral was veering cable, directed the same to be done on board their respective commands, and the fleet rode out the gale in safety.

GENEROSITY AND GRATITUDE OF AN ALGERINE PIRATE.

AT the time when Monsieur D'Estrees bombarded Algiers, M. De Choiseul was ordered into the harbour to set fire to one of the enemy's ships. He undertook this dangerous enterprise with the same intrepidity which he had manifested on several other occasions, but being overtaken by night, he found himself surrounded by several ships, and finally taken prisoner by the barbarians. His youth, rank, and courage, far from pleading in his favour, only irritated his savage enemies in the greater degree, and he was accordingly sentenced to be lashed to the mouth of a gun, which, on being fired, would naturally put a speedy and desperate end to the victim's existence. An old pirate, who had formerly been the prisoner of this young gentleman, and had been used by him with the utmost tenderness, interceded, but in vain. Shocked at the unrelenting spirit of his countrymen, he followed Choiseul to the place of execution, and when they were preparing to fire the gun, he ran to the unfortunate victim of their barbarity, and clinging round him, called to the gunner to execute their dreadful purpose, "for," said he, "since I cannot save the life of my benefactor, I shall at least enjoy the melancholy comfort of perishing with him." The
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Dey Ghezzar, with a species of awful admiration, ordered the prisoner to be immediately released.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF A DUTCH SAILOR,
AT THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

BEFORE the wall was built, which now serves as a safeguard in ascending the promontory, called Ladder-Hill, at the Island of St. Helena, an extraordinary accident happened to a Dutch sailor, the truth of which is attested by many people now living on the island. This man coming out of the country after it was dark, and being in liquor, mistook the path then in use, and turned to the left instead of the right. He continued his journey with great difficulty, till finding the descent no longer practicable, he took up his residence for the night where he was, in a small chink of the rock, and fell fast asleep. It was late in the morning when he awoke, and what were his terror and astonishment, to find himself on the brink of a precipice, one hundred fathoms deep! He attempted to return back, but found it impossible to climb the crags he had descended. After having passed several hours in this dreadful situation, he discovered some boys on the beach at the foot of the precipice bathing in the sea; hope of relief made him exert his voice to the utmost, but he had the mortification to find that
the

the distance prevented his being heard. He then threw one of his shoes towards them, but it unfortunately fell without being perceived; he then threw the other, which was more fortunate, for it fell at the feet of one of the boys, who was coming out of the water. The youths looked up, and with astonishment saw the poor Dutchman waving his hat, and making signs of distress. They made haste to the town, and relating what they had seen, great numbers of people ran to the heights above him, from whence they could see the man, but were all puzzled how to save him. At last, however, a coil of strong rope was procured, and one end being fastened above, the other was veered down over the place where he stood. The sailor instantly laid hold of it, and with an agility peculiar to people of his profession, in a little time gained the summit. As soon as he was safe, he produced an instance of thriftiness truly Dutch, by pulling out of his bosom a china bowl, which, in all his drunkenness and distress, he had taken care to preserve unbroken, choosing rather to part with his shoes than his bowl; though the bowl must have alarmed the children at once by its noise, and the shoes might have left him to starve, if they had not fallen in sight.

THE BLOCKADE OF CADIZ:

A NAUTICO-THEATRICAL EFFUSION.

AT the blockade of Cadiz, previously to the glorious victory of Trafalgar, the officers on board his Majesty's ship *Britannia*, commanded by the Right Hon. the Earl of Northesk, amused themselves with theatrical entertainments; at one of which the following very neatly pointed *Occasional Address* was spoken by Lieutenant L. B. Halloram, of the Royal Marines. The prediction towards the conclusion has been happily fulfilled, by the triumph of the British arms, but, unfortunately, with the loss of the first of British heroes.

My lord,* and gentlemen—Alas! off Cadiz,
 How hard it is we can't address the *ladies*!
 For, “if the *brave* alone deserve the *fair*,”
 BRITANNIA'S sons should surely have *their* share!
 But, since their valour, tho' upon record,
 Like other merits, is its own reward;
 Tho' *female* charms inspire me not—again
 We welcome *you*—my lord, and gentlemen!
 You, too, brave fellows! who the *back-ground* tread,
 Alike we welcome—jackets, *blue*, or *red*!
 And humbly hope, that, while we give our aid,
 “To cheer the tedium of a dull blockade;

* Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk, who, with his usual condescension and good-nature, honoured these performances with his presence.

" To banish ennui for a few short hours,
 " However feeble our theatric pow'rs,
 " Our well-meant efforts—to amuse awhile,
 " Will meet the wish'd reward—*your fav'ring smile.*"
 For tho', while thro' our parts we swell and pant,
 We stun your *ears* with *mock-heroic rant*,
 We trust to pay *their* suff'rings thro' your eyes,
 By the bright splendors of the gay disguise;
 In which our heroes, (nor let critics grin)
 Bedeck'd in robes of "*bunting* lac'd with tin."
 As kings, or Emperors, with mimic rage,
 Strut their short hour upon this "*floating stage.*"
 In times of yore, as grave old authors write,
 Poets possess'd a kind of "second sight!"
 And could (tho' *entre nous*, 'twas all a hum),
 Inform you clearly of "*events to come!*"
 Oh! could the bard, who, to amuse your time,
 Has manufactur'd all this "*doggrel rhyme;*"
 From mortal mists clear his desiring eyes,
 And pry into *your* future destinies!
 He would foretel—(nor ask you as a charm,
 Like other soothsayers—"to cross his palm!")
 What—yes! he sees—*must* on your courage wait,
 "An happy fortune, and a glorious fate!"
 Yes, he foresees—(confirm his prospects Heav'n),
 "*Yon coop'd up boasters**" to your wishes giv'n!
 Sees their proud ensigns from their standards torn,
 Their vanquish'd navies in glad triumph borne;
 Sees added laurels grace our NELSON's brow,
 And VICTORY hov'ring o'er his glowing prow;

* The combined fleets, who, though superior to the British blockading fleet, by eight sail of the line, remained under the protection of their batteries in disgraceful security.

His conquering banner o'er the waves unfurl'd,
 And Britain's thunder rule the wat'ry world!
 If aught of prescience to the Muse belong,
 Soon, soon the scenes that animate her song,
 In glowing colours shall salute your eyes,
 And Heav'n shall bid th' auspicious morn arise,
 When France and Spain shall be again subdu'd,
 And your *brave leader's* VICTORIES renew'd!

Then, to reward your persevering toils,
 With honours crown'd—enrich'd with hostile spoils,
 (Her bravest sons—her guardian—sailors' friend),
 “*Your grateful country*,” shall her arms extend,
 To greet your glad return with conscious pride,
 And in her bosom bid your cares subside!

And, while our fam'd BRITANNIA shall escort,
 In awful grandeur to her wish'd for port,
 Her loveliest daughters shall with pleasure meet,
 And bless *the Heroes of the British fleet*;
 Your wives, your children, and your friends shall come
 With tears of joy, to bid you “*welcome home!*”
 Nor storms, nor battle, more your bliss shall mar,
 But “*Peace and Plenty crown the toils of War.*”

SALT WATER,

A FRENCH ANECDOTE OF LORD HERVEY.

NOTHING is more common than for men to be blinded to their own particular failings, and to censure that vice in others to which they are most addicted themselves. The modern French are incessantly declaiming against the insatiable *ambition*

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bition of England. A republican of this description, impressed with the most alarming ideas on the subject, recently related the following anecdote:—My Lord Hervey, when in Italy, passing over a lake near the sea, dipping his finger into the water, “Oh!” he cried, “this is salt water, this belongs to us!”—“You may see,” continued the terrified Frenchman, “what a nation these English must be, and that they have got it into their heads that the sea is their domain! and I am told,” he gravely added, “that they have a song, indicating as much, which they sing to the tune of the Marseillois.”

SPIRITED ENGAGEMENT,
BETWEEN AN ALGERINE MAN OF WAR AND TWO
ENGLISH FRIGATES.

ON the 28th of October, 1677, the Portsmouth frigate gave chase to an Algerine man of war, mounting thirty-eight or forty guns, but could carry fifty. Their firing gave the alarm to the other frigates that were at anchor in Tangier Bay, who immediately put themselves under sail. The Algerine was one of the best sailers these people had, she was commanded by a renegado of Lubeck, and, in all probability, would have escaped, had it not been for the diligence and bravery of Captain Canning and Captain Hamilton, commanders

ers of the Charles and Innes frigates, who coming up with the Turk, laid him both on board. The Turks being desperate by the encouragement of their captain, who, as a renegado, could expect no quarter; and by the force of brandy, of which they had as much as they could drink, a cask being lashed to the main-mast, maintained the fight stoutly: but the English soon obliged them to quit the upper deck and betake themselves to their gun-deck, which they maintained about an hour longer; and when their great guns were dismounted, and they could make no more use of their shot, they threw cannon-shot out of their port-holes into the English boats, which hurt some of our men. The Turk being taken, the captain and above an hundred and sixty men were found slain, and a great many wounded. Of the English, Captain Canning was killed, and about twenty or thirty men killed and wounded.

KING CHARLES'S CAP;

A SINGULAR TOKEN OF ROYAL FAVOUR.

ON the return of Captain Sir Richard Haddock, after the battle of Solebay, King Charles the Second bestowed on him a very singular and whimsical mark of his royal favour; a satin cap, which he took from his own head and placed on Sir Richard's. It is still preserved in the family,

with the following account pinned to it:—“*This satin cap was given by King Charles the Second, in the year 1672, to Sir Richard Haddock, after the English battle with the Dutch, when he had been captain of the Royal James, under the command of the Earl of Sandwich, which ship was burnt, and Sir Richard had been wounded, given him on his return to London.*”

LUDICROUS CANNONADE OF AN ADMIRAL'S
ELAG-SHIP BY A SMALL SLOOP.

AFTER the defeat of the Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, on the 25th of July, 1666, Captain Garies, commander of a yacht, who was employed as one of the attendants on the English fleet, was sent by Prince Rupert to cannonade him, as he was retiring into water too shallow for the larger ships to pursue him with any regard to prudence. The following extract is taken from the account of the action, published by authority:—“The Fanfan, a sloop lately built at Harwich for Prince Rupert, made up with her oars to De Ruyter, and bringing her two little guns on one side, continued for near an hour plying broadside and broadside, to the great laughter of our men, and indignation of the Dutch, to see their admiral so stoutly chased; who still shooting her stern guns, in the end gave her two or three shot between
wind

wind and water, with which she retired." This transaction has been much censured by some historians, as an unwarrantable insult, offered by Prince Rupert to a vanquished enemy; while others, less violent in their animosities, have treated it rather as a warlike witticism. Between such a contrariety of opinions it is not our business to interfere, nor does the conduct of the prince, be it held in whatever light it may, at all relate to that of Captain Garies, who acted under his orders, and who is at least entitled to the character of a brave man, for having, at so great a personal hazard, carried the orders of his commander-in-chief so strictly into execution.

PORTRAIT AND CHARACTER OF LORD
CORNWALLIS.

IN respect to person, he is of the middle size, stout and portly, with a certain degree of prominence before, which may be supposed to add dignity to a commander-in-chief, and must be allowed not to be unbecoming in an officer now in the sixty-second or sixty-third year.

As to talents, his skill and bravery are undoubted, his seamanship in particular is in high repute; and a long apprenticeship, of more than forty years, during which he has had fewer intervals of relaxation on shore than perhaps any other

officer of equal rank in the British navy, has enabled him to acquire a degree of professional capability, which renders no disaster unknown, and no situation unusual to him. In point of habits he is a reserved man; and is so little desirous of bustle when on shore, that, on its being observed, during a temporary residence near Chichester, that "he must be very lonely," he replied, "that the cabbage-stocks in his garden were company enough for him."

At times he enjoys his glass freely; but is so abstemious when on duty, that he has been known, for six months together, to drink no more than a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, after which he carefully abstained from any other refreshment during the whole of the succeeding part of the day.

It has always been usual for British sailors, with that frankness so conspicuous in their characters, to designate their favourite commanders by means of some apposite expression, originating in some peculiarity, arising either out of their persons or manners. Accordingly Boscawen was familiarly termed *very-necked Dick*; Pye, so long port-admiral at Portsmouth, was always called *Nosey*; Earl Howe, whose very name is still adored by the navy, received the appellation of *Black Dick*; while Admiral Cornwallis, on account of a certain twirl of his finger and thumb,

added

added to a sleek and ruddy countenance, and a wig somewhat similar to that seen in front of a nobleman's carriage, is frequently denominated *Coachée*, and Mr. *Whip*.

CHARACTER OF A SAILOR.

A SAILOR is a pitched piece of reason caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled; a fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing out of sight; as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying: time and he are every where, ever contending who shall arrive first; he is well winded, for he tires the day and outruns darkness: his life is like a hawk's, the best part mewed; and if he live till three coats, is a master; he sees God's wonders in the deep, but so as they rather appear his play-fellows than stirrers of his zeal: nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper decks neither, for he holds neither fears nor hopes; his sleeps are but reprievals of his dangers, and when he awakes, it is but next stage to dying: his wisdom is the coldest part about him, for he ever points to the north, and it lies lowest, which makes his
valour

valour every tide overflow it. In a storm it is disputable whether the noise be more his or the elements, and which will first leave scolding; whether his faith be starboard faith or larboard, or the helm, at that time, not all his hopes of heaven! his keel is the emblem of his conscience; till it be split, he never repents—then no farther than the land allows him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new notions; his body and his ship are both one burden, nor is it known who stows most wine, or rolls most, only the ship is guided—he has no stern; a barnacle and he are bred together both of one nature, and, it is feared, one reason: upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blows against him dare not; he swarms up to his seat as a sail-yard, and cannot sit unless he bear a flag-staff: if he be broken to the saddle, it is but a voyage still; for he mistakes the bridle for a bowling, and is ever turning his horse's tail: he can pray, but it is ever by rote, not faith; and when he would he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made him ominous. A rock, or a quicksand, plucks him before he is ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

INDEPENDENT AND HEROIC CONDUCT OF THE
LATE SIR JOHN BERRY.

IN the year 1663, on the *Swallow*, Captain Enscome, proceeding to sea, her commander discovered a pirate, of force considerably superior to the *Swallow*; and, rather hesitating to attack him, he expressed himself in the following words: "*Gentlemen, the blades we are to attack are men at arms, old buccaneers, and superior to us in number and in the force of their ship, and therefore I would have your opinion.*" Mr. afterward Sir John Berry, the Lieutenant, immediately answered, "*Sir, we are men at arms too, and, which is more, honest men, and fight under the king's commission, and, if you have no stomach for fighting be pleased to walk down into your cabin.*" Mr. Berry immediately took upon himself the command, the crew having unanimously declared in his favour. The pirate lay at anchor to windward, the *Swallow* was consequently obliged to make two trips ere she could close with her: in doing which she received two broadsides and two volleys of small shot, without making the smallest return. At length having got close alongside, and grappled her, Mr. Berry boarded her on the bow, after having poured in his broadside, which killed the pirate and twenty-two men! He then, supported by his comrades, fought his way to the

main-mast, at which point he called to the doctor (surgeon), and his mate to get overboard and hang by the rudder, which they did. The pirate immediately afterwards surrendered, having only seven men left alive, and all those wounded ! and, what is still more extraordinary, no person was killed on board the Swallow but the boatswain's mate !!

BON-MOT OF KING WILLIAM III.

AFTER several difficulties had been started, with respect to fixing on a naval officer for some particular service, this monarch is reported to have said :—" Well, then, I find we must spare our *beaux*, and send honest *Benbow*." On the command being proposed to that officer, he honestly and bluntly replied " He knew no difference of climates; for his part, he thought no officer had a right to chuse his station, and that he himself should be, at all times, ready to go to any part of the world his majesty thought proper to send him."

ACCOUNT OF FORTY-TWO PERSONS WHO PERISHED
BY SHIPWRECK, NEAR SPITZBERGEN,

IN THE YEAR 1746.

JOHN CORNELIUS, of Muniken, being ordered to Spitzbergen to catch whales, he set sail in a galliot,

galliot, on the 6th of May, 1646, and arrived on the 3d of June following near Spitzbergen, with an intention to anchor in the bay, but was by the vast floods of ice-shoals forced to keep out at sea. After having in vain cruised up and down among the ice-shoals, they got into the bay, but perceiving two whales farther at sea, they sent out their sloop in pursuit of them.

Whilst they were rowing up and down to watch the motions of these creatures, they discovered at a distance a great ice-shoal, with something white upon it, which at first sight they imagined to be bears (they being generally white there), but one Ellert Johnson, who was in the sloop to manage the harpoon, judging by the motion that it was something else, persuaded them to row that way, which being done accordingly, they not long afterwards perceived the same to be a piece of a rope belonging to the sails of a ship, which was held up by a man as a signal of the utmost distress, so they rowed up to it with all the oars they had, and coming near, found to their great surprise four living men, and one dead one, all Englishmen, upon the ice-shoal, who, upon their bended knees, expressed their joy and thankfulness for so unexpected a deliverance from the jaws of death. They were taken into the sloop, and carried to the bay aboard the ship.

These unfortunate men had cut a large hole, in

the nature of a subterraneous cave, into the ice, and round the entrance thereof had placed the pieces of ice that were cut out of the concavity, to defend themselves against the violence of the winds and waves. In this hole they had spent fourteen days, it being so long since they had lost their ship. At first there were in all forty-two of them, and they had saved some victuals and tools, with their sloop. The commander, however, perceiving, after a little while, that it was impossible for them to hold out long upon the ice-shoal, resolved to go ashore in the sloop, with seventeen of his men, and afterwards to send word back how matters stood there. This was done accordingly, but it blowing very hard, and they not having heard the least tidings of them since, they were afraid that they were drowned before they reached the shore.

There were then twenty-four left upon the ice-shoal, but the want of provisions increasing daily amongst them, and they being reduced to a starving condition, and expecting nothing but present death, resolved to divide themselves, and to get upon several other ice-shoals, in hopes, by some chance or other, to come near the shore ; but whether some of them got ashore, or were taken up by some ships, or swallowed up by the waves, they were not able to tell.

Certain it is, that four of them, the miserable
remnants

remnants of forty-two, were found sitting together upon this ice-shoal, overwhelmed with affliction, without any hopes of being saved from the last extremity, which they were reduced to by frost and hunger, before the Dutch ship came in sight of them, having had nothing to feed upon for some time but a leathern belt, which they had divided and eaten, share and share alike, till it was all consumed.

After they were brought to the Dutch ship, the surgeon took all imaginable care for their recovery, notwithstanding which, three of them died in a few days after; so that of forty-two, wherewith this ship was manned, no more than one escaped with life, who arriving in September, 1746, in the galliot, the Delft, upon the Meuse, from thence he returned to England, his native country.

O WHAT A CHARMING THING'S A BATTLE.

ADMIRAL SAVAGE, when a captain, and at the time he so gallantly commanded his Majesty's ship *Hercules*, of 74 guns, on the famous 12th of April, in the West Indies, at the total defeat of the French fleet under Count de Grasse, gave one of those striking proofs of coolness and undaunted bravery for which British naval heroes have ever been so justly celebrated; for in the heat of action, and when alongside of the *Ville de Paris*, of 110
guns

guns, he jumped on an arm-chest of the quarter-deck, and cheered up his men by singing a few lines of "*O what a charming thing's a battle!*"

INGENIOUS PLEA FOR PROMOTION.

A VERY tall gentleman was appointed to a small ship, where his cabin was every way inconvenient. After applying in vain to his friends to get him promoted, he at last wrote up to the Admiralty Board, humourously setting forth his grievance, who remitted an order for his immediate removal to a larger ship, reciting the words of the petition to the following effect:—"Whereas A. B. of his Majesty's ship —, has informed us, that having the misfortune to be six feet three inches high, and his cabin being neither in height nor length above four feet six inches, he can neither *lie, sit, stand*, nor even kneel at his devotions: this is therefore to certify, that we appoint him to the —, a ship commodious for the above purposes."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WORDS CONCORD AND AMITY.

AT the peace of 1802, some of our English sailors passing by the house of M. Otto, and seeing,

ing, among other preparations for illuminations, the word *concord*, mistook the meaning, and read it *conquer'd*. On which one of them remarked, "they *conquer* us;—they be d—d," and immediately knocked at the door and demanded the reason of placing that word, which was explained, but to no purpose; and M. Otto, much to his credit, actually ordered it to be taken down, and the word *amity* placed in its stead.

A SAILOR'S GOLD-LACED VELVET WAISTCOAT.

WHEN the brave Admiral Kempenfelt, unhappily lost in the *Royal George*, was coming into port to have his ship paid off, a sailor eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat which his commodore wore, with great earnestness, and, in his best sea fashion, begged to know who made it. The admiral perceiving his drift, gave him the necessary information, and Jack went ashore. He forthwith applied to the admiral's taylor, who knowing the humours of his customers, went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked what he would have the back made of! "Made of," said Jack, "the same as the front to be sure." The taylor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made, and put on with an old greasy jacket over it. One day, in the High-street, the admiral met
his

his man in this curious dress, which occasioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased, when Jack coming up to him, lifted up the hind part of his jacket, and shewed his gold laced back, and exclaimed—"D—n me, old boy, no false colours; stem and stern alike, by God!"

MAGNANIMITY OF KING CHARLES II. TO-
WARDS A TRAITOR.

A DUTCH Captain, of the name of Heemskirk, deserted the service of his country in disgrace during the first war of the states-general. He repaired to England, and gave such information to our government as caused it to project and carry into successful execution the attack on the islands of Ulie and Schelling, in the year 1667. He was one day at court, and boasting, in the hearing of Charles II. the bloody revenge which he had taken upon his country; when that monarch, with a stern countenance, bade him withdraw, and never presume to appear again in his presence. He sent him, however, a very considerable sum of money for the service, with which he retired to Venice. This instance of magnanimity in that generous prince has been long and highly applauded by the Dutch.

DUCKING OF A LIEUTENANT.

THE journal of a foreign privateer, captured by an English frigate, has been for some time preserved at the Admiralty, on account of the following whimsical minute in it.—N. B. *The First Lieutenant was ducked this day for sleeping on his watch.*

THE GREAT STORM OF 1702.

IT was one of the long and dark nights of November, between the 26th and 27th, that brought forth this dreadful storm. The violence of it began about one o'clock, the wind blowing from the W. S. W. to the S. S. W. and in a short time spread destruction over the face of the whole kingdom, but as it seems to have engendered in the Downs, so it spent its fury there. That place, which the evening before appeared like a goodly forest, in two hours was reduced to a desert, hardly an object being left to cheer the sight, had the darkness of the night permitted. Vice-Admiral Leake, in the Prince George, alone rode fast, in despite of the two contending elements, but with the expectation only of being the last to be swallowed up. About three o'clock, believing the storm to be at the worst, they were encouraged to hope they might ride it out, but just then discovered

the Restoration, a third-rate ship driving upon them, and presently came so near, they were forced to brace their yards to prevent their driving on board them—however, they hoped she might go clear of them; but while they flattered themselves with this expectation, her anchor came up to the hawse of the Prince George, and she stopped riding fast by them. Now their fate seemed inevitable; for if no ships but theirs had been able to ride out the storm, how was it possible their ground tackle should hold two great ships; there was no means left but to cut her away. They endeavoured it, but could not do it. There were now no hopes; they waited their approaching fate, which every minute threatened their destruction. By the prodigious strain their best bower was soon brought home, and their small brought a-head, and in this manner they rode for half an hour, the longest half hour they ever knew, for every minute seemed to be their last; but when all human aid failed, and all expectations were vain, the invisible hand of Providence relieved them, for whether the cable of the Restoration parted, or the anchor shipped, they knew not, but she drove away, and soon after was lost, with every living creature on board, by which means Vice-Admiral Leake happily survived the general devastation. This wonderful deliverance, under Providence, was owing to a prudent foresight in the
the

the admiral and his captain, Captain Martin, by providing against the worst. The day before, when it blew very hard, and considering the time of the year, the place they were in, and what might happen, they made a snug ship, veering out their long service to two cables and two-thirds, and doing every thing that might enable them to ride out a hard storm, by which precaution they not only saved themselves, but the lives of seven hundred men under their care, with her Majesty's ship; and all this without cutting away a mast, using any extraordinary means, or receiving any more damage than usual in a hard gale of wind, which was an honour and a happiness no other could pretend to.

TOM OF TEN THOUSAND.

THE following singular circumstance, well deserving of relation, occurred in the life of the late Admiral Thomas Smith, who was generally known among seamen by the quaint name of *Tom of Ten Thousand*.

When lieutenant of the Gosport, his captain being at the time alluded to on shore, a French frigate putting to sea from Plymouth, passed very near him without paying the usual compliment of lowering his top-sails. Lieutenant Smith very spiritedly fired at the French ship, and

compelled her commander to perform this act of complaisance, the failure of which had, on a former occasion, involved England in a war with Holland. However strictly consistent this might be with the national character and spirit of an Englishman, as the greatest harmony at that time subsisted between the courts of England and France, a very serious complaint was made by the ambassador, of what was termed an outrageous act of violence. Lieutenant Smith was accordingly brought to a court-martial, and it being impossible to deny or controvert the fact, was accordingly broke. His conduct was, nevertheless, so highly acceptable both to the sovereign and to the nation, that although political reasons rendered the above censure indispensibly necessary, he was advanced, on the following day, to the rank of post-captain, without ever passing through, or occupying the intermediate subordinate station of commander of a sloop of war.

MINIATURE PUNCH-BOWL.

ON the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Honourable Edward Russel's, when he was captain-general and commander in chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean Sea. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered

covered overhead with lemon and orange trees ; and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, 25000 lemons, 20 gallons of lime juice, 1,300lbs. weight of fine white Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and, last, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and, in all probability, more than 6,000 men drank thereof.

ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF SIR JOHN DINELY,
AS RELATED IN THE CONFESSION OF HIS BROTHER,
CAPTAIN GOODERE, WHO SUFFERED FOR
THE CRIME, IN THE YEAR 1720.

As to the murder of my brother, it has been premeditated, and some people have been ill-natured enough to tell me idle stories relating to him, though God forbid that I should say any body did so with the intent to make me destroy him. As I used to walk on the Tolzey, at Bristol, I have heard things spoken of him as if he intended to do me all the prejudice that lay in his

power: yet I cannot say but he was a good-natured man; though our family differences were fomented to such a degree, that we mortally hated one another. Pray God grant all families may be united, and that brothers may never have such quarrels as we have. I own I was greatly to blame in many things, and so was he; pray God forgive us both. When I first heard my brother was at Bath, and that he was to be at Mr. Smith's, College-green, Bristol, I applied to that gentleman, and he was so kind as to introduce me to my brother, and rejoiced to see us reconciled. I sat down and drank wine, after shaking hands with my brother: I parted with him in a friendly manner. All this time William Hammond, Charles Bryan, and Edward Macdonald, with Matthew Mahony, &c. were at Mr. Hobbs's, the sign of the White Host, on College-green, opposite St. Augustine's church, fronting Mr. Smith's, and when my brother and myself came out of that gentleman's house, he went on; I ordered these men not to touch him then, but to dog him, and see where he housed: I then went into a coffee-house near the Change, the better to secrete myself. Mahony came to the coffee-house, and told me my brother was gone on, and that he thought it would be proper to seize him, there being at this time, with the before-mentioned persons, George Best, cockswain of the barge, and
greatest

greatest part of the barge's crew. They laid hold of him just as he came to St. Augustine's church-yard wall, and forcibly hurried him over Captain Say's rope-walk, and so on to the Hot-Well, not far from which my barge lay. In coming along I kept a little behind, and a soldier, who was in the crowd, asked what the man had done; I told him he was a murderer, and going on board the ship to be tried. My brother then said, I wish Mr. Smith knew how you use me; and called out murder several times, and said his name was Sir John Dinely. But I took care to stop his mouth, to prevent his speaking, and when I had got him into the barge, I ordered my bargemen to row away. We quarrelled in the barge, when the deceased called me coward, and asked me if I was not ashamed to use him in such a manner. My heart relented a little; but I thought I had gone too far to retract or curb my fixed resolution. When we had got him on board, I told the crew he was mad: and ordered Mr. Jones to carry candles into the purser's cabin, which I had some days before caused to be cleared for my brother's reception. When he came into the cabin he seemed uneasy, and looked fatigued, begging I would not use him so. I asked him to drink a dram, (and my steward brought up a bottle of rum) but he would not drink any of it: he still kept complaining of a pain in his limbs, caused by

our hurrying him along in such a manner, and said his head ached. Mr. Duggen, the surgeon, went, by my order, to feel his pulse, and said it was pretty regular. Sir John still kept groaning; I went up to supper, having first ordered Mr. Weller, the carpenter, to put two strong bolts on the cabin-door where my brother lay, as he continued to make a great noise in the cabin. I told the people who heard him that he was mad, and would cry out in the middle of the night, when his mad fits came on him, but they must not mind him. When I returned from supper I went to carry him a pair of clean stockings, that I might the better see how he lay, and which way we should murder him; at the same time ordering the sentry not to be surprised if he tore the cabin down in the morning. Between two and three o'clock I ordered Mahony to call up Charles White, (for Elisha Cole, who was intended to assist Mahony in this murder, was dead drunk), and to bring him into my cabin. White came presently, and I believe I made him drink a quart of rum, out of gill glasses. When he was near drunk I asked him if he would kill a Spaniard. The poor fellow seemed surprised; but Mahony and myself worked him to a proper pitch, so that he was ready enough to assist. All the night long Mahony was to and fro in the deceased's cabin; and the sentry thought he was sent by me, to
assist

assist and help Sir John to any thing he might want in the night. I must own that Mahony was unwilling to commit the murder ; but I insisted, that as he had undertaken it, he should go through it. I immediately gave him a handkerchief and a piece of half-inch rope, about ten feet long, bidding him and White follow me. The rope was to strangle him, and the handkerchief to put into his mouth to stop his making a noise. When we came to the cabin door I ordered the sentry to give me his sword, and ordered him to go up on deck, which he did : I then opened the cabin door, and Mahony and White went in. I saw my poor brother lying on the bed in his clothes. White seized him by the throat, and he having his stock on almost strangled him. But he cried out murder as well as he could, and help, for God's sake. I stood at the cabin door with my sword drawn, and gave the lanthorn which hung up in the cabin, just as they had got the rope about his neck. They told me to keep back, and the sentry, whose place I had taken, seeing me without a candle, brought one to the cabin door ; but I held my sword to his breast, and ordered him away : this was the very time that my poor brother was giving his last gasp, for about a minute before I heard him say, " Oh, my poor life !" which were the last words he ever spoke.

In a minute or two after the deceased expired,
both

both Mahony and White came out of the cabin, and I asked if he was dead. They said he was. I then went into the cabin and felt my brother's corpse. Having afterwards locked the door, I put the key into my pocket, and ordered Mahony and White to attend me in my cabin, where I went and sat down. Mahony came in first, and said, "D—n me, captain, we have done it, boy." Then Mahony gave me my brother's gold watch, and I gave him in return a silver one, which I wore. As to the money which they took out of his pockets, they shared it, each having upwards of fourteen pounds, though White had the most money, because Mahony had the watch. About four o'clock they went into the yaul, and got on shore, I having promised to send them tickets for three weeks or a month's absence from the ship.

As to the disposal of the deceased's body, we intended to have concealed it till the ship sailed, and fling it overboard sewed up in a hammock; or, if it had been discovered before, then I intended to have proved, by Mahony, that the deceased had strangled himself, and thought I could have influenced a jury to have brought him in a lunatic.

I cannot help reflecting on my conduct in this unhappy affair; and what makes a general impression on me is, when my brother was first brought into the boat, he told me he knew my

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

intent was to murder him; and, (says he) why dont your men throw me overboard now, and then you may go and hang yourself in the boat's fore-sheet. Justice has most deservedly overtaken me; and what gives me the greatest concern is, that the death of these two poor creatures lies at my door. Pray God forgive me, for surely never was any man guilty of such wickedness. As to what the witnesses swore on my trial, I can contradict no part of it. They did their duty, and I forgive them, as I hope, through the merits of my dear Saviour, the Almighty will forgive me.

THE DUTY OF A PATRIOT :

ILLUSTRATED BY AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE
ADMIRAL HARDY.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos Bay, happened to receive undoubted intelligence of the arrival of the Spanish galleons, under the convoy of seventeen men of war, in the harbour of Vigo, and without any warrant for so doing, set sail and came up with Sir George Rooke, who was then admiral and commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him such intelligence as induced him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons and men of war were either taken or destroyed. Sir George was
sensible

sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the admiral ordered Captain Hardy on board, and with a stern countenance said, "You have done, Sir, a very important piece of service to the throne: you have added to the honours and the riches of your country by your diligence; but dont you know, that you are liable at this instant to be shot, for quitting your station?"—"He is unworthy of bearing a commission under her Majesty," replied the captain, "who holds his life as aught when the glory and interest of his queen and country require him to hazard it!" On this heroic answer, he was dispatched home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

**BRAVE ACTION OF THE LATE ADMIRAL MAC-
BRIDE WHEN A LIEUTENANT.**

LIEUTENANT MACBRIDE, when commanding the *Grace*, armed cutter, in August 1761, being off Dunkirk, and observing a dogger privateer in the road, immediately left his station to join the *Maidstone*, and proposed cutting off the privateer that night, if Captain Digges would let him

him have four boats manned and armed; which he very readily complied with, knowing his abilities and resolution. The boats left the ships at ten o'clock at night, and when they came near the road, laid all their oars across, except two in each boat, which they muffled with baize, to prevent their being heard at a distance. They rowed in this manner till they were within musket-shot of the privateer; when being hailed they made no answer, but in a few minutes boarded on both sides, and took possession of the vessel without the loss of a man killed, two only being wounded. Lieutenant Macbride shot the lieutenant of the privateer through the head with a musket, as he was pointing a gun into the boat: besides this person, one common man was killed, and five wounded, belonging to the enemy. This was done within half-gun shot of a fort on the east side of the harbour, but it did not fire at them; and when the prisoners were secured, the captors cut the cables and sailed out of the road.

WATCHING AND PRAYING.

WHEN Lord Howe commanded on the American station, it was a regulation in the fleet for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants of the navy. His lordship once remarking at his table, that pursers, surgeons, and even chaplains, might

might occasionally be employed on that duty; a son of the church, who was present, opposed the doctrine. "What!" cried his lordship, "can ye watch as well as pray?"

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF LIEUT. O'BRIEN, AT
THE BLOWING UP OF THE DARTMOUTH MAN
OF WAR.

ON the 27th of September, 1747, the Dartmouth, Captain Hamilton, fell in with a very large Spanish ship of war, which had just before been unsuccessfully engaged by several different ships. After a very spirited, but short action, the Dartmouth unfortunately blew up, and with the exception of Lieutenant O'Brien and sixteen others, all on board perished. The following circumstantial account of this melancholy event is extracted from Commodore Walker's voyage.

"The unfortunate ship that was blown up was the Dartmouth man of war. Capt. James Hamilton, who being the night before several leagues to the westward, and hearing the report of the guns in the late engagement, made the best of his way to the point from which he heard the firing. In plying up to windward, he fell in with our chace first, and engaged her before our ships came up; so that, being the headmost of the fleet, it was imagined by us to be the Prince Frederick.

Frederick. He engaged the enemy in a running fight, very warmly, for about an hour and a half, with his bow chace, which the Spaniard as briskly returned with his from his stern, and had come to a close engagement, when the Prince Frederick had brought her bow-chace to bear, and had almost begun to engage. In the beginning of this action the Dartmouth blew up; lucky it was for many of her people, that the Prince Frederick was so near, as she immediately got out her boats to their assistance, as the Duke did likewise, being also near enough to lend her aid. They took up seventeen of them alive, among whom there was no one of them of any rank except Mr. O'Brien, who was a young gentleman from Ireland, and then an acting lieutenant.—He was taken up, having recovered his senses, floating on the carriage of a gun, on which he had been blown out of the ship into the water. He was a gentleman of great ease in behaviour, and of a happy readiness of wit, which talents he has since improved to gaining the esteem, as he before engaged the favour of mankind. His first salute to Captain Dottin was, “Sir, you must excuse the unfitness of my dress to come aboard a strange ship, but really I left my own in such a hurry, that I had no time to stay for a change.” This easy turn of thought, amidst the melancholy scene, lightened the consideration of the present distress,

distress, and made true the reflection, that good humour is half philosophy. Of all the persons saved, Lieut. O'Brien was the only one who could give an account of the affair, which was this :—
“ Being sent on a message from Capt. Hamilton to the officers who commanded below, as he was down between decks, he was met by the gunner, who attended the magazine, staring wild, and trembling. He asked Mr. O'Brien where the captain was? “ Where should he be, but upon deck,” says Lieutenant O'Brien. “ Oh ! Sir, the magazine !” At which word the explosion happened, and he knew no more, till he found himself floating upon his new bark in the midst of the sea. His escape was the more extraordinary as he was between decks when the explosion happened ; a circumstance which, it might naturally be imagined, would have occasioned his certain death ; but he was, in all supposition, blown out sideways, in the same direction the carriage was sent, and so alighted on it as it was buoyed up in the water ; for he often assured us, that he did not get upon it by swimming or catching hold of it, as he found himself on it the moment he was sensible.”

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

CAPTAIN Charleton, who is now the regulating Captain at Shields, never chose to deliver his opinion on religion, whenever that subject happened to be introduced in desultory conversation at mess, justly observing, that the only time to know a man's sentiments was in the hour of danger. At the period to which we particularly allude, he was a lieutenant. Shortly after a conversation of this nature, the ship to which Capt. Charleton belonged, happened to come into action, when he called the gentleman aside, who had particularly pressed him for his opinion, saying—"We have had many conversations together, Sir, concerning religion, when we had no danger to apprehend. Whatever *your* sentiments may be *now*, *mine* are the same that they *always* were.

SUPERIORITY OF A BOY TO A MAN.

THE late Admiral Campbell is said to have been, when a boy, bound apprentice to the master of a Scotch coaster, and before he had served his time out, the vessel was boarded by a king's officer, then on the impress service, who, as usual, took out every person, except the master and his apprentice. Among those who were

taken was the mate of the vessel, who, besides the aversion every man naturally has to being forced into a service, which, perhaps, he has been very unwarrantably taught to dislike, for reasons totally destitute of truth and foundation, happened to have a wife and family: his distress, in consequence, was so great, that he wept like a child. The man's situation affected young Campbell to such a degree, that he entreated the officer to take him instead of the mate; and the officer was so pleased at the boy's behaviour, that he replied, *Aye, my lad, that I will; I would much rather have a boy of spirit, than a blubbering man—Come along!*" The anecdote was handed to the commander of the ship he was on board of, along with him, in consequence of which, it is said, he was put on the quarter-deck before any interest whatever was made for it by his friends.

PROPOSAL TO MAKE A KNIGHT OF A LADY.

After the defeat of the Marquis de Conflans, in which Captain Campbell had been engaged, he went with Lord Anson, in that nobleman's coach, to carry the news to the king. "Captain Campbell," said his lordship, "the king will knight you, if you think proper." "Troth, my lord," answered the captain, who retained his Scotch dialect as long as he lived, "I ken nae use that will be to me." "But your lady may like it," replied

plied his lordship. "Weell then," rejoined the captain wittily, "his majesty may knight her, if he pleases."

THE DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

IN the year 1344, in the reign of Peter IV. king of Arragon, the island of Madeira, lying in 32 degrees, was discovered, by an Englishman, named Macham, who, sailing from England to Spain with a lady whom he had carried off, was driven by a tempest to this island, and cast anchor in the harbour or bay, now called *Machico*, after the name of Macham. His mistress being sea-sick, he took her to land, with some of his company, where she died, and the ship drove out to sea. As he had a tender affection for his mistress, he built a chapel or hermitage, which he called *Jesus*, and buried her in it, and inscribed on her tombstone his and her name, and the occasion of their arrival there. In the island are very large trees, of one of which he and his men made a boat, and went to sea in it, and were cast upon the shore of Africa, without sail or oars. The Moors were infinitely surprized at the sight of them, and presented Macham to their king, who sent him and his companions to the king of Castile, as a prodigy or miracle.

In 1395, Henry III. of Castile, by the information of Macham, persuaded some of his ma-

riners to go in search of this island; and of the Canaries.

In 1417, King John II. of Castile, his mother Catherine being then regent, one M. Ruben, of Bracamont, Admiral of France, having demanded and obtained of the Queen the conquest of the Canaries, with the title of king for a kinsman of his, named M. John Betancourt, he departed from Saville with a good army. And it is affirmed, that the principle motive that engaged him in this enterprize was, to discover the island of Madeira, which Macham had found.

THE TOMB OF MACHAM'S ANNA.

THE following elegiac stanzas are founded on the preceding historical fact. Macham, having consigned the body of his beloved mistress to the solitary grave, is supposed to have inscribed on it the following pathetic lines :—

“ O'er my poor ANNA's lowly grave
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring,
But angels, as the high pines wave,
Their half-heard 'MISERERE' sing!

“ No flow'rs of transient bloom at eve,
The maidens on the turf shall strew;
Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave,
'Sweets to the sweet a long adieu !'

“ But in this wilderness profound,
O'er her the dove shall build her nest;
And ocean swell with softer sound,
A *Requiem* to her dream of rest!

Ah!

“ Ah! when shall I as quiet be,
When not a friend or human eye
Shall mark, beneath the mossy tree,
The spot where we forgotten lie?

“ To kiss her name on this cold stone,
Is all that now on earth I crave;
For in this world I am alone—
Oh! lay me with her in the grave.”

THE SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN;

A PRACTICAL BULL.

At the close of the American war, as a noble lord of high naval character, was returning home to his family, after various escapes from danger, he was detained at Holyhead by contrary winds. Reading in a summer-house, he heard the well-known sound of bullets whistling near him: he looked about, and found that two balls had just passed through the door close beside him; he looked out of the window and saw two gentlemen, who were just charging their pistols again; and, as he guessed that they had been shooting at a mark upon the door, he rushed out, and very civilly remonstrated with them on firing at the door of a house, without having previously examined whether any one was withinside. One of them immediately answered, in a tone which proclaimed at once his disposition and his country, “ Sir, I

did not know you were there, and I do not know who you are now; but if I have given offence, I am willing," said he, holding out the ready charged pistols, "*to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman*—take your choice."

With his usual presence of mind, the noble lord seized hold of both the pistols, and said to his astonished countryman, "Do me the justice, Sir, just to step into that summer-house, shut the door, and let me have two shots at you, then we shall be upon equal terms, and I shall be quite at your service to give or receive *the satisfaction of a gentleman*."

There was an air of drollery and superiority in his manner, which at once struck and pleased the Hibernian. "Upon my conscience Sir, I believe you are an honest fellow," said he, looking upon him earnestly in the face, "and I've a great mind to shake hands with you—Will you only just tell me who you are?"

The nobleman told his name—a name dear to every Briton, and every Irishman! "I beg your pardon, and that's what no man ever accused me of doing before," cried the gallant Hibernian, "and had I known who you were, I would as soon have *shot my own soul* as have fired through the door. But how could I tell who was within-side?" "That is the very thing of which I complain," said his lordship. The candid op-
ponent

ponent admitted the justice of the complaint, as soon as he understood it, and he promised never more to be guilty of such a Practical Bull.

MARITIME HISTORY OF THE CYCLOPS.

THE description which the ancient poets gave of the *Cyclopians* was founded on truth: the dreadful eye that glared in the centre of the forehead, was, in reality, the circular casement that was placed at the top of their light-houses, as a direction to mariners; but what confirmed the mistake, into which the Grecians were led, respecting this circumstance, proceeded from an eye which the Cyclopien artists represented over the entrance of their sacred temples. The *Arimaspians* were *Hyperborean Cyclopians*, and had temples named *Charis* or *Charisia*, on the top of which a perpetual fire was preserved. The great architects *Trophonius* and *Agamedes* seem to claim an affinity to this celebrated people, who not only built the cities of *Hermione* and *Argos*, but also enjoyed the fame of sending forth a colony stiled *Academians*, who settled in Attica, where they founded the *Academia* and *Ceramicus*. There was, however, a savage and terrible character, which history seems to have assigned, with reason, to those *Cyclopians*, who possessed the Sicilian province of *Leontine*, called *Zuthia*, and

of whom *Polyphemus* is imagined to have been chief. It was their horrid custom to sacrifice all strangers who were driven on their coast; and, perhaps, the poet is correct, when he makes *Silenus* declare, that the flesh of the unfortunate sufferers was looked upon as a delicious repast.

BRILLIANT SERVICES OF ADMIRAL GRAVES.

ON Admiral Graves's arrival off the American coast, in the year 1762, he learned that a French squadron, under M. de Ternay, with a body of land forces had taken St. John's, and meditated the conquest of the whole island. Upon this intelligence he pushed through a frozen sea, filled with dreadful floating islands of ice, and, at great risque, for Placentia. He directly sailed into the harbour, and, contrary to the advice of the captain of the man-of-war there, as well as of the lieutenant-governor and all the officers, landed, and assumed the supreme command. By his spirit he encouraged the military of both services into a resolution to defend the place against the French forces, should they march as was expected to its attack. He instantly set about repairing the old fortification and erecting a new fort, forwarding a detail of his situation to General Amherst and Lord Colville in America, praying their united

aid toward the recovery of St. John's, and, if possible, the capture of the enemy's squadron. The general and admiral lost no time in supplying a force for this purpose, Lord Colville coming himself with his squadron, and the general sending his brother with a body of troops. So soon as they arrived off St. John's, Colonel Amherst called a council to determine the proper place for landing his soldiery, but followed the advice the commodore gave, although different from that of the other officers, and succeeded in all his operations. The French were defeated, and the town, with its whole garrison, taken : M. de Ternay, under favour of a dark night, and the commencement of a north-west breeze, stole out of the harbour with all his ships, and made the best of his way for France, although they were much superior in force to the English. Admiral Graves acquired great credit for his judgment and abilities during these transactions, and had many thanks from Colonel Amherst for his advice. This reconquest was accomplished with so much alertness that it preceded the peace then in treaty between the two nations. When Admiral Graves returned to this country, he proposed several new regulations with respect to the government, and for the security of the island in future, which, being approved, were adopted by the ministry. He had also the satisfaction upon his voyage back to
save

save the captain and the crew of the Marlborough of 74 guns, then returning from the siege of the Havannah, just before the ship herself foundered at sea.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE OF EVENTS IN
THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN FALKINGHAM.

THE following very singular coincidence is recorded on the testimony of a gentleman very nearly connected with the late Captain Falkingham:—

He was captured in the Shoreham, the vessel he commanded in the merchant-service, on the *second* of December. He was wrecked in the Fogo, on the *same day* of the year. He lost a considerable property by fire in Barbadoes, on the *second* of December. He had frequently mentioned these circumstances to his friends, adding, that he had no doubt, having met with three such disasters on the *same* day of the year, that Providence would, at length, recompense him, by rendering it the happiest in his life. He *died* on the *second* of December, 1777. It is needless to say any thing farther.

THE CHARACTER OF ADMIRAL BLAKE.

THE name of this illustrious commander is still dear to his country, and will continue to be held in honour as long as courage, patriotism, and integrity, have their due weight with Britons. The following sketch of his character appears in Entick's Naval History: "He was," says the historian, "a man but of low stature; however, of a quick, lively eye, and of a good soldier-like countenance. He was, in his person, brave beyond example, yet cool in action, and shewed a great deal of military conduct in the disposition of those desperate attacks, which men of a cooler composition have judged rather fortunate than expedient. He certainly loved his country with extraordinary ardour; and, as he never meddled with the intrigues of state, so, whatever government he served, he was solicitous to do his duty. He was upright to a supreme degree; for, notwithstanding the vast sums which passed through his hands, he scarcely left 500*l.* behind him of his own acquiring. In fine, he was on all occasions for the benefit of the public, and the glory of the nation, and not with any view to his own private profit and fame. In respect to his personal character, he was pious, without affectation, strictly just and liberal to the utmost extent of his fortune. His officers he treated with the familiarity of friends,
and

and to his sailors he was truly a parent. The states buried him as it was fit ; at the public expence they gave him a grave, but no tomb ; and though he still wants an epitaph, writers of all parties have shewn an eagerness to do his memory justice.

An author (Winstanley), who is cotemporary with Blake, wrote the following verses upon his death :—

Here lies a man made Spain and Holland shake,
Made France to tremble, and the Turks to quake :
Thus he tam'd men, but if a lady stood
In 's sight, it rais'd a palsy in his blood.
Cupid's antagonist, who, in his life,
Had fortune as familiar as a wife.
A stiff, hard, iron soldier ; for he,
It seems, had more of Mars than Mercury ;
At sea he thunder'd, calm'd each raging wave,
And now he's dead, sent thundering to the grave.

MORTIFICATION OF THE FLESH.

ABOUT forty years ago, many of the chief saints at Boston met with a severe mortification. Captain St. Loe, commander of a ship of war, then in Boston harbour, being ashore on a Sunday, was apprehended by the constables for walking on the Lord's day. On Monday he was carried before a justice ; he was fined, refused to pay it,
and

and for his contumacy and contempt of authority, was sentenced to sit in the stocks one hour. This sentence was put in execution without the least mitigation.

While the captain sat in durance, grave magistrates admonished him to respect in future the wholesome laws of the province; and reverend divines exhorted him ever after to reverence and keep holy the sabbath day. At length the hour expired, and the captain's legs were set at liberty.

As soon as he was freed, he, with great seeming earnestness, thanked the magistrates for their correction, and the clergy for their advice and consolation; and declaring that he was ashamed of his past life, that he was resolved to put off the old man of sin, and to put on the new one of righteousness; that he should ever pray for them as instruments in the hands of God of saving his sinful soul.

This sudden conversion rejoiced the saints: after clasping their hands, and turning up their eyes to heaven, they embraced their new convert, and returned thanks for being made the humble means of snatching a soul from perdition. Proud of their success, they fell to exhorting him afresh, and the most zealous invited him to dinner, that they might have full time to complete their work.

The captain sucked in the milk of exhortation

as a babe does the milk of the breast; he was as ready to listen as they were to exhort. Never was a convert more assiduous while his station in Boston harbour lasted: he attended every sabbath-day their most sanctified meeting-house; never missed a weekly lecture; at every private conventicle he was most fervent and loudest in prayer. He flattered, and made presents to the wives and daughters of the godly. In short, all the time he could spare from the duties of his station was spent in entertaining them on board his ship, or in visiting and praying at their houses.

The saints were delighted with him beyond measure; they compared their wooden stocks to the voice from heaven, and the sea convert to St. Paul, who, from their enemy had become their doctor.

Amidst their mutual happiness the mournful time of parting arrived. The captain received his recal. On this he went round among the godly, and wept and prayed, assuring them he would return, and end his days among his friends in the Lord.

Till the day of his departure the time was spent in regrets, professions, entertainments, and prayer. On that day, about a dozen of the principal magistrates, including the select men, accompanied the captain to Nantasket Road, where the ship lay, with every thing ready for sailing.

An elegant dinner was provided for them on board ; after which many bowls and bottles were drained. As the blood of the saints waxed warm, the crust of their hypocrisy melted away : their moral see-saws and scripture texts gave place to double entendres and wanton songs ; the captain encouraged their gaiety, and the whole ship resounded with the roar of their merriment.

Just at that time, into the cabin burst a body of sailors, who, to the inexpressible horror and amazement of the saints, pinioned them fast. Heedless of cries and entreaties, they dragged them upon deck, where they were tied up, stripped to the buff, and their breeches laid down ; and the boatswain, with his assistants, armed with dreadful cat-o'-nine-tails, provided for the occasion, administered unto them the law of Moses in the most energetic manner. Vain were all their prayers, roarings, stampings, and curses ; the captain, in the meantime assuring them, that it was consonant to their own doctrine, and to scripture ; that the mortification of the flesh tended towards the saving of the soul, and therefore it would be criminal in him to abate a single lash.

When they had suffered the whole of their discipline, which had flayed them from the nape of the neck to the hams, the captain took a polite leave, earnestly begging them to remember him in their prayers. They were then let down into
the

the boat that was waiting for them ; the crew saluted them with three cheers, and Captain St. Loe made sail.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND REGULATIONS OF THE GREEKS.

THE Grecians, in the construction of their vessels, sought only to form a compact row-galley, and the helmet at the mast-head denoted it to be a ship of war ; their merchantmen were called *shades*, and were usually of a round form. The row-boats, or gallies, were at first without decks, with a moveable mast, and a single leathern sail ; and, as hempen cordage was unknown, thongs of leather were employed for the rigging. The Greeks were long strangers to any use of *anchors* ; nor does that opinion seem correct, which supplies the early navigators with some made of stone ; their prevailing custom being to draw each vessel ashore, or to moor them to large stones placed for that purpose on the beach. It is more probable that the first anchors were constructed of hard wood, to which a considerable quantity of lead was attached ; even afterwards, when those of iron were introduced, the single-fluked anchor continued to be used : experience necessarily suggested its present form, and gave to each vessel, as its safeguard, one of larger dimensions

dimensions than the rest, which they styled the *sacred anchor*, and never used but in times of imminent peril.

In a Grecian fleet the principal officers varied but little from the modern list, though naval and military duties were too much blended with each other. The *commander of the troops* appeared to have preceded the *admiral*; of which rank the Greeks had usually from one to two or three officers in a squadron: yet such was the prejudice or jealousy of the times, that when an admiral had once discharged the important duties of that illustrious station, he was ever afterwards deemed by the *Spartans* incapable of enjoying the same rank. His title, as commander of a fleet, was *dux Præfectusque Classis*. To the admiral succeeded the captain, *Navarchus*, and then followed a post of great honour and responsibility, the *Pilot, Gubernator*, to whom the charge of the vessel and discipline of the crew were assigned. Under the pilot was appointed a sort of mate called *proreus*, from his station at the prow; he had the keeping of stores for the ship's rigging, and was allowed to distribute places to the rowers. Commanders of gallies, in addition to the above title of *navarchus*, or *captain*, were styled *trierarchs*; and when two were on board, each commanded for six months. This appellation of *trierarchs*, was also given to those cities that in

time of war were appointed to fit out gallees. The modern *boatswain* is discovered in those duties which the *keleutes* of the Greeks performed; he passed the word of command throughout the vessel, and also assisted in distributing the ship's allowance of provisions. The appointments of *purser* and *secretary* were always united, as they sometimes are at present; and the sprightly notes of the drum and fife, by which the labour of the capstan-bars is at present so much abated, was a delightful task assigned to the Grecian *trierantes*, who stood before the mast and cheered his weary shipmates with the exhilarating music of the Canaanites.

Against the mast the tuneful Orpheus stands,
Plays to the wearied rowers, and commands
The thought of toil away.

STATIUS. THEB. V. V. 343.

Whilst on board, the hardships which the Grecians endured must have been considerable, from the smallness of their vessel, and the badness of its accommodation. The rowers had only a wooden bench to repose on, and even the situation of their officers differed but little from the rest of the crew, since it was objected against *Alcibiades*, as a mark of great effeminacy, that he was the first Greek who had ordered his bed to be slung in order to break the motion of the vessel.

vessel. The crew was divided into rowers *remiges*, *mariners* (*nautæ*), and *soldiers* or *marines*, who were styled *classarii*. A ship's complement rarely exceeded 200; the usual pay of their seamen was three *oboli* a day; and, if we add the *fourth*, which was given by *Cyrus* at *Lysander's* request, it would amount on the whole to nearly sixpence-halfpenny, though some authors make it less; as when the Athenians fitted out a fleet against Sicily.

AN EXCESS OF BRAVERY; ILLUSTRATED IN
THE CONDUCT OF THE LATE CAPTAIN
WATSON.

THE following account of an unsuccessful engagement, between the Northumberland of 70 guns, and three French ships, is taken from a short narrative of the action, written by an intelligent person who was himself on board, and published it immediately after his return from captivity:—

May the 8th, being in latitude 39 and 40, at five A. M. the admiral made a signal for the Northumberland to chase a sail to the northward. We crowded all the sail we could, but could gain nothing on the chase, having little wind and hazy weather. At two the admiral made a signal for us to leave off chasing and come into the fleet. The captain was acquainted with it but would not

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obey.

obey. I know not his reason for it. About three we had a hard shower of rain, with a brisk gale, and very hazy weather. At four, the weather clearing away, we lost sight of the chase, and discovered three ships steering to westward, two of them appearing to be large ships of equal force with us, the other a ship of about twenty guns, at about a league distance. On viewing them the master said they were strangers; that two of them were warm-sided ships, and that the other had a whole tier of guns. He persuaded the captain to tack and stand for the fleet, but he refused, saying, he was resolved to see what those fellows were made of. He ordered the men to unlash the guns and clear the ship, which he had not time to do. On our bearing down to them they immediately brought to under their top-sails, and hoisted English colours, but on our nearer approach these were changed to French; the headmost ship hoisted a broad white pendant, and run her guns out. We bore down upon her so precipitately that our small sails were not stowed, nor our top-gallant-sails furled, before the enemy began to fire on us: at the same time we had the cabin cleared; nor were the hammocks stowed as they ought to have been; in short, we had nothing in order.

At five o'clock we came up with the *Content*, the commodore's ship of sixty-two guns. She

threw her whole fire, small and great, into us, without doing us any damage. Our captain would not stop here, nor take any notice of it; but ordered us to bear for the Mars, of sixty-four guns, which ship was somewhat to leeward of us. This was a great miscarriage in the action, for had we kept close to the first ship, in all probability we should have disabled her before her consort could have got to her relief, and at the same time been as prepared for the other. Thus leaving her, and bearing for the other, gave them the opportunity of supporting each other in the attack they made on us, and also enabled the small ship to lie under our stern.

On receiving the fire from the Content, our people gave three cheers, and we ourselves began the action by firing on the Mars. The fire was continued by our people on the different ships as we could bring our guns to bear on them. After the action had continued some time, the men were shot at the helm; the proper officer that should have been on the quarter-deck to assist the captain not appearing, the helm was neglected, and the ship for a time thrown into the wind, so that she lay exposed to the enemy to act by her as they pleased, we not being able to bring a gun to bear on them. They ranged up to pour their whole fire into us towards night, and the Mars bearing for us, it was thought she intended to

board us, we therefore endeavoured to set our main-sail, but were prevented, our lee-sheet being cut by a shot. Being prepared, by having a whole broadside ready, it was discharged at once into her. She being much wounded bore away, and troubled us no more ; we then prepared to receive the other ship, who now began to attack us on the starboard-quarter : this being the first time they had attacked us on that side, their fire seemed only intended to favour the retreat of their consort. The night came on. We returned their fire, which had now continued upwards of three hours, and all judged we had the best of it, when there was a sudden calling from the quarter-deck of *leave firing, we have struck*. This occasioned a great consternation : no one would believe but that the French had struck, as we saw no apparent reason on our side for doing so. The French still firing, the same was returned, and a whole broadside was preparing, when there was a second consternation of “ damn the rascals, leave firing, and house your guns, we have struck ; ” I believe by the master.

The captain was brought just at that time mortally wounded from the quarter-deck, and leaning against the mizen-mast, the master said, “ Sir, what will you do ? for God’s sake consider your men, they are all killed or wounded ; we have not a man left to do any thing ; we have none but

dead and wounded men ; we can do nothing ; we lie here to be shot at ;" with many such like words. The gunner begged in like manner, adding we shall all be killed, they are going to rake us fore and aft. Dear Captain Watson strike ; let us cut away the mast, we shall be retaken to-morrow ; let us disable the ship—which would have been put in execution, had they not been prevented by the people. The carpenter at this came and reported, that the ship was as sound as ever in her hull, and that she had not made an inch of water. The captain would not hearken to any thing ; bidding the crew put the ship before the wind, and to keep to their defence. He was carried down to the purser's cabin to have his wounds dressed ; and knew not that the ship was given up till he saw the Frenchmen on board.

It must appear very plain to any one that hears the true statement of the action, that the captain never once thought of a surrender of the ship ; for, had he known when the colours had been struck, and agreed thereto, there would have been no occasion for the master or gunner to beg him to do what he had consented to before. The Captain was not in his proper senses when the action began, in consequence of a fall, in which he had fractured his skull some time before. His mouth was drawn aside in a strange manner ; and

a small quantity of liquor rendered him quite incapable of duty, as was his unhappy fate that day. Exposing himself too publicly, on the arms-chest, he became an easy mark to be shot at, and afterwards growing faint from his wounds, he could not exert himself as he would have done, having no assistance from those whose duty required it: he too late saw his error.

Thus was given up to the French one of the best ships in the navy of England, when there was no real necessity for doing so. It is true the mate was wounded, the sails and rigging torn to pieces, and about seventy men killed and wounded; that was the worst state. On the other hand we had a strong brave ship; no leaks to stop; no damage done to our hull: we had men left that were able and willing to fight our guns; and would have held it out to the last, if there had been one officer in his post that would have taken the command. Added to this it was night, and the enemy knew not that the colours were struck: the people did, and would have continued the action longer, had they not been forced to leave off. The enemy being called to for quarter, and desired to come on board with their boats, I believe by the master.

The foregoing account is too explicit relative to this unhappy transaction, to render much explanation, or addition to it, on our part necessary.

Captain

Captain Watson appears to have sacrificed every consideration in the hope of signalizing himself, by at least the discomfiture of two ships, each of which were in force nearly equal to his own. He was unhappily deceived in his attempt, which certainly would have been considered as an act of consummate bravery, had it been supposed within the bounds of possibility for fortune to have favoured his attempt. That not being the case, those who would have rejoiced in the former instance when bestowing on him that tribute of applause justly due to a gallant act, were compelled to be content with the silent tear of compassion for the unhappy fate of a rash and desperate man. Though grievously wounded, his fall was rendered still more melancholy by his having lingered in extreme misery for some days after the action, and then lived to be carried into an enemy's port. The master of the ship, who is so much, and, apparently, so justly reflected on in the foregoing account, was tried for having surrendered the ship unnecessarily, and was sentenced to be imprisoned for life in the marshalsea.

A BOATSWAIN FULL-DRESSED.

At the conclusion of the American war, the boatswain of a seventy-four that was paid off, on his arrival in London, repaired to Monmouth-street,

street, and there purchased a second-hand court-dress of a knight of the garter. His hair was dressed by a skilful operator; and thus equipped, he went to Drury-lane theatre, and seated himself in one of the stage-boxes. There was nothing in his behaviour to betray that his dress was superior to his condition, and our honest seaman might have remained undiscovered in his court-disguise, but for the following incident:—It happened during the evening that two jolly tars belonging to the same vessel were seated in the front of the two-shilling gallery, and soon thought they recognized in the well-dressed personage in the stage-box, the face of an old acquaintance. They both insisted that it could be no other than their boatswain, and their attention was entirely drawn from the play to contemplate the metamorphosis of their old shipmate. So astonishing a change, the more fully they considered it, begat some doubts in their minds; and they determined to hail him, as the only means of solving their doubts. One of them cried out, *Ho, the boatswain of the Achilles, a hoe!* To this well-known salutation the boatswain, forgetting his fine clothes, answered—*Holloo!*

A SEA LIFE.

CAPTAIN Thomas Barwise, of the ship *Cumberland*, of Whitehaven (a native of Lousoy in Abby Holm), in the course of twenty-six years has made five voyages to Waterford, three to France, one to Gibraltar, two to Greenland, one to the East Indies, five to America, and fifteen to Jamaica.—Captain B. is only forty-two years of age, eighteen of which (and since he was of the age of sixteen years) he has lived at sea:—it is further worthy of remark, that he never lost an apprentice, nor one man in nine voyages to Jamaica, and that of the twenty-six years of his seafaring life, he was three years in the king's service, and has been twenty years in the employ of the house to which he was an apprentice.

JACK IN THE PLAYHOUSE.

ONE evening, a few weeks after the lamented death of Lord Nelson, the theatre at Covent-Garden being exceedingly crowded, an interesting scene took place during the performance:—A sailor, apparently about thirty years of age, and of very healthy appearance, with the blunt and honest manner of a real tar, at an early part of the evening, occasioned some mirth to the individuals in the pit, where Jack was also situated, bawling

bawling for those aloft (meaning the galleries) *to stow their jabber*, or cease their noise), increasing thereby the confusion which prevailed; Jack, at length, raising himself on one of the seats, exclaimed—*Messmates aloft—three hearty cheers for Nelson and the Nile*; Jack was obeyed; nor were the shouts confined to the galleries only.

Jack, from the attention paid to him, was now inclined to indulge himself further; and, producing a medal, to which he fastened a black ribbon, he gave the audience to understand that it was a medal which had been struck to commemorate the battle of the Nile, and which, as the brave Nelson was no more, as it bore his head, he offered it to their notice, (pointing to the black ribbon) in mourning. Much applause followed, and the medal in mourning was conspicuously waved by the sailor many times during the remainder of the night.

Jack having repeatedly called to the musicians between the acts of the tragedy for "*Rule Britannia*," without being attended to, at the conclusion of the play forced his way, through all impediments in the pit, to the orchestra, when he again waved his black ribbon with the medal affixed to it, and insisted upon his favourite tune, and with which at that time he was indulged.

Much approbation followed; and Jack, as he twirled round his black ribbon, lost the medal, which

which found its way to the stage; a gentleman in the boxes beckoned to one of the performers, whom he observed standing against one of the wings at the side of the stage, to take up and bring to him the medal which the sailor had lost, which was accordingly done, and Jack was soon after in possession of his prize. The honest sailor then, until the close of the entertainment, continued tranquil; when he suddenly clambered over the orchestra, and succeeded in taking possession of the stage. Shouts, accompanied with much laughter, now predominated in the house, and Jack made several ineffectual attempts to speechify; the audience, however, at length became silent, to listen to what he had to say, when he addressed them in the following words—

“Ladies and gentlemen,
“Shall I give you a *handspike* (meaning a hornpipe) or a song.”

“A song, a song,” was exclaimed by many at the same time in the gallery; but Jack being beckoned to by a performer from the right-hand stage door, he retired before he had performed the vocal part of the task he had voluntarily undertaken to attempt.

Nothing more was heard of the sailor until the final piece, *Nelson's Glory*, was nearly concluded: when Mr. Inledon stepped forward to the front
of

of the stage, and delivered the following address—

“ Gentlemen and ladies,

“ One of the brave crew of the Victory begs your permission to appear before you on this occasion, that he may join in the chorus of *Rule Britannia*.”

This extraordinary request was instantly granted, with very loud reiterated applause ; when the honest sailor, of whom we have been speaking, again appeared, and, *sans ceremonie*, seized the British flag which one of the performers supported, and exultingly continued to wave it above the head of Incledon, till the song of *Rule Britannia* was concluded. This made a wonderful impression on the mind of the spectators : and the final curtain at length dropped, amidst the loudest plaudits, in which the ladies in the boxes, and, in fact, every individual, most heartily joined.

When the honest tar indicated a resolution not to part with the flag, although importuned by the performer whose office it was to bear it, the theatre resounded with the highest acclamations of spontaneous approbation.

NARRATIVE OF CAPT. KENNEDY'S LOSING HIS
VESSEL AT SEA, AND HIS DISTRESSES AFTER-
WARDS, COMMUNICATED TO HIS OWNERS.

WE sailed from Port Royal, in Jamaica, on the 21st day of December last (1768) bound for Whitehaven, but the twenty-third day having met with a hard gale at north, we were obliged to lay to under a fore-sail, for the space of ten hours, which occasioned the vessel to make more water than she could free with both pumps. Under this situation we set sail, in hopes of being able to make the island of Jamaica again, which from our reckoning we judged lay about ten leagues to the eastward. But in less than an hour's time the water overflowed the lower deck, and we could scarcely get into the yaul (being thirteen in number) before the vessel sunk; having only, with much difficulty, been able to take out a keg, containing about sixteen pounds of biscuit, ten pounds of cheese, and two bottles of wine, with which small pittance we endeavoured to make the land. But the wind continuing to blow hard from the north, and the sea running high, we were obliged, after an unsuccessful attempt of three days, to bear away for Honduras, as the wind seemed to favour us for that course, and it being the only visible means we had of preserving our lives. On the seventh day we made Swan's island;

island; but being destitute of a quadrant, and other needful helps, we were uncertain what land it was. However, we went on shore, under the flattering hopes of finding some refreshments; but, to our unspeakable regret and heavy disappointment, we only found a few quarts of brackish water in the hollow of a rock, and a few wilks. Notwithstanding there was no human nor visible prospect of finding water, or any other of the necessaries of life, it was with the utmost reluctance the people quitted the island: but being at length prevailed upon, with much difficulty, and through persuasive means, we embarked in the evening, with only six quarts of water, for the Bay of Honduras. Between the seventh and fourteenth days of our being in the boat, we were most miraculously supported, and at a time when nature was almost exhausted, having nothing to eat or drink. Yet the Almighty Author of our being furnished us with supplies, which, when seriously considered, not only served to display his beneficence, but fill the mind with admiration and wonder. Well may we cry out with the royal wise man—"Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

In the evening the wild sea-fowls hovered over our heads, and lighted on our hands when held out to receive them. Of these our people ate the
flesh

flesh and drank the blood, declaring it to be as palatable as new milk. I ate twice of the flesh, and thought it very good.

It may appear very remarkable, that, though I neither tasted food, nor drank for eight days, I did not feel the sensations of hunger and thirst; but on the fourteenth my drought often required me to gargle my throat with salt water, and on the fifteenth it increased; when, happily for us, we made land, which proved to be an island, called Ambergris, lying at a small distance from the main land, and about four leagues to the northward of St. George's Quay, (where the white people reside), in the Bay of Honduras; though the want of a quadrant, and other necessities, left us still in suspense. We slept four nights on this island, and every evening picked up wilks and couchs for next day's provision, embarking every morning, and towing along the shore to the southward. On the first evening of our arrival here we found a lake of fresh water, by which we lay all night, and near it buried one of our people.

On walking along the shore we found a few cocoa-nuts, which were full of milk. The substance of the nuts we ate with the wilks, instead of bread, thinking it a delicious repast, although eaten raw—having no implements whereby to

kindle a fire. From the great support received by this shell-fish, I shall ever revere the name.

On the third day after our arrival at this island, we buried another of our people, which, with four who died on the passage, made six who perished through hunger and thirst.

On the fifth day after our arrival at Ambergris we happily discovered a small vessel at some distance, under sail, which we made for. In the evening got on board her; and in a few hours, being the 10th of January, we arrived at St. George's Quay, in a very languid state.

I cannot conclude, without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing.

It was a considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, though, from seeing the good effect it produced, they afterwards of their own accord practised it twice a day. To this discovery I may with justice impute the preservation of my own life, and that of six other persons, who must have perished but for its being put in use.

The hint was first communicated to me from a perusal of a treatise written by Dr. Lind, and which, I think, ought to be commonly understood and recommended to all sea-faring people.

There is one very remarkable circumstance, and worthy of notice, which is, that we daily made the same urine as if we had drunk moderately of any liquid; which must be owing to a body of water being absorbed through the skin. The saline particles remaining in our clothing became encrusted by the heat of our bodies and that of the sun, which cut and wounded our posteriors, and from the intense pain rendered sitting very disagreeable. But we found, upon washing out the saline particles, and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing, (which we practised twice a day,) the skin became well in a short time: and so very great advantage did we derive from this practice, that the violent drought went off, the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes; at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment.

A SAILOR'S NONCHALANCE.

A CURIOUS circumstance was lately witnessed by a gentleman while on his tour through the west of England:—A sailor had repaired to Plymouth church with his lass, for the purpose of being married, when arriving at the place appointed, the usual questions were put to him, and, amongst the rest, the name of his fair one: “As for that,

(says Jack) all I know of her is, that I took her in tow yesterday afternoon, and that her name is *Bet.*"

NARRATIVE OF THE IMPRISONMENT AND SUFFERINGS OF CAPTAIN D'AUVERGNE, IN THE TEMPLE, AT PARIS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

" I am denied to sue my living here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave.
My father's goods are all distrained and sold,
And these, and all, are all amiss employed---
What would you have me do ?"

FOR restitution, or indemnity, for the alienated domains, for his feudal rights, and his other property in the succession of the Dukes of Bouillon, Captain D'Auvergne, their legitimately designed successor, was counselled by some of the most distinguished and learned lawyers, to apply to the government of that country: advised also by his friends on this side, to assert rights, the more important to him, as he can declare it, without a blush, that after the last eight years of an uninterrupted service of his country, in a situation of trust, in which considerable sums of the public money have been administered, although not rich at his entrance upon that service, he is considerably poorer now; it does not become him to say
with

with what success he has executed the services committed to him, but he may acknowledge, that he has repeatedly been honoured in general terms with the approbation of the ministers in whose department he served. Accordingly, urged by his friends, after the definitive treaty of Amiens was ratified, he solicited, and obtained permission to go to Paris, to consult proper persons respecting the prosecution of his claims, and endeavour to recover some of that property, the inheritance of which had been so solemnly entailed upon him. He accordingly provided himself with the usual passports from the secretary of state for the foreign department, which he got, as a further precaution, counter signed by M. Otto, the charge des affaires of the republic here. Thus provided, with the addition of a letter of introduction to Mr. Merry, from Lord Hawkesbury's office, he landed in Normandy, accompanied by a friend, Major Dumaresq, of the 3d regiment of the militia of Jersey, and two servants, and proceeded directly to Paris; acting with great circumspection, (and having recommended the same to those with him) which prudence seemed more particularly to prescribe to an officer, whose services perhaps might not have escaped the notice of a government from whom he was about to claim justice, with respect to his rights. He reached Paris on the 27th of August, 1802, and immedi-

ately occupied himself in putting his claims in a train to be submitted to the decision of the French government. His leisure hours were employed in visiting the Louvre, and the rich collections it has lately received. He had visited the Thuilleries, to view the parade of Quintidi (the 2d of September), but had declined presentation, from motives for which his friends will, he trusts, do him justice. He mentions this the more particularly, as he has since been given to understand, that visiting the Thuilleries, indeed Paris, without the ceremonial of presentation and humiliation before the consul, is interpreted as a disrespect, which certainly was far from being intended. He had a leisure hour, and a curiosity to satisfy himself respecting their much spoken of military exhibition, the parade of Quintidi; and he was told from Mr. Merry, that he might innocently satisfy his curiosity, by presenting himself as an English officer in his uniform, and retiring when he was gratified, which was all that he did. He was, however, on the 7th of September, about seven o'clock, surprised in his bed at the hotel de Rome, (Fauxbourg St. Germain,) where he lodged, by a number of ferocious-looking men, whom, upon explanation, he found to be sbires, or persons of the police, headed by a commissary and two exempts, who set about rifling his room, sedulously collecting every scrap of paper, and prying into the

the

most private corners, rudely summoning him to attend them to the minister of the police, (the ex-priest Fouche,) who desired to see him immediately, scarcely allowing him to put on his cloaths, or the horses to be put to the job carriage he used. He, however, hurried himself, and after sending his servant to announce this unpleasant event to Mr. Merry, whose hotel was within two doors, he proceeded, with an exempt of the police in the carriage with him, and eight or ten sbires, or officers, attending on foot, with the commissary, who had made notes of the arrest, and who carried the private papers. Arrived at the Bureau de la Police General, he was escorted up to the very top of the house, into a sort of anti-room, or garret, in which were five or six *employez*, or runners, of the vilest appearance, who kept going in and out every moment. About an hour after his first introduction to this place, he was shewn into an office in another part of the building, where sat a M. Desmarets, secretary to the Minister Fouche, who said he was charged by his principal to ask him a few questions; which were answered by asking a leading one, as to what motive might be ascribed the violation of the laws of hospitality, he at that moment experienced, and had suffered in the hotel where he lodged? The secretary's reply was, that the minister had a "prevention," (prejudice)

a great "prevention" against him, for his services during the war; and sought to prevail upon him that Mr. Pitt had determined to wage a war of extermination in the bosom of France; that Mr. Windham had planned it; and that the captain, by the influence of his name, as Duke of Bouillon, and his connections in the western provinces, had directed its execution, to the utmost of his power, and the great detriment of the interests of the republic. To this he replied, that he conceived the treaty of Amiens terminated all discussions of the kind; he had no explanations to give of any part of his conduct antecedent to that epoch; but disdained to answer to such unqualified accusations, as were made with the most odious and insulting epithet against Messrs. Pitt and Windham, whose confidential agent they accused him of being. He professed his readiness to answer to facts, but declined combating "preventions" (prejudices), which he could not think to be seriously the cause of the cruel insult he had experienced. After about an hour's discussion with this M. Desmarets, he was remanded to the same vile place he had quitted, still more vilely attended than in the morning. He obtained leave to address a letter to Mr. Merry, stating the painful situation, which, notwithstanding M. Desmarets promise, he since found was never delivered. M. Desmarets informed him he would be
called

called before the "Magistrat du quartier," to answer to these "preventions" of M. Fouche, for whom he patiently waited till two o'clock. When called before him, who was also an ex-priest, of the name of Faridel, he was ushered through the public hall of the building, where two emigrés, who had been under his orders in Jersey, were waiting to see and identify him, if necessary, as the person who had commanded the naval department in that island during the war, and had been the means of much mischief, as they pretended, to the republic. To M. Faridel's questions, which he observed were written, and of the same tendency as those of M. Desmarets, he answered in monosyllables, conceiving it to be the only way "prejudices" were to be treated. M. Faridel kept him near an hour, but let it escape him, that he did not see the motive or "*but*" of the detention; and the captain was conducted in the midst of the same vile assemblage he had before been amongst. Here one, a little more decent than the rest, got a superior to come in, a sort of commissary, who told him the Minister Fouche was going to Malmaison, to take the consul's commands upon the detention; such importance did they pretend to attach to what the magistrate appeared not to comprehend. The tedious long day was drawing to a close, when Mr. Merry sent a message by a servant, desiring to be informed where the prisoner

soner

soner was to be conveyed, if removed from his then situation; a circumstance which he had been in hopes he would have been informed of by Mr. Merry; but seeing no prospect of immediate release, he obtained, by means of his servant, who was allowed to wait without, a cup of coffee, the first refreshment he had had that day. M. Fouche was in and out of the hotel several times in the course of the day, but did not deign to occupy himself an instant with the situation of the subject of this memoir.

An English officer's liberty unjustly violated, was not of sufficient moment to command a minute of the attention of an ex-monk indulging in luxury and pride. He did not, as his commissary (who, perhaps, was employed to deceive), had said, go to Malmaison, but went to dine with the Consul Cambaceres; and, at ten o'clock, the same person who had mentioned at first, his going to the first consul, came in and told the prisoner that from Cambaceres' dinner the minister was gone to the opera, he must therefore quietly go to the Temple for the night. The captain offered to pay for a room in the police till morning, which was refused him; and an exempt entered, who, with two sbires, conducted their prisoner down to the court-yard, where a fiacre was waiting, into which they entered, and proceeded to the Temple, within whose blood-stained gates

gates he was received about eleven o'clock, and ushered through three or four heavily-ironed wickets to the Greffe, where his appearance was minutely detailed and registered; after which he was conducted to the keep, or tower of the Temple, through as many more iron doors as he had already passed, to the apartments that had been occupied by the late unfortunate royal family; in the anti-room of which he was shocked by the appearance of a rude, ferocious, half naked figure, partly rolled in a blanket, and lying on a straw. It reared itself half up, as if disturbed by the grating of the iron doors on their hinges, and muttered, in a low and hollow tone of voice, "*Quoi donc une autre victime! est se que cala ne finira jamais.*" The hideous aspect of his pale and wan figure excited horror, and may partly be conceived, by those who have minutely examined the late Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous picture of Ugolini. The captain hastened through this dismal dungeon to an inner room, to which he was shewn, and which had been occupied by the virtuous and beautiful Princess Elizabeth. He stifled his complaints, which perhaps might have been just, as he is persuaded that all that a prison has of horrors, were found here; but the recollection of what virtue and grandeur these melancholy walls had within the few last fleeting years contained, silenced every selfish reflection. Here he
was

was deposited by his rough guide, who invited him to pay for the candle he left him, and proffered him his services. He bribed this *garçon* to procure him some *simple refreshments from without*. *Simple* he required it to be, for he had been cautioned as he came down the stairs of the police to proceed to the Temple, to beware of what he ate and drank in the abode he was going to; "*Le sage entend a demi mot.—On y debite des ragouts Italiens,*" was added, and it was understood as a friendly hint.

Tempted by the liberality of his new guest, the turnkey returned with bread and a cold fowl, and an uncorked bottle of wine, from without; which refreshment had become necessary to nature, now almost exhausted: and, after significantly pointing to a straw bag and filthy blanket, added, "*voila ou vous pouvez reposer,*" and was retiring, when, upon enquiry who the wretch apparently suffering in the anti-room was, he replied, by shrugging his shoulders, and added in a whisper, "*c'est un mouton fermez bien votre porte,*" and left the prisoner to his reflections. Imagination soon presented him with the scenes, the melancholy scenes those silent walls had compassed. How, therefore, could he complain? He passed the night leaning on a peelee, or stove, that had been placed in the centre of the room, musing on the extraordinary cruelty of his situation,

tion, patiently and calmly waiting the official interference of his Majesty's minister plenipotentiary, who, he had no doubt, would, with the dignity becoming his Majesty's representative, claim and rescue from the jaws of despotic tyranny an English officer, who could not on any ground be accused of crime, unless that of being an Englishman was allowed to be one. As he had not been ordered "*en secret*," that is, under close confinement, he was in the morning permitted to take the air in a sort of court, called the garden, that surrounded the keep. In this walk he met a person he had some knowledge of before, M. Fauche, the celebrated bookseller at Neufchatel, who was confined for having been connected with a Bareuth correspondence, and who explained to him what was meant by a "*mouton*;" who is a villain disguised, put in the way of those who are detained upon slight pretences, to endeavour, by exciting commiseration for apparent ill-treatment, to betray the innocent into some strong expressions of indignation against the supposed authors of the cruelty, and thereby give a hold for further persecution. This universal usage, in all the houses of detention, will convey an idea of the equitable practice of the consular government. When the subject of this memoir expressed his indignation to the concierge, or keeper of the Temple, for
this

this cruel illiberality, he ingenuously pleaded the obligations he was under by his instructions ; and at the intervention of the confidential lawyer who had undertaken the care of his private concerns, the "*monton*" was removed to another part of the keep ; and, by the firmness of the same friend, decent bedding and refreshments were allowed to be brought to the prisoner from without. He was also allowed, on the third day, to be attended by his servant, upon condition, however, of the latter being considered as a prisoner likewise.

At the moment, on the morning of the 9th of September, when the wickets were opened, he hoped for his release—they were only unbolted for the admission of the friend who had accompanied him to Paris, and who came there as ignorant as himself, of even the probable cause of the detention of either of them, It appeared that Mr. Merry's representations and remonstrance to the minister for foreign affairs, Citizen Talleyrand, remained without answer—a disrespect to the representative of his Majesty and country, that the subject of this memoir freely confesses, gave him more pain than even his own cruel situation did, as he was confident that would be of short duration, although he had not the satisfaction to obtain intimation of even the probable cause for his detention, other than the idle pretext suggested in M. Desmaret's conversation. This
state

state of uncertainty continued until the 12th in the morning, when the keeper of the Temple brought the glad tidings of liberation, with directions to M. at the Bureau de la Police, the next day, for their papers. This they did as prescribed, and had an interview with M. Desmarets, who much urged the subject of this memoir to write to the minister, and to state that Mr. Pitt and Windham had engaged him to employ a unjustifiable means of destruction against the republic—in short, to avow all the infernal plots their black minds presented to their troubled imaginations. This he indignantly spurned at, and absolutely declined entering into any sort of correspondence with M. Fouché. The following day they were called, by a note from the Prefect Dubois, to the Bureau de la Prefecture Généralé de la Police, and had each a passport delivered to them, very equivocally worded, tending to expose them to every sort of embarrassment in their progress through the country, which they were commanded to depart from, and to leave the territory of the republic in twenty-four hours; which all who know Paris, the roads, and rate of posting, will readily agree to be a physical impossibility. On the day of their departure, they were provided with proper passports from his Majesty's plenipotentiary, that of Lord Hawkesbury having been taken away. Those of Mr. Merry were counter-

signed

signed by the Minister Talleyrand. The captain, with great satisfaction, ordered post-horses, and left his interests and fortune to be pursued by agents, to whom he was obliged to confide them ; having thus unjustifiably been expelled, like an outcast, from a country which he had respected, as at peace with his own, after the publication of the treaty concluded at Amiens, under which he had conceived himself entitled to protection, as every other Englishman. And he perhaps would not have complained of the insult he had experienced, if idle curiosity, or pleasure, had been the motive of his excursion : but his personal embarrassments, after having exhausted his very limited resources in the service of his country, drove him to seek to recover some of that property which he confidently believed the treaty of peace would restore and secure to him. He has respectfully submitted his case to the consideration of his Majesty's ministers and the government, whose generous liberality to the American loyalists, leads him to hope they will not abandon an officer, merely because his case is extraordinary, and perhaps singular.

——— “ *Longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages.*” VIRGIL.

INDEPENDENT CONDUCT OF AN ENGLISH
OFFICER.

WHEN the Dutch governor-general of the Indies, whose residence is at Batavia, rides out, he is always accompanied by some of his horse-guards. An officer and two trumpeters precede his approach, and every person who meets him, and happens to be in a carriage, must stop, and step out till he has rode by. This humiliating homage was strictly required from foreigners, and generally complied with by the captains of India-men and others; "but," says Captain Carteret, who was at Batavia in 1768, "having the honour to bear his Majesty's commission, I did not think myself at liberty to pay to a Dutch Governor any homage that is not paid to my own sovereign; it is, however, constantly required of the king's officers: and two or three days after my arrival, the landlord of the hotel where I lodged told me, he had been ordered by the *shebander* to let me know that my carriage, as well as others, must stop, if I should meet the governor, or any of the council; but I desired him to acquaint the *shebander*, that I could not consent to perform any such ceremony; and, upon his intimating something about the black men with sticks, who precede the approach of these great men, I told him, that if any insult should be offered to me I knew

how to defend myself, and would take care to be upon my guard; at the same time, pointing to my pistols, which happened to lie upon the table; upon this he went away, and about three hours afterwards returned, and told me he had orders from the governor to acquaint me, that I might do as I pleased." Since that time the English officers have never been required to comply with this degrading custom; yet, when they have been in a hired carriage, nothing has deterred the coachman from stopping and alighting in honour of the Dutch grandee, but the most peremptory menace of immediate death.

PHILANTHROPY OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

ON the anniversary of the Naval Asylum, celebrated at the London Tavern, some short time ago, Sir Sidney Smith recommended to the notice of the society the relatives of several of those brave men who had fallen during the late war, and said he would tell the company where the dead body of Major Oldfield, of the marines, was contended for, and they would judge where and how he died. "It was," said the gallant narrator, "in a sortie of the garrison of St. John D'Acre, when attacked by General Buonaparte, that Major Oldfield, who commanded the sortie, was missing. On our troops advancing, his body was found at
the

the mouth of one of the enemy's mines, at the foot of their works. Our brave men hooked him by the neckcloth, as he lay dead, to draw him off, the enemy at the same time pierced him in the side with a halbert, and each party struggled for the body: the neckcloth gave way—and the enemy succeeded in dragging to their works this brave man. And here we must do them that justice which such gallant enemies are fully entitled to: they next day buried the remains of Major Oldfield with all the honours of war!"

NAUTICAL DEFINITION.

IN the course of an examination a short time since, in Bow-street, a sailor declared that he came up from Plymouth in company with three *sky-larks*; and on being interrogated as to the meaning of the expression, replied, "Why, please your worship, *sky-larks* are people who sit on the *outside* of a stage coach, and *play at pushing one another off*."

THE LOSS OF THE PANDORA FRIGATE.

THE Pandora frigate, Captain Edwards, was sent out after the mutineers of the Bounty sloop, Lieutenant Bligh. At Otaheite ten of these men were found; and the ship, in the pursuit of her

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voyage,

voyage, struck on a reef of rocks,* on the 28th of August, 1791. Ninety-nine men were saved out of the wreck, including the ten prisoners. The whole number embarked in four boats belonging to the ship, viz. a pinnace of eight oars, two six-oared yauls, and one launch. The ship got off the reef a few hours after she struck, and was brought to an anchor, but filling with water, sunk about sun-rise on the 29th. The boats were directed to rendezvous at Coupang, in the island of Timor. The two yauls separated from Captain Edwards in the pinnace, who arrived at that place on the 16th of September by their account, or the 17th by the account of time at that place.

Each man's allowance was about three ounces of biscuit per day, for the first three days; it was afterwards reduced to two ounces per day, and three small glasses of water or wine. There was no meat saved from the wreck — at least not enough to admit of a mouthful to each person.

With this scanty proportion of sustenance, it was remarked, their great sufferings arose more from a deficiency of drink than the want of food. This difference might have arisen in part from the excessive heat of the climate. A very few of the young persons on board, on the contrary, suffered

* Near to the coast of New Guinea, about 1100 miles from the island of Timor.

most from the want of food. Before Captain Edwards drank any liquid, he made a constant practice of washing his mouth with salt-water, but was very careful of not swallowing any of it, as it was well known it would increase the thirst, and that it would be in other respects injurious. He thought he perceived refreshment from wrapping himself up in a cloak dipped in salt water. Every person embarked in the boats arrived alive at Timor; and in tolerable good health, except as to bodily strength, which was considerably reduced.

CHARACTER OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE was of low stature, but well-set, had a broad open chest, a very round head, his hair of a fine brown, his beard full and comely, his eyes large and clear, of a fair complexion, with a fresh, chearful, and very engaging countenance. As navigation had been his whole study, so he understood it thoroughly, and was a perfect master in every branch, especially in astronomy, and in the application thereof to the art of sailing. He had the happiness to live under the reign of a princess who never failed to distinguish merit; and, what is more, to reward it. He was always her favourite; and she gave an uncommon proof of it, in regard to a quarrel

he had with his countryman, Sir Bernard Drake, whose arms Sir Francis assuming, the other was so provoked at it, that he gave him a box on the ear. Upon this the queen took up the quarrel, and gave Sir Francis a new coat, which is thus emblazoned:—Sable, a fess wavy between two pole stars, argent; and for his crest, a ship on a globe under ruff, held by a cable, with a hand out of the clouds; over it this motto, *auxilio divino*; underneath, *sic parvis magna*; in the rigging whereof is hung up by the heels a wivern, gules, which was the arms of Sir Bernard Drake.

THE GREEK, OR MARITIME FIRE.

IN the year of Christ 716, and about ninety-six years after the appearance of Mahomet, hordes of his disciples, issuing from Arabia, laid siege, for the second time, to Constantinople, the capital of the Greek empire. These barbarians, better known by the name of Saracens, were twice foiled in their attempts; and their defeats were chiefly owing to the use of what was called the *Greek fire*, or, by the oldest French writers, *feu Gregeois*.

All that can be collected, respecting that substance, from the historians of the times is, that it was a compound of *naphtha*, or liquid bitumen, a
light,

light, tenacious, inflammable oil rising from the earth, with sulphur and pitch. This compound produced a thick smoke and loud explosion, with a fierce and obstinate flame, which burnt with great violence in every direction. Instead of being extinguished, the flame was quickened by the application of water; and the most powerful agents in damping its fury are said to have been sand or vinegar. The Greeks, therefore, called it the *liquid*, or *maritime fire*. It was often discharged from the ramparts on the besiegers, in large boilers, or inclosed in hollow balls of stone, or iron. At other times flax or tow was wrapped round arrows and darts, and when soaked in this inflammable oil, and set on fire, the arrows were so thrown amongst the enemy.

At sea, it was usual to blow a quantity of it through long tubes, on an enemy's vessel, which could hardly ever escape destruction from it.

The secret of its composition was carefully preserved by the Greeks for above four centuries; but at last it came to be known to the Mahometans, who frequently, in the course of the wars in Syria and the Holy Land, employed it against the Christians. Joinville says it came flying through the air in a great thickness, with the report of thunder and the swiftness of lightning, so as to dispel the darkness of night.

The use of this Greek, or as it might now be termed, Saracen fire, was continued to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the accidental, or perhaps intentional, assemblage of salt-petre, charcoal, and sulphur, produced another revolution in the art of war, and the history of mankind.

MATERNAL AFFECTION IN A BEAR.

THE following very extraordinary instance of maternal affection in a savage animal, was witnessed by several persons belonging to the Carcase frigate, while on her voyage of discovery towards the north pole, in the year 1773. While the Carcase was locked in the ice, early one morning, the man at the mast head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the frozen ocean, and were directing their course towards the ship. They had, no doubt, been invited by the scent of some blubber of a sea-horse the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and two of her cubs; the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ships threw
great

great lumps of the sea-horse, which they had still left upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave each a share, reserving a small portion for herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead, and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally, which would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast in the dying moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them she went off, and when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before; and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised

raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

BRAVERY OF CAPTAIN FULLARTON.

THE bravery of Captain David Fullarton, commander of an English merchant ship, in 1733, deserves to be particularly remembered. On his voyage home from the Mediterranean, he was met by a Saltee rover, and obliged to bring to. The corsair sent his boat on board with twenty men, to take possession of his prize. Captain Fullarton observing their number, bravely resolved, with his crew, which consisted only of fourteen men, to attack and make himself master of them as soon as they came on board. This they executed with the most undaunted courage; and, from their intrepidity, the Moors apprehending their strength to be much more formidable than it really was, threw down their arms, and surrendered. On this Captain Fullarton made all the sail he could; and by good fortune got clear of his antagonist, and brought his prisoners to Middleburgh in Zealand.

SUFFERINGS OF SOME DESERTERS.

Extracted from the Supplement to the Calcutta Gazette, July 8, 1802.

LETTERS lately received from St. Helena, give a most singular and affecting narrative respecting six deserters from the artillery of the Island. Their extraordinary adventures produced a court of inquiry on the 12th of December last, when John Brown, one of the survivors, delivered the following account upon oath, before Captain Desfontaine, president, Lieutenant B. Hodson, and Ensign Young.

In June, 1799, I belonged to the first company of artillery, in the service of this garrison, and on the 10th of that month, about half an hour before parade time, M'Kinnon, gunner and orderly of the 2d company, asked me if I was willing to go with him on board an American ship, called the Columbia, Captain Henry Lelar, the only ship then in the Roads. After some conversation I agreed, and met him about seven o'clock at the play-house, where I found one M'Quinn, of Major Searle's company—another man called Brighthouse—another called Parr—and the sixth, Matthew Conway.

Parr was a good seaman, and said he would take us to the island of Ascension, or lay off the harbour till the Columbia could weigh anchor and
come

come out. We went down about eight o'clock to the West Rocks, where the American boat was waiting for us, manned with three American seamen, which took us alongside the Columbia. We went on board.—Parr went down into the cabin; and we changed our clothes after having been on board half an hour.

Brighthouse and Conway proposed to cut out a whale-boat from out of the harbour, to prevent the Columbia from being suspected; which they effected, having therein a coil of rope and five oars, with a large stone she was moored by. This happened about eleven o'clock at night.

We observed lanterns passing on the line towards the Sea-gate, and hearing a great noise, thought we were missed, and searched for. We immediately embarked in the whale-boat, with twenty-five pounds of bread in a bag, and a small keg of water, supposed to contain about thirteen gallons, one compass, and one quadrant, given to us by the commanding officer of the Columbia; but in our great hurry the quadrant was either left behind or dropped overboard.

We then left the ship, pulling with two oars only, to get a head of her. The boat was half full of water, and nothing to bale her out. In this condition we rowed out to sea, and lay off the island a great distance, expecting the American ship hourly.

About

About twelve o'clock the second day, no ship appearing, by Parr's advice, we bore away steering N. by W. and then N. N.W. for the island of Ascension, using our handkerchiefs as substitutes for sails. We met with a gale of wind, which continued two days. The weather then became very fine, and we supposed we had run ten miles an hour. M'Kinnon kept a reckoning, with pen, ink, and paper, supplied by the Columbia, as also charts and maps.

We continued our course till about the 18th in the morning, when we saw a number of birds, but no land. About twelve that day Parr said he was sure we must be past the island, accounting it to be eight hundred miles from St. Helena. We then each of us took our shirt, and with them made a small sprit-sail, and laced our jackets and trowsers together at the waistband, to keep us warm; and then altered our course to W. by N. thinking to make Rio de Janeiro, on the American coast. Provisions running very short, we allowed ourselves only *one ounce* of bread for *twenty-four hours*, and *two mouthfuls* of water.

We continued until the 20th, *when all our provisions were expended*. On the 27th, M'Quinn took a piece of bamboo in his mouth to chew, and we all followed his example. On that night, it being my turn to steer the boat, and remembering to have read of persons in our situation eating
their

their shoes, I cut a piece off one of mine ; but it being soaked with salt-water, I was obliged to spit it out, and take the inside sole, which I ate part of, and distributed to the rest, but found no benefit from it.

On the 1st of July Parr caught a dolphin with a graff, that had been left in the boat. *We all fell on our knees, and thanked God for his goodness to us.* We tore up the fish, and hung it to dry : about four we ate part of it, which agreed with us pretty well. On this fish we subsisted till the 4th, about eleven o'clock, when, finding the whole expended, bones and all, Parr, myself, Brighthouse, and Conway, proposed to scuttle the boat and let her go down, to put us out of her misery. The other two objected, observing, that God who had made man, always found him something to eat.

On the 5th, about eleven, M'Kinnon proposed, *that it would be better to cast lots for one of us to die, in order to save the rest ;* to which we consented. William Parr, being sick two days before with the spotted fever, was excluded. He wrote the numbers out, and put them in a hat, which we drew out blindfolded, and put them in our pockets. Parr then asked whose lot it was to die—none of us knowing what numbers we had in our pockets—each one praying to God that it might be his lot. It was agreed that No. 5 should
die,

die, and the lots being unfolded, M'Kinnon's was No. 5.

We had agreed, that he whose lot it was should *bleed himself to death* ; for which purpose we had provided ourselves with nails sharpened, which we got from the boat. M'Kinnon with one of them cut himself in three places, in his hand, foot, and wrist, and praying God to forgive him, died in about a quarter of an hour.

Before he was quite cold, Brighthouse, with one of those nails, cut a piece of flesh off his thigh, and hung it up, leaving the body in the boat. About three hours after we ate of it—only a very small bit. This piece lasted us until the 7th. We dipped the body every two hours into the sea, to preserve it. Parr having found a piece of slate in the bottom of the boat, he sharpened it on the other large stone, and with it cut another piece of the thigh, which lasted us until the 8th ; when, it being my watch, and observing the water about break of day to change colour, I called the rest, thinking we were near shore ; but saw no land, it not being quite day-light.

As soon as day appeared we discovered land right a-head, and steered towards it. About eight in the morning we were close to the shore. There being a very heavy surf, we endeavoured to turn the boat's head to it ; but being very weak, we were unable. Soon after the *boat upset* ! Myself,
Conway,

Conway, and Parr, got on shore, M'Quinn and Brighthouse were drowned.

We discovered a small hut on the beach, in which were an Indian and his mother, who spoke Portuguese; and I understanding that language, learnt that there was a village about three miles distant, called Belmont. This Indian went to the village, and gave information that the French had landed, and in about two hours the governor of the village (a clergyman), with several armed men, took Conway and Parr prisoners, tying them by their hands and feet, and slinging them on a bamboo stick; and in this manner took them to the village. I being very weak, remained in the hut some time, but was afterwards taken.

On our telling them we were English, we were immediately released, and three hammocks provided. We were taken in them to the governor's house, who let us lie on his own bed, and gave us milk and rice to eat, but not having eaten any thing for a considerable time, we were lock-jawed, and continued so till the 23d, during which time the governor wrote to the Governor of St. Salvador, who sent a small schooner to a place called Porto Seguro, to take us to St. Salvador. We were then conducted to Porto Segura on horseback, passing through Santa Croix, where we remained about ten days. Afterwards we embarked; and, on our arrival at St. Salvador, Parr,
on

on being questioned by the governor, answered, "that our ship had foundered at sea, and we had saved ourselves in the boat; that the ship's name was the Sally, of Liverpool, and belonged to his father, and was last from Cape Coast Castle, on the coast of Africa, to touch at the Ascension for turtle, and then bound for Jamaica." Parr said he was the captain.

We continued at St. Salvador about thirteen days, during which time the inhabitants made up a subscription of 200*l.* each man. We then embarked in the Maria, a Portuguese ship, for Lisbon; Parr, as mate; Conway, boatswain's-mate; myself, being sickly, as passenger. In thirteen days we arrived at Rio de Janeiro. Parr and Conway sailed for Lisbon, and I was left in the hospital. In about three months Captain Elphinstone, of the Diomedé, pressed me into his majesty's service, giving me the choice of remaining on that station or to proceed to the admiral at the Cape. I chose the latter, and was put, with seven suspected deserters, on board the Ann, a Botany Bay ship, in irons, with the convicts. When I arrived at the Cape I was put on board the Lancaster, of sixty-four guns. I never entered. I at length received my discharge; since which I engaged in the Duke of Clarence, as a seaman. I was determined to give myself up the first opportunity, in order to relate my sufferings to the

men at this garrison, to deter them from attempting so mad a scheme again.

In attending to the above narrative, as simple as it is affecting, we cannot help noticing the justice of Providence, so strikingly exemplified in the melancholy fate of M'Kinnon, the deluder of these unhappy men, and the victim of his own illegal and disgraceful scheme. May his fate prove a *memento* to soldiers and sailors, and a useful though awful, lesson to the encouragers and abettors of desertion.

DESTRUCTION OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP TILBURY, BY FIRE.

THE Tilbury, of sixty guns, commanded by Captain Laurence, being on a cruize off the island of Hispaniola, on the 22d of September, 1742, was unfortunately consumed by fire, by the following accident:—A marine snatching a bottle of rum, which the purser's boy had in his hand in the cockpit, together with a lighted candle, swore he would have a dram out of it; the boy refusing, a struggle ensued, in which the bottle fell and broke, and the lighted candle falling into the rum, set it on fire, which communicating to other rum in the purser's cabin, the conflagration soon became formidable, and baffled all attempts to extinguish

tinguish it. The gunpowder was all thrown overboard, and every means used to save the ship, but in vain. The captain, and the greatest part of the officers and crew were saved by the *Defiance* ship of war. Captain Hoare, and a boatswain, gunner, an officer of marines, and upwards of one hundred men, were lost with the ship.

CHEST OF CHATHAM.

IN the year 1388, famous for the defeat of the Spanish Armada, what is called the Chest of Chatham was first erected, being a contribution for the benefit and relief of maimed and superannuated English mariners, out of which pensions are paid to such for their lives, by the advice and influence of Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, &c. It was, at first, only a voluntary monthly contribution of the mariners, out of their pay, for the succour of their then wounded brethren; but was afterwards made perpetual by Queen Elizabeth.

SUFFERINGS OF CAPTAIN ENGLEFIELD AND HIS CREW.

THE *Centaur*, Captain Englefield, and four ships of the line, part of a large convoy from Jamaica to England, foundered at sea, in a dreadful hurricane, in September 1782.

Captain Englefield, the officers and crew, did every thing possible for the preservation of their lives and ship, from the 16th to the 23d of September; when the Centaur, by repeated storms, became a wreck, and was in a sinking state. Some of the men appeared perfectly resigned to their fate, and requested to be lashed to their hammocks; others lashed themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most prominent idea was, that of putting on their best and cleanest clothes. The booms were cleared, and the cutter, pinnace, and yaul, were got over the ship's side. Captain Englefield and eleven others made their escape in the pinnace; but their condition was nearly the same with that of those who remained in the ship, and at best appeared to be only a prolongation of a miserable existence. "They were in a leaky boat, with one of the gunwales stove, in nearly the middle of the ocean, without compass, quadrant, sail, great coat, or cloak; all very thinly covered, in a gale of wind, with a great sea running." In half an hour they lost sight of the ship; but before dark a blanket was discovered in the boat, of which they made a sail, and scudded under it all night, expecting to be swallowed up by every wave. They were two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and sixty leagues from Fayal.

Their stock consisted of "a bag of bread, a small ham, a single piece of pork, two quart
bottles

bottles of water, and a few French cordials." Their situation became truly miserable, from cold and hunger. On the fifth day their bread was nearly all spoiled with salt water, and it was necessary to go to allowance—one biscuit divided into twelve morsels for breakfast; the same for dinner. The neck of a bottle broke off, with a cork in it, served for a glass; and this filled with water, was the allowance for twenty-four hours for each man! This was done without partiality, or distinction. But we must have perished ere this, had we not caught six quarts of rain water: and this we could not have been blessed with, had we not found in the boat a pair of sheets, which by accident had been put there."

On the *fifteenth* day that they had been in the boat, they had only one day's bread and one bottle of water remaining, of a second supply of rain. Captain Englefield states, "our sufferings were now as great as human strength could bear, but we were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength; for on this day Thomas Mathews, quarter-master, the stoutest man in the boat, perished from cold and hunger. On the day before he had complained of want of strength in his throat, as he expressed it, to swallow his morsel, and in the night drank salt water, grew delirious, and died without a groan.

“As it became next to a certainty that we should all perish in a day or two, in the same manner, it was somewhat comfortable to reflect, that dying of hunger was not so dreadful as our imagination had represented. Others had complained of the symptoms in their throats; some had drank their own urine; and all but myself had drank salt water.”

Despair and gloom had been hitherto successfully prohibited; and the men, as the evenings closed in, had been encouraged by turns to give a song, or relate a story, instead of supper. This evening it was found impossible to do either. At night they were becalmed, but at midnight a breeze sprung up; but being afraid of running out of their course, they waited impatiently for the rising sun to be their compass.

On the *sixteenth* day their last bread and water had been served for breakfast, when John Gregory, the quarter-master, declared, with much confidence, he saw land in the south-east, at a great distance. They made for it, and reached Fayal at about midnight, having been conducted into the road by a fishing-boat; but were not, by the regulation of the port, permitted to land till examined by the health officers.

They got some refreshments of bread, wine, and water, in the boat, and in the morning of the *seventeenth* day landed; where they experienced
every

every friendly attention from the English consul, whose whole employment, for many days, was contriving the best means of restoring them to health and strength. Some of the stoutest men were obliged to be supported through the street; and for several days, with the best and most comfortable provisions, they rather grew worse than better.

A court-martial was held at Portsmouth, on the 21st of January, 1783, on the loss of the *Centaur*, when the court honourably acquitted Captain Englefield, as a cool, resolute, and experienced officer; and that he was well supported by his officers and ship's company; and their united exertions appeared to have been so great and manly, as to reflect the highest honour on the whole, and to leave the deepest impression on the minds of the court;—that more could not have possibly been done to preserve the *Centaur* from her melancholy fate.

THE TAYLOR THAT WANTED TO SEE THE
WORLD.

MR. SMEATON, to whom the science of civil architecture is indebted for systematic improvements, which place him upon a level with its original inventor, once in conversation stated, that

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when, in spite of the various difficulties he had to encounter, the Eddystone light-house was finished, notwithstanding the fate that had attended the former building, a number of persons applied to be appointed residents in the new erection, where, it is to be understood, two were to be constantly on duty, immured or cased in stone, in a situation where, probably, for many months in every year, it was impossible to have any communication with them from the main land. Among the rest that, upon this occasion, attended his levee in Arundel-street, was a young man, one of the journeymen to his taylor.

As this youth had frequently brought home, and tried on, clothes for him, Mr. Smeaton knew him perfectly well; but as at this time he had given no orders respecting apparel, he was astonished at his appearance, and still more so when he understood the nature of the application.

He asked him if he was *married*?

"No," he said, "he was a single man."

"What then," said Mr. Smeaton, "can induce you to become an inhabitant of the Eddystone light-house?"—"Why, to confess the truth," replied the taylor, "I have a vast inclination to *see* a little more of the world; I was always fond of *liberty*, and have for many years disliked the confinement of business and my master's shop."

Mr. Smeaton knowing the person to be perfectly sober,

sober, and of an unexceptionable character, he no longer pressed his objections, but accordingly sent him to reside at the light-house. As he was fond of reading, his patron directed that whensoever an opportunity offered, files of newspapers, with magazines, and other books, should be sent to him; and the taylor, by his care and diligence, repaid his attention. He continued in this perilous situation for a long period, and declared that he never was so happy in his life. Fishing, in fine weather, was one of his favourite amusements. But what was very extraordinary, he made such good use of the abundant leisure which winter afforded, in reading, writing, and studying, that he exceedingly improved his mind, and became so capable of business, that his patron, when the term of his last engagement (I think seven years) had expired, employed him more advantageously, though, probably, not more agreeably to himself.

JACK ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

SOME time ago, an honest Jack tar, just discharged, and rolling in money, on awaking out of a sound sleep, called out, "What ship a-hoy!" On which he was told he was at an inn at Preston. He then asked how many leagues it was to Liverpool, and whether any packet sailed soon?

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He was told it was eight miles to Liverpool, and that no stage coach passed that way for several hours; on which he told the landlord to rig him a sloop immediately, and to steer for Liverpool. After some consideration, the landlord ordered one of his chaises out, and Jack was told the sloop was ready. Jack instantly stepped forward, and seeing the driver holding the chaise-door open, swore pretty roundly, and asked him, had he a mind to cram him in the hold. No; he swore but he'd keep the deck! Accordingly, he sprang on the top, and told the driver to weigh anchor, and hoist all the sail he could carry. They had not proceeded far before a sore-footed pedestrian, seeing no one in the chaise, called out to the driver to give him a lift for a few miles. The driver asked his employer if he might take him up on the top? To which Jack replied, "No, he sha'nt come upon the deck, douse him below into the hold!" The weary passenger, of course, got into the chaise, and Jack, on the quarter-deck (as he called it), rode triumphantly into Liverpool.

MELANCHOLY FATE OF CAPTAIN YOUL, MR.
FLOWER, &c. OF THE FLY CRUISER.

WHEN the Fly cruizer, belonging to the East India company, with dispatches, was captured by
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the French privateer *La Fortune*, in the Gulph of Persia, at the latter end of 1804, the packets were thrown overboard, to prevent falling into the hands of the enemy.

It appears that Mr. Flower, who was a passenger on board the *Fly*, had taken very correct bearings of the ship's situation, at the time the letters were thrown overboard. When landed soon after, at Bushire, he communicated his observations to Captain Youl and Mr. Loane; and they being all strongly impressed with the idea of the possibility of recovering the packet, purchased a vessel, and having provided creepers, and other necessary apparatus, set sail towards the spot where the packet had been dropped, near the isle of Khen. At the end of three days their labours were crowned with success: they instantly weighed anchor, and were proceeding down the gulph, on their way to Bombay, with the recovered packet, when they were unexpectedly attacked by two pirate boats belonging to Jochassum, and full of armed Arabs, who, boarding the vessel, and cutting and stabbing all whom they met, forced the whole crew overboard. Nine, out of sixteen, were wounded; and all must have perished miserably, had not a long-boat, which they accidentally picked up at sea, been in tow at the time.—In it they took refuge, and the Arabs finally took them into one of their boats, and landed them at Ejmaum, a small

a small town on the Arab side, about thirty miles from Noselkeim: it has a good harbour, and appears to be their place of rendezvous. There they were detained thirty-three days, subject to every hardship; and, at the end of that time, to complete their misery, were about to be sold as slaves, when a Wahabee chief, who heard that they were English, and who had known the British resident at Bussora, interfered, and procured them a passage to Khen. They were landed at that island, after having been stripped of every thing, except their shirts and trowsers, and the packet, the great source of their labours and sufferings. Two days were now devoted to drying the letters, which had been about five weeks in the sea; and their purpose was not yet effected, when ten Jochassum boats appeared in sight. The unhappy men, instantly carrying off the packet, sought shelter among the rocks, where they remained hid for two days and nights, exposed to every hardship, and nearly perishing with hunger and thirst. Meanwhile, the pirates burned and laid waste the villages on the island, which forced the wretched inhabitants to pass over to the main land; so that on the departure of the pirates, our sufferers were left the undisturbed and solitary possessors of the island. After waiting four days longer for an opportunity of crossing the continent, they obtained a passage to
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the neighbourhood of Ararack ; on their arrival at which place, they learned, that the pirate boats had anchored there, and were committing the same havoc as at Khen. Thus pursued by misfortune, they were forced to walk to Cheroo, a distance of nearly forty miles. This town is under the government of Sheik Aga Mahomed, who, at first, received them in a friendly manner ; but finding them without money, and stripped of every thing valuable, he drove them from the house which he had provided for them, and treated them with the most unfeeling cruelty and contempt. For some nights, in excessive bad weather, they had no covering but an inverted boat, under which they took refuge. Finding at length no probability of being enabled to proceed on their voyage by sea, they determined to walk on foot to Bushire. After two days march from Cheroo, they reached Nochyloo, without shoes or stockings ; where, to their great surprise and joy, they found that Sheik Rama had invited them to his island of Busheab, and supplied them with every thing that his house afforded with the kindest hospitality. Nevertheless, in consequence of their past sufferings, they were all seized with a fever and ague. The extreme state of debility to which, from their long hardships, they were all reduced, joined with the want of medicines and medical advice, made their illness extremely severe ;

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vere; and though Sheik Rama gave them a boat, in which they arrived at Bushire, on the 4th of January, 1805, Captain Youl, worn out with sickness and fatigue, died on the 5th, and was followed to the grave by Mr. Flower, on the 7th. Some of the seamen likewise died; but Mr. Loane recovered.

The Bombay government ordered a very liberal allowance to be paid to the parties concerned, and to the families of such of them as died.

DARING ATTEMPT OF FALL, A SCOTCH PIRATE.

IN the year 1801, a daring attempt was made to lay the town of Arbroath under contribution, by a person of the name of Fall, a native of Scotland, who then commanded a French privateer, and committed great depredations on the northern trading vessels. His vessel he had named the Fearnought; and wishing, doubtless, to persuade the world that he also meritted that appellation, he conceived the design of extorting a sum of money from the terrors of the people. With this view he boldly anchored before the town. In an ill-written letter, impudently sent on shore with a flag of truce, he demanded that the principal magistrates should be delivered up as hostages,

till a certain sum which he required should be paid, on pain of having the town destroyed, and the inhabitants put to death. His threats were bold, and the fears of many were great; for at that time they were almost totally defenceless, having no guns to protect their harbour, nor any military force stationed nearer to them than Montrose. An evasive answer was, however, sent to his first and second letters, which enabled them to gain a little time to collect a few old rusty arms; and, in the interim, a detachment of troops arriving to their relief from Montrose, the doughty hero was informed that they neither feared his menaces, nor would comply with his demands. This so enraged him, that he began to fire upon the town; but little damage ensued in consequence. Finding a third epistle treated with the same contempt, his courage began to fail; and, after some further feeble efforts to obtain his ends, he thought proper to sheer off, and leave the good people of Arbroath in peaceable enjoyment of their property. The harbour is now defended by a battery, erected at the expence of the town, sufficient to protect it in future from the attempt of such piratical invaders.

A SAILOR'S MISTAKE.

Two sailors went into a church at Plymouth, on the thanksgiving-day, both of whom belonged to the *Temeraire*, in the ever memorable battle off Trafalgar. The clergyman, in the course of his sermon, mentioned the words "glorious victory," on which one of the tars observed to the other, "Hear, Jack, there's the Victory." The clergyman pronounced the word "victory" a second time; on which the tar observed, "Mind, Jack, there's the Victory again." The clergyman not long after mentioned the word "victory" a third time; on which the irritated tar observed to his companion, "D—n my eyes, Jack, if we stay here any longer—that fellow has mentioned the Victory three times, and never mentioned the *Temeraire*, that was in the hottest part of the engagement, and took two ships;" when they immediately left the church.

SUFFERINGS AND PERSEVERANCE OF LIEUT.
BLIGH AND HIS COMPANIONS.

THIS narrative is too remarkable for sufferings and successful perseverance, under the most trying circumstances, ever to be forgotten—holding out to navigators, in the strongest colours, a line of conduct truly worthy of imitation. We have
seen

seen courage and enterprise braving all dangers. but in the story of Bligh and his companions, we see nineteen men basely left to their fate, to struggle for life and existence in an open boat, twenty-three feet long ; without arms, and almost without food, at near four thousand miles from a friendly port, and of eighteen of them surviving to reach the island of Timor, after encountering miraculously the severest hardships and trials.

A short account is given of it, without entering too much into details, as a warning and an example, in cases of abstinence, perseverance, and obedience.

The *Bounty* sloop, Lieutenant Bligh, had been sent out to Otaheite, to carry the bread-fruit tree to the West Indies. Having procured their plants, the ship left that island on the 4th of April, 1789, navigated with forty-five hands ; and on the 28th of that month a mutiny broke out, headed by Christian and others, who forced Captain Bligh and eighteen men into an open boat, and there left them to their fate.

Their stock of provisions consisted of "one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, thirty-two pounds of pork, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barricoes." They first stopped at Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, lat. $10^{\circ} 41' S.$ long.

300, for water and provisions, to carry them to the East Indies. The natives proving hostile, they made their escape from thence with the loss of one man, who was killed. They next resolved to go to the island of Timor, twelve hundred leagues off, without a hope of relief beyond what they might collect at New Holland.

Their stock, on leaving Tofoa, was now reduced, for eighteen men, to about one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, twenty-eight gallons of water, twenty pounds of pork, three bottles of wine, and five quarts of rum. They all accordingly agreed to live upon one ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water per day. A few coconuts and some bread fruit were on board, but the latter was trampled to pieces. The men were divided into watches, and they returned thanks to God for their miraculous escape.

The *second day* was stormy; and, to lighten the boat, every thing was thrown overboard that could be spared, except two suits of clothes to each. A tea-spoonful of rum, and a quarter of a bread fruit, was served out for dinner, with a determination to make their provisions last out eight weeks.

The *sixth day* their allowances were delivered out by a pair of scales, made of two cocoa-nut shells, and the weight of a pistol-ball of bread

was

was served out, making one twenty-fifth of a pound of sixteen ounces, or two hundred and seventy-two grains, at a meal.

The *ninth day* they were served regularly with one twenty-fifth of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, at morning, noon, and sunset; and this day with half an ounce of pork for dinner to each, which was divided into three or four mouthfuls.

The *eleventh day* it rained, and was cold; and the men began to be dejected, full of wants, and without the means of relief. Their clothes were wet through, which they stripped off and wrung in salt water; by which means they felt a warmth which they could not have had while wet with rain.*

The *fourteenth day* they passed by islands they dared not touch at, for fear of the natives, having been in other places pursued; which rather increased their misery. A general run of cloudy wet weather was considered as a great blessing of

* Lieutenant Bligh afterwards frequently practised it with great success, and states, that the preservation of their health during sixteen days of continued heavy rains, was owing to this practice of wringing their clothes out as often as they became filled with rain; and that the men felt a change more like that of dry clothes, than could have been imagined; that they often repeated it, and it gave great refreshment and warmth.

Providence, as hot weather would have caused them to have died of thirst. Being so constantly covered with rain, or sea, they conceived it protected them from that dreadful calamity.

The *nineteenth day* the men seemed half dead, and their appearances were horrible. Extreme hunger was now very great. No one suffered from thirst, nor had they much inclination for drink, that desire being satisfied through the skin; and the little sleep they got was in the midst of water. Two spoonfuls of rum were served out this morning, with their usual allowance of bread and water. At noon the sun broke out, which rejoiced every one. In the afternoon they were covered with rain and salt water—the cold was extreme—and every one dreaded the approach of night. Sleep, though longed for, gave but little comfort. Lieutenant Bligh himself almost lived without it. The next morning the weather abated, and a larger allowance of rum was given out.

The *twenty-second day* the weather was bad, and the men in great distress, and in expectation that such another night as their last would put an end to their lives. Several seemed to be no longer able to support their sufferings. Two tea-spoonfuls of rum were served out; after which, with the wringing their clothes, and their breakfast of bread and water, they became a little refreshed. The weather abated, all hands were rejoiced, and

they ate their other scanty meals with more satisfaction than for some time past.

The *twenty-third day*. The fineness of the morning produced chearful countenances, and they experienced for the first time, for fifteen days past, comfort from the warmth of the sun. They stripped, and hung up their clothes to dry; which were so threadbare as to keep neither cold nor wet out. They saw many birds, a sure sign of being near land.

The state of their provisions this day, at their usual rate of allowance, would have lasted for nineteen days longer, when they hoped to reach the island of Timor. But as it was possible they might be obliged to go to Java, they reduced their allowance, to make their stock hold out for six weeks. The necessity of the case was stated, and every one cheerfully agreed to receive one twenty-fifth of a pound of bread for breakfast, the same for dinner; and, by omitting supper, they had forty-three days allowance.

The *twenty-fourth day*. A bird, the size of a pigeon, was caught, and divided into eighteen parts. They caught a booby, which was killed for supper, and the blood given to three of those who were most distressed for want of food; and, as a favour, an allowance of bread was given out for supper; and they made a good supper, compared with their usual fare.

The *twenty-fifth day* they caught another booby. The weather was fine, and they thought Providence appeared to be relieving their wants. The men were overjoyed at this addition to their dinner. The blood was given to those who most wanted food. To make their bread a little savoury, many dipped it frequently in salt water, while others broke theirs into small pieces, and ate it in their allowance of water, out of a cocoa-nut shell, with a spoon—œconomically avoiding to take too large a piece at a time; so that they were as long at dinner as if they had been at a more plentiful meal.

The serenity of the weather was not without its inconveniences, and distress now came of another kind. The sun was so powerful, that the men were seized with languor and faintness, which made life to some indifferent.

The *twenty-sixth day* they passed by much drifted wood, and caught two boobies, whose stomachs contained many flying fish and small cuttle-fish. They were considered as valuable prizes, and were divided, with their maws, into eighteen shares, in addition to their common allowance. Lieutenant Bligh was happy to see that with this every person thought he had feasted.

In the evening they saw a gannet, and, as the clouds remained fixed in the west, they had no doubt of being near land; and they all amused them-

themselves by conversing on the probability of what they should find.

The *twenty-eighth day* they made an island, in lat. 12 deg. 39 min. S. long. (by account) 40 deg. 35 min. W. of Tofoa, which they called Restoration Island, where they found plenty of water and oysters, which were so fast to the rock, that they were obliged to open their shells. They made some excellent stews of them, mixed with bread and a bit of pork, by means of a copper pot which they found on board, and a tinder-box that had been thrown into the boat on turning off. Each person received a full pint. The men, though weak, appeared much refreshed, and in spirits, with a hope of being able to surmount the difficulties they had to encounter.

The diseases of the people were, a dizziness in the head, a weakness of joints, and violent tenesmus—few of the men having had an evacuation by stool since they had left the ship—but the complaints of none were alarming. Every one retained marks of strength that, with a mind possessed of a tolerable share of fortitude, seemed able to bear more fatigue than they imagined they should have in their voyage to Timor.

The men were not permitted to expose themselves to the heat of the sun, but to take their short sleep in the shade: they were cautioned about taking berries, or fruit, which, unless eaten

by birds, were not deemed wholesome. Some suffered by neglecting this caution.

The *twenty-ninth day*, finding themselves discovered by the natives, they said prayers and embarked. Their stock of bread, according to their last mode of allowance, was a twenty-fifth of a pound at breakfast and at dinner.

The *thirtieth day* they landed on another island, and parties were sent out for supplies. But a spirit of discontent began to discover itself amongst some, and from one man in particular; but it was instantly checked, and every thing became quiet again. Each person got this day a full pint and a half of stewed oysters and clams, thickened with small beans, which the botanist called a species of *dolichos*.

The *thirty-first day* Mr. Nelson, the botanist, was taken very ill with violent pains in his bowels, loss of sight, much drought, and an inability to walk. This was partly owing to heat and fatigue, and not retiring to sleep in the shade; or improper food. The little wine that remained was of real use. With a few pieces of bread soaked in half a glass of wine occasionally, he continued to mend; and it was found at last not necessary to continue the wine.

For six days they coasted along New Holland, and, on landing, got occasional supplies of oysters, birds, and water. These, though small,
with

with rest, and being relieved from many fatigues, preserved their lives ; but, even in their present state, they were deplorable objects.

The *thirty-third day* from their leaving Tofoa, which was the 3d of June, they again launched into the open ocean, for the island of Timor. Lieutenant Bligh was happy to find that no one was so much affected with their miserable situation as himself, but that the men seemed as if they were embarked on a voyage to Timor in a vessel sufficiently calculated for safety and convenience. This confidence gave him pleasure ; and to this cause did he attribute their preservation. Every one was encouraged to believe that eight or ten days would bring them to Timor : and, after prayers, their allowance of water was served out for supper.

The *thirty-sixth day*, the state of the stores on hand, at their former rate of serving, was equal to nineteen days allowance, at three times a day ; and there being now every prospect of a quick passage, their suppers were again granted.

The *thirty-seventh day* the sea was high, with much rain, and the night cold. The surgeon and an old hardy seaman appeared to be giving way very fast. They were assisted by a tea-spoonful or two of the wine at a time, which had been carefully saved, expecting such a melancholy necessity.

The

The *thirty-eighth day* they caught a dolphin, which was their first relief of this kind. Two ounces were delivered out to each man this day, and the remainder was reserved for the next day.

The *thirty-ninth day* the men were beginning to complain generally; and, by the feelings of all, they were convinced they were but too well founded. The surgeon and old seaman had a little wine given to them; and encouraged with the hopes of reaching Timor in a very few days, on their present fine rate of sailing.

The *fortieth day*, in the morning, after a comfortless night, there was such a visible alteration in many of the people, as to occasion many apprehensions. Extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, and an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to indicate an approaching dissolution. The surgeon and the seaman were the most miserable objects. A few tea-spoonfuls of the little wine that remained, greatly assisted them: hope was their principal support; and birds and rock-weed shewed they were not far from land.

On the *forty-first day* every one received his accustomed allowance, and an extra supply of water to those who wanted it. By observation, they

they found they had not passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor; which gave great joy.

On the *forty-second day*, the 12th of June, at three o'clock in the morning, they discovered Timor, at two leagues distance. It was impossible to describe the joy it diffused. It appeared scarcely credible to themselves, that, in an open boat, so poorly provided, they should have been enabled to reach Timor in forty-one days after leaving the island of Tofoa; having in that time run the distance 3618 miles; and that notwithstanding their extreme distress, no one should have perished on the voyage.

Some of the natives brought them some Indian corn, and pilots to conduct them to Coupang. They were becalmed, and the men were obliged to try at the oars, which they used with some effect. On the 14th of June they reached Coupang, where they received every attention, humanity and kindness could dictate.

Nothing but the strictest observance to the œconomy of their provisions, the sacredly keeping to their agreements, and due subordination and perseverance could have saved Lieutenant Bligh and his men. Such had been their attention to these points, that, when they arrived at Timor, there remained on hand eleven days' provisions to have carried them on to Java, if they had missed this island.

The

The quantity of provision with which they left the ship was not more than would have been consumed in five days, without such precaution.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is well known, that after the discovery of America, the Spaniards arrogated to themselves the sole right of navigating in the seas adjoining to that continent. In answer to the complaints of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, in the year 1580, upon Sir Francis Drake's return from his navigation round the globe, Queen Elizabeth is said to have replied, " That, as to Drake's sailing on the Indian Seas, it was as lawful for her subjects to do so, as for the Spaniards ; since the sea and air are common to all men."

THE LADY'S ROCK.

THE following historical anecdote is extracted from the Hon. Mrs. Murray's *Companion and Guide* to the Highlands of Scotland :

At the south end of the Island of Lismore, we sailed near a small rocky isle, over which the sea rolls at high tides ; at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the Lady's Rock, for the following reason :

IN

In former times, one of the M'Leans, of Duart, whose castle (now in ruins) stands on a promontory in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The lady was handsome and amiable, but, unhappily, she was barren. In that time it was a crime in the eyes of the husband if the wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it with ease, and, as he imagined, safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to the bare rock near Lismore, and there leave her to perish at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide rising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up as a lost being, and expected in a very short time to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed, to attract the notice of the people in the vessel. At length they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related that it was by order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners, ever a generous race, took
compassion

compassion on her, received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

M'Lean Duart made a grand mock funeral for his much-lamented lady, whom he announced to have died suddenly. He wrote disconsolate letters to his relations, particularly to Argyle, and after a decent time went to Inverary in deep-mourning; where, with the greatest show of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health proved an electric shock to the tender husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, and took no other revenge on M'Lean, but commanded him to depart instantly, at the same time advising him to be cautious not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life for having intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards in a street at Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age.

LOSS OF THE LADY HOBART PACKET.

THIS packet, on her voyage from Halifax for England, struck against an island of ice, and foundered on the morning of Tuesday, the 28th

of June, 1803, in lat. 46 deg. 33 min. long. 44 deg. being then three hundred and fifty leagues distant from Newfoundland. The captain, with twenty-eight passengers and crew had just time to save themselves in the jolly-boat before she went down. During this calamity the men behaved with a coolness, composure, and obedience to orders, that could not be surpassed; and one of the men, while the boats were hoisting out, emptied a demi-jean, (or bottle) of rum of five gallons for the purpose of filling it with water, and which afterwards proved their greatest supply.

Captain Fellowes, three ladies, Captain Thomas, of the navy, and fourteen others, embarked in the cutter, twenty feet long, and two feet six inches deep, and brought her gunwales to within six or seven inches of the water. The master, Lieut. Col. Cooke of the guards, and nine others, took to the jolly-boat, fourteen feet long, five feet three inches wide.

Their provisions, &c. consisted of between forty and fifty pounds of biscuit, the demi-jean with five gallons of water, a small jug of the same, part of a small barrel of spruce-beer, a demi-jean of rum, a few bottles of port-wine; two compasses, a quadrant, and spy-glass; a small tinder-box and deck-lanthorn and candles, and some matches kept in a bladder, (by which they were enabled

enabled to steer by night), and a few nails and tools. No one was permitted to take more than a great coat or a blanket, with the clothes on his back.

It was agreed that their allowance should be served out with the strictest œconomy, at the rate of half a biscuit and a glass of wine per twenty-four hours; and that the water should be kept in reserve. The tarpaulin of the main-hatchway, which had been thrown into the boat, was cut into lengths to form a bulwark against the waves, and proved of great service to them.

Prayers were regularly said by one of the ladies.

Their bag of biscuit got damaged by the salt-water, which made it necessary to curtail their allowance, and which was cheerfully agreed to. Part of a cold ham was found on board; but, after a taste of it had been given, it was thrown overboard, lest it should increase their thirst without the means of allaying it.

The weather was at times cold, wet, and with fog and sleet. The cutter would sail, but had only two oars. The jolly-boat, which had three oars and a small sail, &c. was obliged to be taken frequently in tow.

The *third day* they were much benumbed with the cold; and the ladies were then prevailed upon to take the stated allowance of spirits, which
they

they had before refused. It afforded them immediate relief.

The *fourth day* was stormy, foggy, and with heavy seas, and the spray of the sea freezing as it flew over the boats. All felt a depression of spirits. In the commencement of the storm, the cutter having shipped a heavy sea, was obliged to cast off the jolly-boat's tow-rope; when she was soon lost in a fog, which occasioned much distress, and particularly as she had on board a considerable part of her stores, the quadrant, and spy-glass. The men began to be dejected, but were roused to duty and to exertion. The ladies behaved with great heroism, and afforded the best examples of patience and fortitude. All joined in prayer, which tranquillised their minds, and afforded them the most consolatory hopes of bettering their condition.

The *fifth day* it rained, and was so cold, that those in the boat could scarcely move: their hands and feet became swelled and black, from their confined state and exposure to the weather. At day-break one third of a wine-glass of rum and a quarter of a biscuit were served out; and at noon some spruce beer, which afforded great relief.

This day they discovered a sail; and, by means of one of the ladies' shawls, they made a signal; and, on nearing it was found with great joy to be

their jolly-boat. The sensations of joy and disappointment were beyond expression. The distresses in each boat during the separation of two nights had been nearly equal. The jolly-boat was again taken in tow, and a more equal distribution of provisions made.

Those hopes which had been buoyed up to the highest pitch now began to lose their effect, and despondency succeeded to a state of artificial strength, to such a degree, that neither entreaties nor arguments could rouse some of the men to the common exertion of rowing. Many who drank salt-water, contrary to advice, became delirious, and were seized with cramps and twitchings of the stomach and bowels. A French captain on board seemed to have suffered the most.

The *sixth day*, cold, wet, hunger, and thirst, rendered their situation truly deplorable. The French captain, in a fit of despondency and delirium, jumped overboard, and instantly sunk.

Another man in the jolly-boat, who was delirious, was obliged to be lashed to the bottom of the boat. This event deeply affected them all, and the most trifling accident was sufficient to render their irritable state more painful. Captain Fellowes himself was seized with such melancholy, that he lost all consideration of his situation for many hours; a violent shivering seized him, which returned at intervals, and rendered

dered his state very alarming. He now enjoyed for the first time three or four hours *sound sleep*; a perspiration came on; and, when he awoke, it was as from a dream, free from delirium, but painfully alive to all the horrors that surrounded him.

The sea continued to break over the boat so much, that those who had force enough, were obliged to bail without intermission. The boat was too much crouded; and the greater part of the crew were in water upon the boat's bottom; the dawn of day brought no relief but its light; they had as yet never seen the sun but once, and those who had had a few hours uninterrupted sleep, awoke, alive to the wretchedness of their situation.

In the evening rock-weeds and birds, such as are frequently eaten by the fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland, were seen, which afforded great hopes; and the few who were able to move, were now called upon, and roused to make their last efforts to save themselves by rowing, and to take every advantage of the little breeze they then had.

They had been six days and six nights constantly wet and cold, without any other sustenance than a quarter of a biscuit and one glass of fluid for twenty-four hours; and their stock would not, with the greatest œconomy, have last-

ed two days longer; and their water, which had been touched but once, could not hold out much longer.

In the night, they had been under the necessity of casting off the jolly-boat's tow-rope, to induce her crew to exert themselves by rowing.

Seventh day. Their separation in the night gave great uneasiness. The sun rose in view for the second time since they quitted the ship. During the seven days they had been in their boats, they could take no observation of sun, moon, or stars, and could not dry their clothes. When the fog dispersed, they saw land at a mile distance, and at the same moment their jolly-boat and a schooner in shore standing off towards them.

Their sensations were at that moment interesting and affecting, and joy discovered itself in various ways. All joined with great devotion in thanks to heaven for their miraculous escape. The schooner being now within hail, took both the boats in tow, and landed their crews in the evening at Island Cove, in Conception Bay.

The men could with great difficulty be restrained at first from taking large and repeated draughts of water; in consequence of which several felt great inconvenience: but being afterwards more cautious, no other bad effects followed. Every attention and kindness were paid to those twenty-nine miserable objects.

GODWIN

GODWIN SANDS.

THE following account of the Godwin Sands, with which sailors are well acquainted, and of which every inhabitant of this country has heard, is given in Pennant's Journey to the Isle of Wight, and is both entertaining and instructive. In treating of the formation of these sands, he adverts to the theories upon this subject:—"But," says he, "perhaps a natural solution may be as credible; we may ascribe it to the vast inundation which A. D. 1100, overflowed a part of Holland, so that the water being carried from this part of the sea rendered it so shallow, that places which might have been safely passed over before, now became full of dangerous shoals.

Such was the case here: the Godwin Sands were two sub-marine hills, in ancient times unnoticed by reason of the depth. At this drainage their heads, at the ebb-tides, appeared above water, and became most dangerous to mariners; yet they have their utility—ships anchor or moor beneath their shelter, and the little they receive from the North and South Forelands, and find protection from the winds, unless in very extraordinary tempests; such was the fatal one of November, 1703. It began five hundred leagues from the English coast, and hurried the homeward-bound ships, which happened to be in the Atlantic, with

amazing impetuosity up the Channel, and, as it were, swept the ocean, and filled every port: no ship that did not go direct before the wind could live. It passed over England, France, Germany, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and part of Tartary, and spent itself amidst the islands of ice in the Frozen Sea. I refer to a real ample relation of its dire effects by sea and land, given in the City Remembrancer, Vol. II. from p. 43 to 187; its height was in the night of November the 26th, but it lasted with incredible fury for fourteen days. That dreadful night was uncommonly dark, and made more hideous in many places by the quick coruscations of lightning, and the singular glare of meteors and imaginary symptoms of earthquakes, while the rolling of the thunder, and the howling of the winds formed the terrific *diapason*.

It is said in various parts not fewer than eight thousand persons perished. Rear-Admiral Beaumont, in the *Mary*, a fourth-rate, together with the *Northumberland*, *Sterling Castle*, and *Restoration*, three third-rates, and one fifth were beaten to pieces against the sands, and near 1200 gallant sailors lost to their country in the midst of a most important war.

The Godwin Sands consist of two parts, divided in the middle by four narrow channels, about two fathoms deep; the middle, called the Swath, navigable by boats, and that only in fine weather.

weather. The sands extend ten miles along the coast north and south, verging towards the east, and from three and a half to six miles distant from the main land. They have over them at all times so little water as not to be any where passable, unless by very small vessels; but at the ebb are in many parts dry.

ANECDOTES OF M. BAUDIN, COMMODORE OF
A FRENCH EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY.

ST. VINCENT, a French writer, in the Narrative of his Voyage through the African Seas, relates the following ludicrous anecdotes of the commodore, M. Baudin :—

The commodore, since our departure from Teneriffe, did not wish our vessels to approach too near to each other, from an idea that in those seas, where there is much danger of being becalmed, it was necessary to remain at about a league from one another, lest the attraction of the two ships might occasion them to run foul of each other.

An intelligent astronomer belonging to the expedition, related to me one day, when we were conversing respecting the commodore's terror, on account of the supposed attraction of the two ships, a very curious fact, the truth of which was

afterwards confirmed by one of the officers. Being in want of a magnetic needle to replace that of a compass which had been injured, he applied to the commodore, who had several in the drawer of his secretaire. M. Baudin, who happened to be in a very good humour, invited him into the state-room, whilst he searched for the box that contained the needles. The steel being somewhat rusted by the humidity of the air, the magnetic property of the needles was considerably diminished. As the astronomer was lamenting this unlucky accident : *What would you wish ?* said the commodore, in order to console him, *every thing furnished by the government has been done in the most niggardly manner : if they had followed my advice, we should have been provided with silver instead of steel ones !*

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF MESSRS. CARTER,
SHAW, AND HASKETT.

ON the 29th of June, 1793, the ship Shaw Hermozier, of Calcutta, in company with the Chesterfield Whaler, sailed from Norfolk Island bound to Batavia, with a resolution to explore a passage between New Holland and New Guinea, in which they succeeded ; and discovered an island in lat. 9 deg. 39 min. 30 sec. long. 142 deg. 39 min. which they called Tate Island. Two
boats

boats were dispatched to make a survey. They found it inhabited, and the natives making very friendly signs for the seamen to come on shore; but, as they were not armed, they did not then land. The natives afterwards came themselves on board, and bartered bows, arrows, and spears, for pen-knives, beads, &c. ; and, from their behaviour while on board, seemed hospitable and humane. In their visit they stole a hatchet, which eventually proved nearly fatal to Mr. Shaw, the chief officer of the *Chesterfield*, who was sent on shore, on the 2d of July, with a boat, with Captain Hill, Mr. Carter, Mr. Haskett, and four seamen, to make observations on the soil, products, and inhabitants of this island; and also carry arms for protection. The natives showed much apparent kindness and hospitality, assisting them in landing, and kissing their hands frequently, but with a view, as it afterwards proved, of getting them in their power to rob and kill them. The natives treacherously surrounded these gentlemen on shore, and the people in the boat, and attacked them. Mr. Carter, without provocation, received a blow on the head, and was felled to the ground, with the hatchet that had been stolen. Mr. Shaw got also wounded. Mr. Haskett discharged his musket and the natives fled. The party reached their boat, calling out to those on board to fire; but the natives had killed Captain

tain Hill and one seaman, and soon after two others were found floating on the water with their throats cut. With difficulty Mr. Shaw, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Haskett got on board their boat, which they found had been plundered of all their provisions, boat-cloak, and their water all started; and that the fourth sailor was lying dead in the boat, mangled in a most shocking manner.

Fortunately these gentlemen got off with the boat with much difficulty, after keeping off the natives with their muskets; and by means of a sail they had not been plundered of, they made the best of their way. Mr. Carter, from the loss of blood, was obliged to lie at the bottom of the boat after his wounds had been bound up by handkerchiefs. The body of the murdered seaman was committed to the deep; and they returned thanks to the Almighty, for their deliverance.

They found that they had that night drifted out to sea, and that their boat had been plundered of their compass as well as supplies, and that nothing had been left but a great coat and some knives and scissars.

Mr. Shaw, who was the only navigator, stated, as the wind was fair, they might reach the island of Timor in about ten days. They therefore committed themselves to Providence.

On the *third day* of their escape from the cannibals

nibals of Tate Island, Mr. Carter's wound was so painful that he wished it examined. On cutting away his hat and hair, which were clotted together, it was found to be in the back of his head, and appeared to have been done by means of the hatchet. After the wound had been washed with salt water, it was tied up with a piece of a shirt, and Mr. Carter found himself much relieved.

They discovered an island and natives, but, as the fate of their companions was too fresh in their minds, they declined any intercourse with them, or the offer of a fish from one of the negroes, though they had been fifty-two hours without breaking their fast. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Haskett relieved each other every two hours at the steer-oars.

On the *fifth day* they caught two small birds: one was divided into three parts, and eaten with the utmost avidity: the other bird was reserved for another meal. Even with this small share of subsistence their spirits were considerably raised. They still continued to steer to the westward; the sun being their guide by day, and the stars by night. On this night they resolved, being near shoal water, with breakers, to come-to, and rest themselves for the night, in five fathoms water.

On the *sixth day*, in the morning, they discovered land on both sides of them, which at first greatly

greatly discouraged them ; but perceiving a current, they found a passage between those islands, but no inhabitants. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Haskett landed in search of water ; and finding a hole full, they drank plentifully, but when they had filled their keg, they found it as brackish as the water alongside. — Mr. Carter's wound becoming very painful, it was again dressed with salt-water ; and three pieces of the skull were found to have worked out : they did not relate this circumstance to him, but gave him every assurance of his doing well.

The throat of the remaining bird was cut, and applied to Mr. Carter's mouth ; and, it yielding a few drops of blood, it gave him great relief. The body was afterwards divided.

On the *seventh day*, they were so much reduced as to be under the necessity of drinking their own urine. Though disagreeable, they found relief from it. About nine o'clock at night, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Haskett, found themselves so weak, and so overcome with fatigue, that they lashed their oars, and found the boat went along very steadily. After joining in prayer to the Almighty, to whose protection they committed themselves, they laid down and had a *refreshing sleep*. Occasionally, however, they could not refrain from starting up to look out for land or day.

The *eighth day* they resumed the labour of the
oar,

oar, which was increased by a heavy swell ; and Mr. Shaw held out hopes of seeing land in a day or two. They discovered shoal-water, with breakers, and the sea frequently broke over them : this rendered Mr. Carter's case truly deplorable, as he could not from extreme weakness and inability, move from the bottom of the boat, which was so full of water, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could keep his head above it. To add to their distress, Mr. Haskett was knocked out of the boat, but he was fortunately saved, with the utmost exertions of Mr. Shaw, by putting an oar under his arm, and lifting him up, as by a lever, until taken on board again.

On the *ninth day* they got clear of the shoals, and launched once more into the ocean ; on which occasion they again relied on Providence for their deliverance. Mr. Carter's wound was again dressed and washed, and four pieces more of the bone taken from the skull, and assurances given that it was looking well.—They were in greater distress than ever for *water*. They were growing disconsolate, and were making up their minds to meet death with fortitude, having given up every hope of surviving another day, when Mr. Haskett eagerly exclaimed, that he saw “ land.” This revived their hopes, and they made for it, conceiving it to be the island of Timor. They saw natives, who beckoned them to come on shore ;

shore ; but they were fearful of landing from past experience, until Mr. Shaw, telling them they might as well trust to being well received on shore as perish at sea, (which they must have done by the next day), they agreed to run in for the bay, and that Mr. Haskett should remain in the boat, and Mr. Carter and Mr. Shaw should go on shore in search of water. Mr. Carter, on being helped out not being able to stand, was helped in again, and the other two advanced to the natives—one with the water-keg, the other with a musket. They were overjoyed when they heard the natives call out “ Bligh ! Bligh ! ” recollecting that Captain Bligh was very humanely treated at Timor, they had no doubt left but that they had the good fortune to touch at the same place. The natives gave Mr. Shaw a baked yam, which he found it impossible to eat on account of his throat being so exceedingly parched, until he had quenched his thirst at a spring to which they carried him. They then filled their keg, and ran to Mr. Carter, who was calling out for water with the greatest eagerness. The natives looked upon them the whole time with the greatest astonishment.

On the word Timor, which the natives repeated, they pointed to the southward, and then to a prow on the beach, intimating that they would convey them thither. In consequence of which

two

two muskets, and a number of knives and scissars that remained in the boat, were given them.

In their passage to Timor they were chased by a prow ; on which they hoisted sail, and steered over the reef with their boat, and escaped from her. Night approaching, and the party finding themselves much fatigued, they hauled their sheet aft, and lashed their oars, as customary with them, when their boat went along shore very steadily. They then lay down to sleep, and were in the morning refreshed with the smell of spices conveyed by the land-wind. Mr. Carter was so much revived, that he several times exclaimed, " Keep up your hearts, my boys, we shall dine with the governor of Coupang to-day." But from shoals and points they were disappointed. The water they had drunk tended likewise to increase their appetites. They were forced at night, notwithstanding, to pursue the same method they had formerly done, in order to obtain sufficient rest to enable them to go through the fatigues of the day.

On the *eleventh day*, Mr. Shaw, from the force of the sea on the steer-oar, in his weak state, unluckily fell overboard ; but, by holding the gunwale until Mr. Haskett came to his assistance, he was with great exertion got into the boat again.

As they were unable to weather the point which they saw a-head, they determined to run into a

small bay, with an intention to land, when the natives came running towards them, and beckoned them on shore, calling out "Bligh ! Bligh !"* They were helped out of their boat by the natives, and made to sit down. Cocoa-nuts, yams, and Indian corn were given them, which were received with gratitude ; while the natives were gazing on the famished sufferers with silent astonishment, and inviting them by signs to eat.

Mr. Carter begged his wound might be dressed, which was now done with fresh water ; and when Mr. Shaw unbound the wound, he found it nearly healed.

By assistance the party were led up to the town, at the top of a steep hill, accessible only by two perpendicular ladders, up which they were lifted by guides. They were taken to the chief's house amidst an immense concourse of people, who came to view these strangers, when they were again presented with corn, yams, and toddy to drink ; after which the chief persuaded them to take rest. They were a little alarmed at seeing two men watching at the door, notwithstanding the chief had placed himself between them and

* It is supposed that this consolatory word was, probably, bye, or good ; but, whatever was the interpretation of the word, the conduct of the natives proved humane and hospitable.

and the men, and had a spear by his side. Mr. Shaw got up at night and went out at the door, to see if they would prevent him going further, but was agreeably surprised to find they only waited lest any thing should be wanted.

On the morning of the 7th of July, being the *twelfth day*, they were again presented with Indian-corn, yams, and toddy; and on enquiry found they were in the island of Sarrett, which was separated from Timor-land, and that they had been upon that island when they first refreshed themselves; that Tanabor was to the northward of it; and that a prow came yearly to trade there. This information greatly relieved them; and they found, with pleasure, the natives humane and hospitable. For one fortnight no occurrence of moment happened, except the loss of a pair of scissars, stolen by one of the children. As they were very serviceable in cutting the hair round Mr. Carter's wound, the chief was informed of the circumstance, and immediately called a council, consisting of the elders of the community, when, after an hour's debate, they withdrew, and the next day the scissars were returned.

On the 13th of July, Mr. Carter's wound was entirely healed, after having thirteen pieces of the fractured skull taken out.

They remained in perfect health until the 25th of November, when Mr. Carter caught a fever,

and died December 10, 1793, much regretted by his friends, Shaw and Haskett, as well as by the natives of Timor-land.

The survivors waited for the annual trading prow from Banda, which arrived, to their great joy, on the 12th of March, 1794. They sailed from Timor Island on the 10th of April, and arrived at Banda the 1st of May, where the governor received them with the utmost hospitality, and procured them a passage to Batavia, where they arrived the 10th of October, 1794.

It appears, that the two ships, after waiting six days for their boat, making signals and firing guns, sent two armed boats on shore after their companions. The natives came down, but indicated a different disposition from that which they displayed on their first interview, and gave the people in the boats to understand that the other boat had gone to westward; at the same time endeavouring to decoy the present party to come on shore. One of the savage leaders wielded an axe, the handle of which being painted red, identified it as the property of Mr. Shaw, and left little doubt as to the fate of him and his companions.

The two boats rowed round the island, which is about eight miles long and five broad, but without making any discovery. On their wishing to get one of the natives in order to gain intelligence,

gence, they were attacked by a shower of arrows, which was returned by the discharge of a blunderbuss, which killed one man, and dispersed the remainder. Night coming on, they returned to the ship.

In order to punish treachery, and to deter these savages for the future, it was resolved to detach three boats from the ship on the 10th of July, with forty-two men including Lascars, when the natives retired. In their searches on shore, they found the great-coats, lantern, and pieces of linen of their friends—and several human skulls, and strings of dried human hands; which left them no doubt of the fate of their companions.

The men in the boats, as a punishment for their conduct, destroyed their houses and huts, and burnt sixteen large canoes.

THE ORLOP.

Aid me kind Muse! so whimsical a theme,
 No poet ever yet pursued for fame;
 Boldly I venture on a naval scene,
 Nor fear the critic's frown, the pedant's spleen.

Sons of the ocean, we their rules disdain,
 Our bosom's honest, and our style is plain.

Let Homer's heroes, and his gods, delight,
 Let Milton, with infernal legions fight;

His fav'rite warrior polish'd Virgil show ;
 With love and wine luxurious Horace glow :—
 Be such their subjects ; I another choose,
 As yet neglected by the laughing Muse.

Deep in that fabric, where Britannia boasts ;
 O'er seas to waft her thunder, and her hosts,
 A cavern lies, unknown to cheering day,
 Where one small taper lends a feeble ray ;
 Where wild disorder holds her wanton reign,
 And careless mortals frolic in her train,
 Bending beneath a hammock's friendly shade,
 See Æsculapius all in arms display'd :
 In his right hand th' impending steel he holds,
 The other round the trembling victim folds ;
 His gaping myrmidon, the deed attends,
 Whilst in the pot the crimson stream descends :
 Unaw'd young Galen bears the hostile brunt,
 Pills in his rear, and Cullen in his front :
 While mustered round the medicinal pile,
 Death's grim militia stand in rank and file.

In neighbouring mansions, lo ! what clouds arise !
 It half-conceals its owner from our eyes ;
 One heavy light with feeble lustre shines
 To prove, the *Mid* in high Olympus dines :
 Let us approach—the preparation view,
 A *cockpit-beau* is surely something new :
 To him japan her varnish'd joys denies ;
 Nor bloom for him the sweets of eastern skies :
 His rugged limbs no lofty mirror shows,
 Nor tender couch invites him to repose.
 A pigmy glass upon his toilet stands,
 Crack'd o'er and o'er by awkward clumsy hands :

Chesterfield's

Chesterfield's page polite, the Seaman's Guide,
 An half-ate biscuit, Congreve's Mourning Bride,
 Bestrew'd with powder, in confusion lie,
 And form a chaos to th' intruding eye :
 At length this meteor of an hour is drest,
 And rises an Adonis from his chest ;
 Cautious he treads, lest some unlucky slip,
 Defile his clothes with burgou or with flip :
 The rocks escap'd, arrives in *statu quo* ;
 Bows, dines, and bows, then sinks again below.

Not far from hence a joyous group are met,
 For social mirth and sportive pastime set ;
 In cheering grog the rapid course goes round,
 And not a care in all the circle's found.
 Promotion, mess-debts, absent friends, and love,
 Inspir'd by Hope, in turn their topics prove :
 To proud superiors then they each look up,
 And curse all discipline in ample cup.

Hark ! yonder voice in hollow murmur swells ;
 Hark ! yonder voice, the *Mid* to duty calls !
 Thus summon'd by the gods, he deigns to go,
 But first makes known his consequence below :
 At slav'ry rails, scorns lawless sway to h—ll,
 And d—ns the power allow'd a white lapell :
 Vows that he's free—to stoop—to cringe disdains,
 Ascends the ladder, and resumes his chains.

In canvass'd birth, profoundly deep in thought,
 His busy mind with lines, and tangents fraught,
 A *Mid* reclines—in calculation lost !
 His efforts still by some intruder crost.
 Now to the longitude's vast height he soars,
 And now formation of lapsious explores :

Now o'er a field of logarithms bends ;
 And now to make a pudding he pretends.
 At once the sage, the hero, and the cook,
 He weilds the sword, the saucepan, and the book.
 Oppos'd to him a sprightly messmate lolls ;
 Declaims with Garrick, or with Shuter drolls ;
 Sometimes his breast great Cato's virtue warms,
 And then his task the gay Lothario charms ;
 Cleone's grief his tragic feelings wake,
 With Richard's pangs th' *orlopian* cavern shake :
 No more the mess for others' joys repine ;
 When pea-soup entering shews 'tis time to dine.

But think not meanly of this humble seat,
 Whence sprung the guardians of the British Fleet ;
 Revere the sacred spot, however low,
 Which form'd to martial acts—a *Hawke*, a *Howe*.

ESCAPE FROM FRANCE.

THE captain of the *Fame*, of Hull, and a sailor, made their escape from prison at Verdun in France, on the night of the 30th of April, 1805, having first provided a stock of provisions.—Proceeding by bye roads, they reached a wood on the third day, in which they made themselves a small hut with some timber which they found ; and while reposing in it for a few hours, were attacked by a wolf, which made several attempts to get at them, but without effect. On the fourth day their provisions being expended, they were obliged

obliged to attempt procuring a supply at a small village, where they were taken into custody, and marched back on the road towards Verdun by four men, from whom, however, finding their muskets not charged, they escaped, after travelling about a mile. Arriving on the banks of the Sarr, near Sarr Libre, they swam down the river, and travelled onward toward the Rhine, on the banks of which, near Biberack, they arrived on the 9th of May; and partly by force, and partly by money, obtained a passage over. From thence they passed by way of Hesse-Cassel, through Germany to Embden, which they reached on the 22d, and taking shipping there, with four other British sailors who had effected their escape, arrived safely in England.

LUDICROUS ALARM OF INVASION.

EARLY in July, 1759, a report was spread in London, that in many places in Kent, the French were actually landed. The report was occasioned by the following circumstances:—Commodore Bays, from Deal, seeing two vessels in the offing, rigged in an unusual way, and much in the same manner in which the new French boats were said to be, made signal for his cruisers, then at anchor in the Downs, to slip and chase them,

them, and soon after went on board his own ship, to give such further orders as might appear to be necessary. A subaltern officer, quartered at Deal, did not much relish these dispositions, and sent away in great haste to General Boscawen, who commanded in Dover Castle, to know what he was to do with his little regiment of thirty men, for that the French boats were in sight, the cruizers were in chase, and the commodore was gone on board.

The general, on receiving this seemingly positive advice from one of his own officers then on the spot, unfortunately did not stay to make any farther enquiry, but instantly forwarded the letter which he had received to the secretary of war by an express, who spread the alarm in every place through which he passed, and reached London time enough to occasion unspeakable confusion before his news could be contradicted.

The commodore knew nothing of all this, though he was so unfortunate as to bear the blame of it. He was, as indeed he well might be, very angry when he heard of it, and immediately sent off other expresses to contradict, and, as far as possible, to remedy the inconveniences occasioned by the over-haste of the former one. The vessels proved to be two small Dutch hoys, going quietly about their own business.

FRENCH MOCK-OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE
BATTLE OFF TRAFALGAR.

Head Quarters, Cadiz, Oct. 25, 1805.

THE operations of the grand naval army, second in the Atlantic, those of the grand imperial army in Germany.—The English fleet is annihilated!—Nelson is no more!—Indignant at being inactive in port, whilst our brave brethren in arms were gaining laurels in Germany, Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina resolved to put to sea, and give the English battle. They were superior in number, forty-five to our thirty-three; but what is superiority of numbers to men determined to conquer? Admiral Nelson did every thing to avoid a battle; he attempted to get into the Mediterranean, but we pursued and came up with him off Trafalgar. The French and Spaniards vied with each other which should first get into action. Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina were both anxious to lay their ships alongside the *Victory*, the English admiral's ship. Fortune, so constant always to the emperor, did not favour either of them—the *Santissima Trinidad* was the fortunate ship. In vain did the English admiral try to evade an action: the Spanish admiral, Oliva, prevented his escape, and lashed his vessel to the British admiral. The English ship was of 136 guns; the *Santissima Trinidad* was but a 74—

Lord

Lord Nelson adopted a new system ; afraid of combating us in the old way, in which he knows we have a superiority of skill, as was proved by our victory over Sir Robert Calder, he attempted a new mode of fighting. For a short time they disconcerted us ; but what can long disconcert his imperial majesty's arms ?—We fought yard-arm to yard-arm, gun to gun. Three hours did we fight in this manner : the English began to be dismayed—they found it impossible to resist us ; but our brave sailors were tired of these slow means of gaining a victory ; they wished to board ; the cry was *a la bordage*. Their impetuosity was irresistible. At that moment two ships, one French and one Spanish, boarded the *Temeraire* : the English fell back in astonishment and affright—we rushed to the flag-staff—struck the colours—and all were so anxious to bear the intelligence to their own ship, that they *jumped overboard* ; and the English ships, by this unfortunate impetuosity of our brave sailors and allies, was able, by the assistance of two more ships that came to her assistance, to make her escape, in a sinking state. Meanwhile Nelson still resisted us. It was now who should first board, and have the honour of taking him, French or Spaniard—two admirals on each side disputed the honour ; they boarded his ship at the same moment ; *Ville-neuve* flew to the quarter-deck ; with the usual

generosity of the French, he carried a brace of pistols in his hands, for he knew the admiral had lost an arm, and could not use his sword—he offered one to Nelson : they fought, and, at the second fire, Nelson fell ; he was immediately carried below, Oliva, Gravina, and Villeneuve attended him with the accustomed French humanity, Meanwhile, fifteen of the English ships of the line had struck—four more were obliged to follow their example—another blew up. Our victory was now complete, and we prepared to take possession of their prizes ; but the elements were at this time unfavourable to us ; a dreadful storm came on ; Gravina made his escape to his own ship at the beginning of it ; the commander-in-chief, Villeneuve, and a Spanish admiral, were unable, and *remained on board the Victory* ; the storm was long and dreadful ; our ships being so well manœuvred, rode out the gale ; the English being so much more damaged, were driven on shore, and many of them wrecked. At length, when the gale abated, thirteen sail of the French and Spanish line got safe to Cadiz ; *the other twenty have, no doubt, gone to some other port, and will soon be heard of.* We shall repair our damages as speedily as possible, go again in pursuit of the enemy, and afford them another proof of our determination, to wrest from them the empire of the seas, and to comply with his imperial

rial Majesty's demand of *ships, colonies, and commerce*. Our loss was trifling, that of the English was immense. We have, however, to lament the *absence* of Admiral Villeneuve, whose ardour carried him beyond the strict bounds of prudence, and, by compelling him to board the English admiral's ship, prevented him from returning to his own. After having acquired so decisive a victory, we wait with impatience the emperor's order to sail to the enemy's shore, annihilate the rest of his navy, and thus complete the triumphant work we have so brilliantly begun.

DARING ACTION OF THE SECOND LIEUTENANT
AND PART OF THE CREW OF THE WRANGLER
GUN-VESSEL.

IN addition to the number of daring actions executed by British bravery, the following was performed by the second lieutenant and part of the crew of the Wrangler gun-vessel, commanded by Lieutenant John Pollit:—

During the summer of 1803, while cruising off Boulogne, the Wrangler perceived a sloop lying under the batteries, ready to sail on the first convenient opportunity. The commander of the Wrangler proposed to cut her out, and was immediately seconded in his project by his second in command, and a set of jolly fellows, sufficient
to

to man the long-boat: they pushed off almost as soon as the scheme was formed, and in a short time reached their object. They were challenged by the sloop's sentinels, to whom they paid no attention, but running the boat alongside, immediately boarded. The Frenchmen, when they saw our gallant countrymen on the deck, took directly to a boat lying alongside the sloop, and made the best of their way towards shore, leaving only the captain on board. The sloop was brought off safely, without the slightest injury to any one, though a very heavy fire was kept up from the batteries, and carried into Ramsgate.

LOSS OF THE ABERGAVENNY EAST-INDIAMAN.

ON Friday, the 1st of February, the Abergavenny, Captain Wordsworth, sailed from Portsmouth, in company with the Royal George, Henry Addington, Wexford, and Bombay Castle, for the East Indies, under convoy of the Weymouth frigate. The weather proved very unfavourable after their sailing, and the wind being strangely adverse, induced them to make the best of their way for Portland Roads. After encountering a severe gale on Friday night (during which they parted convoy), the five Indiamen reached the entrance of the Roads on Tuesday about noon, when

2

when the Wexford having been appointed commodore, made signal for those ships who had pilots on board to run for port. At this period the Abergavenny had not been supplied with a pilot, and therefore was compelled to wait a few hours for this purpose. About three P. M. having obtained one; she bore up for Portland Roads. The weather had become tolerably moderate, and notwithstanding a strong ebb-tide had been setting in, no disaster was at this time apprehended, it being conceived that the pilot knew the coast well. In a few minutes, however, the ship's company learned their dangerous situation, the ship having struck on the shambles of the Bill of Portland, about two miles from the shore. Captain Wordsworth and his officers were notwithstanding of opinion, that the ship might be got off without sustaining any material damage, and accordingly no signal guns of distress were ordered to be fired for upwards of an hour and a half afterwards, when twenty were discharged. All this time the people were free from alarm, and no idea prevailed that it would be necessary to hoist out the boats, to be ready to take the crew on board in case of necessity. About five P. M. things bore a more unfavourable aspect: the carpenter announced that a considerable leak was discovered near the bottom of the chain-pumps, which it was not in his power to stop, the water gushed in so fast.

fast. The pumps being all in readiness, were set a-going, and a part of the crew endeavoured to bail her at the fore-hatch, but all their attempts to keep the water were vain.

At six P. M. the inevitable loss of the ship became more and more apparent; other leaks were discovered, the wind had increased to a gale, and the severe beating of the vessel upon the rocks threatened immediate destruction. The captain and officers were far from shrinking from the perils around them. They gave their orders with the greatest firmness and coolness, and by their proper conduct were enabled to preserve subordination. As the night advanced, the situation of all on board became the more terrible; the Misses Evans, and several other passengers, entreated to be sent on shore; but this was impossible. It was as much as all the ship's company could do to keep the vessel afloat. In order to induce the men to exert their utmost powers at the pumps, the officers stood by cheering and encouraging them, by giving them allowances of liquor. At seven P. M. the ships' company being almost exhausted, it was thought adviseable to fire fresh signal guns, in hopes of obtaining boats from the shore, to save as many of the people on board as possible. In the mean time the purser, Mr. Mortimer, was dispatched in one of the ship's boats with papers and dispatches, in order to save them.

them. The third mate, a cousin of the captain, and of the same name, accompanied the purser, with about six seamen.

One boat came off from the shore, which took on board the Misses Evans, Miss Jackson, Mr. Rutledge, and Mr. Taylor, a cadet, all passengers. Mrs. Blair, companion to the Misses Evans, chose, in spite of all entreaties, to remain on board: indeed there were many who would have made the same choice, so little hopes were there of the boat contending successfully with the high sea in so dark a night.

It was now about nine o'clock, and several boats were heard a short distance from the ship, but they rendered no assistance to the distressed on board. Whether this was owing to their being employed in the humane purpose of saving those who had clung to pieces of wreck (upon which many ventured from the vessel) or whether they were engaged in plunder, is not known.

The dreadful crisis was now approaching—every one seemed assured of his fate; some gave themselves up to despair, whilst others endeavoured to collect themselves, and employed the few minutes they had left in the best of purposes—that of imploring the mercy of their Creator. At ten o'clock the ship was nearly full of water, and, as she began gradually to sink, confusion commenced on board. A number of the sailors begged

ged ardently for more liquor, and when it was refused, they attacked the spirit-room, but were repulsed by their officers, who never once lost sight of their character, and continued to conduct themselves with the utmost fortitude. One of them was stationed at the spirit-room door, with a brace of pistols, to guard against surprise, and there remained even while the ship was sinking. A sailor was extremely solicitous to obtain some liquor from him, saying, "It will be all one an hour hence."—"Be that as it may," replied the officer, "let us die like men." It is a circumstance hardly to be accounted for, that, in the midst of all this distress, the boats were never attempted to be hoisted out. About two minutes before the ship went down, Mr. Baggot, the chief mate, went to Captain Wordsworth, and said, "We have done all we can, sir; she will sink in a moment." The captain replied, "It cannot be helped—God's will be done."

When the passengers and crew were acquainted with their situation, they made several efforts to save their lives; some laid hold of pieces of the wreck, and committed themselves to the mercy of the waves. A Mr. Forbes stripped off his clothes, and being an excellent swimmer, plunged into the sea, and was one of those who were picked up by a boat from the shore. A great many ran up the shrouds. At about eleven o'clock

a heavy sea gave the vessel a sudden shock, and in an instant she sunk to the bottom, in twelve fathom water. Many of these unfortunate persons who had run up the shrouds for safety, were unable to sustain the motion of the vessel in going down, and suffered with their unfortunate companions below. Between eighty and ninety persons, however, were still able to maintain their situation, and were ultimately saved. For some time after the vessel had gone down, she kept gradually sinking deeper in the sand, insomuch that several persons were under the necessity of climbing higher up the masts. The highest mast was estimated to be above the water about twenty-five feet, and the persons aloft could plainly discover the bowsprit.

When the ship sunk, she did not go down in the usual way that vessels do, by falling first upon her beam ends; this deviation was supposed to have arisen from her being laden with treasure and porcelain ware. She had 70,000*l.* in specie on board, and nearly four hundred persons. The crew consisted of one hundred and sixty men, and there were between fifty and sixty passengers; the rest were recruits for his majesty's and the company's service; about thirty-six Chinamen were also on board. The total number of the drowned is estimated at three hundred.

Several boats were heard paddling about the wreck,

wreck, at half past eleven o'clock; and although they were hailed by the unfortunate persons on the shrouds and masts, they could not be prevailed upon to take them on shore. The reason which was afterwards assigned for this apparently inhuman conduct, was, that they were fearful that every person on board being eager to save himself, the whole would attempt to jump in, overload the boats, and sink them.

About twelve o'clock a sloop, that had been attracted to the spot by the signal guns, came to anchor close to the ship, sent a boat and took off all the persons we have mentioned as being above water, about twenty at a time, and conveyed them to Weymouth. So far were the people from crowding improperly into the boat, that they got off the shrouds one by one, and then only as they were called by the officers who were with them. When it was supposed that every person was brought off, and the boat was about to depart for the last time, a person was observed nearly at the top of a mast in the shrouds: he was called to, but did not answer; one of the officers, much to his credit, returned, and there found a man in an inanimate state, arising from the piercing cold weather. The officer brought him down on his back, and took him ashore; the person proved to be a surgeon; every possible care was taken of him, but his recovery was long doubtful.

The whole value of the cargo is estimated at 200,000*l*. Nothing was saved except the dispatches and some valuable prints, which had been sent out for General Lake. Captain Wordsworth, at the moment the ship was going down, was seen clinging to the ropes. Mr. Gilpin, one of the mates, used every persuasion to induce him to save his life, but in vain; he did not seem desirous to survive his ship. The exertions of Cornet Bourgoyne and the mates were most exemplary; they did all that human means could effect.

The Abergavenny was about 1200 tons burthen, and was destined to Bengal and China. She was to have laden at Bengal with cotton, for the China market. The passengers were unusually numerous. Forty sat down daily to the captain's table, and about thirteen at the third mate's. The first and third mates were on shore when the Abergavenny left Portsmouth, and paid forty guineas for a boat, which enabled them to join the ill fated ship. Captain Wordsworth was a man of remarkably mild manners, and of a cool and temperate disposition. Mr. Baggot, the chief mate, possessed a similar character; he made no attempt to save his life, but met the fate of his captain with the same composure.

JACK AT AN AUCTION.

A TAR, half seas over, swaggered into an auction-room, and hearing the auctioneer bawling out two or three times, "who bids more than nine-pence halfpenny?" asked, "may we bid what we please?"—"O yes," replied the seller, "any thing you please, sir."—"Well then," said Jack, "I bid you a good night, and be d—d to you."

HORRIBLE INSTANCE OF FRENCH CRUELTY.

THE following statement, relative to the capture of the Esther, Captain Irving, is copied from a Charlestown newspaper.—

On the evening of Sunday, November the 3d, 1805, the British ships Esther and Minorca, were seen in company with a French privateer, off Charlestown, by which it was expected that one or both of them would be taken. On the Monday morning, about seven o'clock, the privateer bore down on the Esther, but was kept off by the gallant and well directed fire of the brave Captain Irving and his crew, for nearly an hour; the wind, however, becoming so light that the ship could not answer her helm, the privateer, taking the advantage with her sweeps, got alongside and grappled. In this situation the contest was con-

tinued for three quarters of an hour, when the Frenchmen succeeded in getting on board the ship; there they were kept at bay, for nearly twenty minutes, by the ship's crew; but Captain Irving being severely wounded in the thigh, and having five of his men killed, ordered the colours to be struck, and retired to his cabin. Mr. Lowden, the third mate, after having hauled down the colours, was coming forward, when he was shot, and thrown overboard. Four of the privateer's men then followed Captain Irving into his cabin, where he was shot, and most cruelly mangled, and his body thrown over the side, before life was extinct. Mr. Edwards, a fine young man, while in the act of supporting his dying captain in his arms, was stabbed in several places with the small sword, and otherwise so severely cut in the head, that no hopes are entertained of his recovery. By this time the residue of the crew were driven below, when the Frenchmen, having complete possession of the ship, the inhuman monster, Ross, ordered the prisoners to be brought on deck, and put to death. This being remonstrated against by some of the privateer's men, he ordered them to fire upon them, when several muskets were discharged into the hatchway, which killed the carpenter, and mortally wounded two seamen, who have since died.

The privateer is called the *Creole*, mounts six
guns,

guns, of different calibre ; is commanded by one Pierre Burgman ; and had on board, at the commencement of the action, 111 men. They state their loss to be six killed, seven severely wounded, and a number missing, supposed to have been knocked overboard and drowned.

The wounded Englishmen were yesterday put on board one of our pilot boats. Two of the seamen died before she reached town ; Mr. Ashton, the first mate, died on board at the wharf ; one poor fellow died while they were conveying him to the hospital. Two seamen at the hospital, and thirteen others, are so dreadfully cut up, that it is supposed only two out of the number can possibly recover.

The captain of the privateer was wounded in the fleshy part of the arm by a musket ball, and Ross slightly in the wrist ; they were both knocked overboard, but succeeded in regaining the privateer.

MATILDA AND MARIA.

FROM CAREY'S REIGN OF FANCY.

TRIM was the bark, and gaily mann'd, that bore
The young Montaldo from his native shore ;
By wayward destiny impell'd to rove,
Far from the haunts of innocence and love,
And doom'd no more Maria's smiles to share,
A father's love, a father's tender care ;

By noontide visions fir'd, for bloody gain,
To brave the billows of the foaming main :
Yet oft would rush upon his yielding mind
The unstain'd pleasures that he left behind.
Oft as the moon her mellow radiance threw,
Prone to the wat'ry waste they rose to view,
When all the elements forgot to rave,
And holy silence slept upon the wave.
When Tritons taught the love-lorn lyre to weep,
Borne on the beryl coursers of the deep---
Hark! from their sparry groves and pearly caves,
The sea-nymphs come to charm the list'ning waves :
O! were Maria here to share their song,
Far sweeter were the music they prolong!

Ye who in coral caves abide,

Ye who leave your bowers of spar,

When the leaving ocean tide

Trembles to the evening star :

Sea nymphs! sea nymphs! come away!

To swell the merry roundelay;

Blue ey'd daughters of the wave,

Ye who in the floating streams

Love your floating limbs to lave,

When the pale moon sheds her beams;

Sea-green sisters come away,

To swell the merry roundelay.

But who is she to love-lorn grief resign'd,
With shadowy locks that wander on the wind;
Who bends her course along the shelving strand,
And marks each foaming surge that rolls to land :
Who lifts th' imploring eye in pensive mood,
And sings her sorrows to the dashing flood?
Beloved! why dost thou thy course delay?
Ye winds, to waft a lover on his way;

Ye

Ye Nerid nymphs, who sooth the sailor's ear
With sea-born harmony, your songs forbear!
Roll on, ye billows of the surgy main,
And waft the vessels o'er the liquid plain.
Is it a sail my straining eyes survey?
Ah, no! 'twas but the ocean's whitening spray.
That bark, Maria, thou shalt hail no more!
Montaldo sleeps upon rich Afric's shore!
Thence sauntering sad and slow, to moonlight groves
And glimmering shades, the lonely mourner roves,
That oft in song, the vow of plighted truth,
Breath'd melting sweets in the fair morn of youth;
Where still, 'tis said, the fond Maria sees
Her lover's spirit gliding on the breeze.
"Com'st thou, Montaldo, from the roaring deep,
"But to behold thy lov'd Maria weep?
"I see thee riding on the passing gale:
"But, O Montaldo! why art thou so pale?
"Why are thy shadowy garments of the flood,
"Why stain'd thy visionary form with blood?
"I see thee borne along the twilight grove,
"But thou art sad and silent, O my love!"
No misery mingles with the lover's tears,
When conscious innocence the pang endears:
'Tis sweet to plant, where the belov'd repose,
The weeping willow, and ephemeral rose;
'Tis sweet to tread those walks they lov'd to tread,
While fond remembrance calms the tear they shed.
There while their breasts with mixt emotions swell,
The charms of those they lov'd on earth so well,
Assimilate with all they hear and see,
And banish every thought of misery;
Dear is the pledge they gave when forc'd to part,
And dear their memory to the kindred heart.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF CAPTAIN PURCELL;

Exemplified in defence of the Pulteney Privateer.

ON the 27th of December, 1742, the Pulteney privateer, a large brigantine of sixteen carriage guns, twenty-six swivels, and one hundred and forty-two men, commanded by Captain James Purcell, was returning to Gibraltar from a cruize in the mouth of the Straits. As she was standing in for the bay from the west, with little or no wind, she was seen from Old Gibraltar, from whence two large Spanish xebèques, each carrying twelve carriage guns, a great number of pateraroes, and musquetoons, and one hundred and twenty men, were sent out to make prize of her. Considering the Pulteney as an easy prey, they made all possible expedition with their oars, and soon came up with her, a little to the east of Europa Point, and almost within the reach of common cannon. The garrison of Gibraltar looked on with regret, as from the great superiority of the enemy, they thought the Pulteney could not escape being taken; but the brave Captain Purcell resolved to defend himself to the last extremity; and he prepared for an obstinate resistance. After a few single guns, the Spaniards came near, and having hailed the vessel and her commander by name, entreated the captain to strike, and by
that

that means preserve the lives of his men, otherwise to expect no quarter. These threats were answered from the mouths of his guns ; on which the Spaniards attempted to board the Pulteney, but were repulsed with considerable loss. They made two more attempts of the same sort ; but Captain Purcell reserving the fire of half his broadside till they came quite close, they durst not venture to board him ; yet, as they exposed themselves so very much in this last attempt, their loss was so very great, that they were obliged to take to their oars, and make off towards Malaga. The vessel was greatly damaged ; and they had one hundred men killed. The engagement lasted one hour and three-quarters. The Pulteney had but one man killed, and five dangerously wounded. So trifling a loss is very extraordinary, considering the sails and rigging were cut to pieces, and every man on board had his clothes cut through, several of the enemy's nine-pounders went through the masts and hull. Boats were sent off from Gibraltar, which towed the Pulteney safe into the Mole : and the garrison had such a high sense of the merit of this action, that the governor, officers, and principal inhabitants of the place, contributed together and bought a handsome piece of plate, on which they had a proper inscription engraved, and presented it to
Captain

Captain Purcell ; giving, at the same time, an appropriate reward to the sailors for their bravery.

PERSON AND CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS,

As described by his son Don Ferdinand Columbus.

THE admiral was well shaped, and of a more than middling stature, long visaged, his cheeks somewhat full, yet neither fat nor lean ; he had a hawke nose, his eyes light, his complexion white, with a lovely red : in his youth his hair was fair, but when he came to thirty years of age, it all turned grey. He was always modest and sparing in his eating and drinking, and his dress. Among strangers he was affable, and pleasant among his domestics, yet with modesty and easy gravity. He was so strict in religious matters, that, for fasting, and saying all the divine office, he might be thought professed in some religious order. So great was his aversion to cursing and swearing, that I protest I never heard him swear by any other oath than by *St. Ferdinand* ; and, when in the greatest passion with any body, he would vent his spleen by saying, *God take you for doing or saying so*. When he was to write, his way of trying his pen was by writing these words, *Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via*, and that in such a character,

a character, as might well serve to get his bread. In his tender years he applied himself so much to study at Pavia, as was sufficient to understand cosmography, to which sort of reading he was much addicted ; for which reason he also applied himself to astrology and geometry, because these sciences are so linked together, that the one cannot subsist without the other. And because Ptolemy, in the beginning of his cosmography, says, that no man can be a good cosmographer unless he be a painter too : therefore he learned to draw in order to describe lands, and set down cosmographical bodies, plains, and rounds.

DREADFUL INSTANCES OF CRUELTY AND
REVENGE IN THE MALAY SLAVES.

CAPTAIN Percival, in his account of the *Capo of Good Hope*, presents the following statement respecting the Malay slaves, and the dreadful vindictiveness of their disposition :—

The slaves of the Malay race are tolerably numerous. They are employed in many kinds of laborious works, such as gardening, and attending the grounds belonging to the pleasure-houses round the town ; and in the kitchens, and in the drudgery-work belonging to them. They are also often employed in fishing and procuring fuel. This last class of people are extremely vindictive, treacherous,

treacherous, and ferocious ; implacable in their revenge, and on the slightest provocation, or imaginary insult, will commit murder. They are indeed a scourge to the people they come amongst. When bent on revenge, or irritated at some supposed insult, they scarcely ever fail of wreathing their vengeance. Many shocking murders have been committed by the Malay slaves on their masters and mistresses ; not for the purpose of robbing, but merely to gratify their thirst of revenge, which nothing but the blood of their object will satisfy, though at the certain loss of their own lives. When the Malay has determined on revenge, he takes a quantity of opium to work himself up to a state of madness, when he rushes out with a knife or dagger, which is called a kree-se, and after putting to death the original object of his infernal passion, he next rushes at every one he meets, till he is at length overpowered and taken, which perhaps is not the case, till several victims fall before him. Nothing but a lucky shot or blow that stuns him to the earth, will ensure the safety of his opponent, as he proceeds with such a savage fierceness and impetuosity, that it is reckoned a most arduous and dangerous service to encounter him in this state. This is what is called running a muck ; on the slightest alarm of which, every one flies before him, and escapes the best way he can. Whoever kills

kills a Malay, in the act of running a muck, is entitled to a very high reward from government; and he certainly deserves it, for the most cool and intrepid are scarcely a match for the Malay when worked to this pitch of desperate madness.

The two following instances occurred whilst I was at Cape Town :—A Malay, for some insult or necessary chastisement received from his master, drew a knife and stabbed him to the heart, and immediately ran out into the streets with the weapon reeking with the blood of his unfortunate victim. The first person he met was a very fine slave girl, about seventeen years old, into whose face he darted the weapon. Fortunately a country farmer was at the moment passing by Strand-street, where it happened, and having a gun loaded in the waggon he was driving, fired, and killed the Malay on the spot. If this shot had not succeeded in bringing him down, I, and a brother officer, who came to the spot a few moments after, would in all probability have been the next victims. The poor slave girl died in a few hours after. This was the second time that a slave of the Malay race, running a muck, was prevented from falling in with me. Once, indeed, at Ponamola, in the East Indies, I very narrowly escaped, having been slightly wounded in the arm by a Malay who had attacked some Sepoys; and if I had not been fortunate enough

to give him at the first cut so severe a wound as to disable him, he would certainly have put me to death. The kreese he struck me with was poisoned, and my arm in consequence swelled to a very great degree, and for some time it was thought I must have lost it, if not my life. I must here remark that I received the greatest benefit from the *eau de luce*, which I have every reason to believe is a valuable antidote against poison; it has been found to prevent fatal effects from the most venomous bites of snakes. Dr. Anderson, of Madras, was the first who administered it in those cases, and found out its beneficial effects.

Another instance of the barbarity of this race of slaves, which happened at the Cape whilst I was there, occurred in a Malay who, on being refused leave by his master to go out to a festival, or merry-making with his fellows, took a knife and stabbed him to the heart, then went to his mistress in an adjoining room, and committed on her the same barbarous and inhuman act. An old Malabar slave, who was cutting wood before the door, having observed him perpetrate these horrid murders, watched the opportunity as he was rushing out at the door, and striking him on the head with the axe with which he was cleaving the wood, killed him on the spot. The government

was

was generous enough to reward the Malabar with his liberty, and one hundred dollars.

SOME PARTICULARS OF CAPTAIN ROTHERAM,
ONE OF THE HEROES OF TRAFALGAR.

As it has been justly said that every Briton concerned in the memorable Battle of Trafalgar was a hero, there can be nothing uninteresting that relates to any character conspicuous among such heroes; we have therefore much pleasure in giving the following particulars respecting Captain Rotheram, who commanded the Royal Sovereign on that glorious occasion, as some mistakes have appeared in several of the public prints. Captain Rotheram is a Northumbrian by birth, and was born at Hexham. His father, more than forty years ago, removed from Hexham to Newcastle, where he lived many years senior physician of the infirmary, and of high estimation, both as a medical practitioner and a man of general science. — Captain Rotheram's elder brother, Dr. John Rotheram, was educated at the High School in Newcastle, and studied physic and natural philosophy under Linnæus, at Upsal. He attended that illustrious man in his last illness. Dr. Rotheram resided at Turnham Green, about fifteen years ago, and wrote for the Month-

ly Review, of which the late Dr. Griffiths was the proprietor and editor ; and he died in 1805, professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's in North Britain. Captain Rotheram was early instructed in mathematical learning by his father and Dr. Hutton, then of Newcastle, now an ornament of his country in the royal military academy at Woolwich. He acquired practical navigation in the same school which bred Captain Cook, the circumnavigator—the Coal Trade ; and, entering the navy, he served the whole of the American War, chiefly in the squadron commanded by Admiral Barrington.—Many of our first-rate officers were *Barringtonians* in early life, and are, to a man, skilful in naval tactics.—Capt. Rotheram was first-lieutenant of the Culloden in the memorable battle won by Lord Howe ; and commanded the French ship, *Le Vengeur*, as long as she could swim, saving the lives of many poor fellows when she sunk. So far from her crew having gone down crying, "*Vive la Republic*," as was falsely asserted in France, they laboured under the deepest depression of spirits, and clung round the knees of Capt. Rotheram, after their own commander had quitted the ship, which he knew could not be long kept above water, and which, there is every reason in the world to believe, he expected and hoped would carry Captain Rotheram and the party who

who had taken possession of her to the bottom. In the moment of the ship's sinking, Rotheram's self-possession and intrepidity were remarkably displayed. He was made post-captain in 1800. During the latter part of the last war, he commanded the *Lapwing*, of 28 guns. In the *Royal Sovereign* he had a glorious opportunity of evincing both his seamanship and bravery, and he acted a part worthy of himself.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE HONOURABLE CAPTAIN BLACKWOOD, ANOTHER OF THE HEROES OF TRAFALGAR.

THE Hon. Capt. Henry Blackwood, the gallant commander of the *Euryalus*, of whom such favourable mention is made in Admiral Collingwood's dispatches, is the sixth and youngest son of a noble Irish family, and one of the most distinguished officers in the service. He first acquired the rudiments of his profession under Admiral Macbride, and was present in some of the most brilliant actions of the war before last. At different periods, and in various quarters of the globe, he has served under all the great admirals of the present reign. He served under Lord Howe in the *Royal Charlotte*, as his signal-midshipman, during the period of the Spanish

armament. From this ship his lordship promoted him to be a lieutenant. In the memorable action of the 2d of June, 1794, last war, (again under his lordship's command) he was first-lieutenant of the *Invincible*, of 74 guns, when she captured the *Juste*, an eighty-four-gun ship, after a close fought action of two hours, yard-arm and yard-arm. The slaughter in the French ship was immense. On the return of the fleet to Portsmouth, he was made master and commander, and appointed to the command of the *Megara*, fire-ship, attached to the Channel fleet under Lord Howe. From this ship he was promoted to the command of the *Brilliant*, frigate, of 28 guns. In this small vessel, after chasing a Spanish frigate of superior force under the batteries of *Teneriffe*, he was engaged by two French frigates, of 44 guns each, *La Vertu* and *La Regenere*: *La Vertu* first brought him to action, and was beaten off with the loss of her foremast. He maintained as successful a conflict with her consort, and escaped uncaptured. On his return he was made post-captain, and rewarded for his brilliant exploit with the command of the *Penelope*, a new frigate of 36 guns, and attached to Lord Nelson's fleet in the Mediterranean. In this ship which, for discipline, sailing, and manœuvring, was the admiration of every officer who there witnessed her, he was stationed by his lordship

lordship off the harbour of Malta to watch the *Guillaume Tell*, a French eighty-four-gun ship, bearing an admiral's flag, which had escaped from the battle of Aboukir, and was there blockaded by a part of our fleet. Under cover of a dark night, and a gale of wind, she attempted to elude the vigilance of Captain Blackwood, and had cleared the harbour, when she was attacked by the *Penelope*, raked, and otherwise so roughly damaged in her yards and rigging, as to enable our ships to come up with, and capture her at day-break. In this action the master of the *Penelope* had his head shot off. The British and French commanders did ample justice to Captain Blackwood's conduct on this occasion. In their own dispatches to their respective governments, he was honourably mentioned, and the French admiral in his letter, published in the *Moniteur*, ascribes his capture to the heroic intrepidity of the commander of the English frigate, in previously bringing him to action, and damaging his rigging. He was put in charge of the prize to tow her into port. On the expedition against the French in Egypt, he served under Lord Keith with considerable distinction. At the breaking out of the present war, he was among the first to press forward again at the call of his country, and was immediately appointed to the command of the *Euryalus*, of 38 guns, then just launched,

in which frigate on the coast of Ireland, under Lord Gardner, at Boulogne under Lord Keith, and at Cadiz under Lord Nelson, he has again distinguished himself for his activity and ability, and performed the services which have been so justly noticed by his Lord Collingwood.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF MR. SPRATT, MATE OF
THE DEFIANCE, IN NELSON'S LAST VIC-
TORY.

THE following extraordinary instance of bravery is recorded in the Gibraltar Chronicle of January, 11, 1806.

In the late glorious action with the combined fleets, his Majesty's ship *Defiance*, commanded by P. C. Durham, had engaged a French 80-gun ship, within pistol shot. Mr. Spratt, Mate of the *Defiance*, from his great activity, had been honoured with the command of the boarders, and likewise promised an opportunity to signalize himself. This brave young officer, in the midst of the action, asked his gallant captain permission to board, who immediately ordered the helm a-weather, and the boarders to be ready; but this true son of Neptune, fearing the ship would not close, and unwilling to lose so glorious an opportunity, requested of the men who could swim, to follow

follow him. He plunged into the water, swam to the enemy's stern, and entered the gun-room port alone, by the assistance of the rudder-chains. His men either misunderstood, or did not hear him, in the clamour of the battle; but our hero made his way courageously through the different decks, and was soon after seen on the enemy's poop, with his hat on the point of his cutlass, calling the boarders to his assistance, who were then anxiously waiting for the ships to close. He attempted to haul down the French colours, but was attacked by several grenadiers, whom he repulsed with success. The ships being pretty close, several of our tars got over, and bent their vengeance on an officer. He cried for mercy, and threw himself at our hero's feet, who saved his life. He had scarcely performed this piece of service, when a musket was levelled at his breast, but so close, that he fortunately struck it downward; receiving, however, the shot through his leg, which was severely fractured. He afterwards fought two of the enemy on his knees, who were soon dispatched by some of the brave tars by whom he was so gallantly supported. The ship soon after struck, and proved to be l'Aigle. This young officer is in the Navy Hospital, and, we are happy to hear, in a fair way of doing well.

GENUINE AFFECTION IN A BOATSWAIN'S
MATE.

A NOBLE instance of affection and honest feeling, and a tribute which would exalt the character of the late Lord Nelson beyond what common acknowledgment could do, was lately evinced on board the Brilliant, frigate. During her last cruize she fell in with several vessels which acquainted her with the defeat of the combined fleet, but one in particular made known the death of Nelson. A concern the most general and sincere pervaded the ship's company.—While it was yet a subject of conversation, a boatswain's mate, who was then doing boatswain's duty, was ordered to pipe all hands to quarters; he did not do it readily, and the lieutenant upon duty went to enquire the cause, with orders to pipe instantly. The honest fellow, after several attempts, began to sob bitterly; and said, "D—n me, if I can do it; poor dear fellow, that I have been in many a hard day with, and to lose him now. I wouldn't have cared had it been my old father, mother, brothers, or sisters, if there were fifty more of them, but can't think of parting with poor Nelson;" and he went below immediately. His honest sensibility did not escape the notice of his captain, who, with the feelings of a gallant officer, paid due deference to his affection for his
commander;

commander; and requited him with several considerations of his regard.

LOVE OF THE SEAMEN TO LORD NELSON.

IF there needed a proof how much Lord Nelson was adored by the whole fleet, a strong one is afforded in the conduct of a seaman belonging to the Victory, whilst under the hands of the surgeon, suffering the amputation of an arm. "Well," said he, "this by some would be considered a misfortune, but I shall be proud of it, as I shall resemble the more our brave commander-in-chief." Before the operation was finished, tidings were brought below that Lord Nelson was shot: the man, who had never shrunk from the pain he had endured, started from his seat, and exclaimed, "Good God! I would rather the shot had taken off my head, and spared his life!"

A SAILOR'S WIFE NEW-RIGGED.

IN these remote parts of the globe, says Mr. Turnbull, in his recent voyage round the world, we were often obliged to grant indulgences to our people, to which, in other circumstances, we should never have agreed, and which never would have been expected. Our second mate a very
useful

useful person in the government of a ship's company, and in many other respects, pleaded hard with us, while we lay at the Sandwich Islands, to be allowed to carry a female native back with him to Port Jackson, in New South Wales. To such a proposition we would certainly have denied our assent; but, presuming on the importance of his services, the mate intimated that unless his desire was complied with, he would leave us at the first opportunity.

Having already malcontents enough, without adding an officer to the number, and one who had such influence with the men, we thought it most prudent to suffer him to bring this woman on board, and thus completely secured him to our interest: much mischief might otherwise have been fomented in the ship, had he been irritated by a refusal of his request.

This person was passionately fond of his new mistress, and spared neither expence or pains to equip her in the handsomest manner: she was in truth in a most woeful plight when he received her from her relations, being brought to him without either wardrobe or jointure, but just as she stood in her homely dress. It was therefore necessary to clothe the poor creature entirely anew; no easy task in our ship, where we had neither mantua-maker nor linen-draper. Her husband, therefore, purchased seven purple-bordered

dered shawls, on which, at every leisure moment, he worked in his best manner, until at length he produced a sort of long-robe, stitched together rather than sewed. When fitted on the lady, it had much the air of a leopard's skin, from the multitude of spots formed in the crossing of the coloured borders in all directions. That the finery might be of a piece, and she appear a little *a-la-mode-d'Angleterre*, it was necessary she should wear pumps. The robe not only fitted, but quite delighted the poor girl ; but with the pumps she would have dispensed. It was her husband's will, however, that she should wear them, and she reluctantly submitted.

This was no small sacrifice on her part, for when the shoes were tied on, she moved as if she had been iron-shod. This was an operation too painful to be long endured ; she therefore requested of her husband that she might be unfettered ; he consented, and her finery was laid aside till she reached Otaheite. One of her husband's shirts was substituted for common wear during the passage.

From the first moment of the ship's arrival she was received with uncommon attention by the ladies, who flocked around her in crouds, regarding her attentively from head to foot, and complimenting her very courteously. Whether it was that her colour so nearly resembled their own,

or

or that the splendour of her dress so far surpassed any thing they had before seen, they were in raptures with her ; every one pressed eagerly forward to pay their respects. After they had a while gazed at her in this manner, the women withdrew with her into the ship's hold. I know not the object of this privacy, whether they suspected her to be some man dressed up to impose on them, or that, previous to her reception amongst them, there was a kind of masonry to be observed : so far is certain, that, from what the women afterwards said, they must have examined her very closely. None were more busy on this occasion, than some of the branches of the royal family.

Every one was eager to become her tayo, or friend ; perhaps as she was the wife of our European, they cherished themselves with the hope that some presents might be in the way. They are, in this respect, most excellent orators, but sometimes over-reach themselves. She received many pressing invitations to visit them on shore, and complied with most of them, dressed out to the best advantage. She did not however walk in her pumps, as if she had enjoyed the benefit of a dancing-master.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION FROM FAMINE AT SEA.

ONE morning, early in the month of September, 1787, an open canoe was seen drifting ashore near Old Harbour, in the Island of Jamaica. On its reaching the beach, two gentlemen went to the spot, where they beheld in the bottom of the canoe, a negro boy lying upon his face, and apparently a white man resting his head upon the boy, seemingly without either sense or motion. Both bodies were naked, having made use of their clothes to form a sail. Upon inspecting these miserable objects, they found they were in life, and immediately had them conveyed to a negro-hut near the spot, giving them such nourishment as they could take. In the meantime a messenger was dispatched to Kingston, informing Paul Phipps, Esq. (then chief magistrate) who immediately sent, and had them conveyed with care to Kingston. The white man was put into the parish hospital, and the negro boy given to the care of Captain Bartlett, the commander of the town guard. Their bodies were in a most miserable, emaciated, and loathsome state. After two days of rest they were so far recovered as to be able to relate their story.

On the 10th of August they had been out fishing in the canoe, when a heavy squall drove them
off

off the land : they soon lost sight of the island, and were for *nineteen days* tossed at the mercy of the waves ; during all which time they had only two flying-fishes to subsist upon, which jumped into their boat. They received the water as it fell in the sail they made of their clothes, which served them for drink. A subscription was set on foot for the white man, by Captain Bartlett, which soon amounted to a sum sufficient to purchase such necessaries as he wanted, and to carry him back to his home, at Grenada.

WONDERFUL EXPLOIT OF PETER MURRAY,
IN RE-CAPTURING THE ST. GEORGE, MERCHANTMAN.

ON the 4th of June, 1787, the St. George, Ives, from Smyrna, to London, richly laden, was taken near Oran, by the Bien Aimé, privateer, of Marseilles, mounting twenty-four guns. All the crew were taken out, and put into the privateer, except Peter Murray, the mate, the boatswain, and two sailors, who, with seventeen Frenchmen, were left on board of the St. George, and ordered to carry the prize to Marseilles. On the night of the 11th of June, being then on the coast of Catalonia, Murray observing the commander of the vessel fast asleep in his cabin, found

found means to enter it, and provide himself with a pistol and three cutlasses. Advancing on the quarter-deck, he attacked the eight French sailors who were on the watch, and drove them on the fore-castle; one of whom making some resistance, was wounded. The noise occasioned by this scuffle, awaked the commandant, who, getting the length of the cabin-door, and perceiving Murray on the quarter-deck, with a pistol which he had in his hand, took aim at him; which, luckily missing fire, Murray directly discharged one of his pistols, and lodged two balls in his shoulder, which obliged him to retire to his cabin. The other four British sailors, hearing the report and coming upon deck, instantly flew to the assistance of Murray, and forced the eight French sailors down the fore-hatchway to their comrades, threatening to kill the first who should come upon deck without leave. Murray then went to the cabin, brought away all the arms, and laid them near him on the quarter-deck. He now assuming the command of the vessel, ordered four of the French sailors below, to help to navigate her; these he stationed between the fore-castle and the main-mast, threatening them with death, if they came nearer the quarter-deck, or refused to execute his commands for navigating the ship. With these precautions Murray and his companions brought the vessel to an anchor in the harbour of

Barcelona, the morning of the 12th; liberated his prisoners; and made a declaration of the transaction before the British Consul at that place.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

SOME time about the year 1729 or 1730, a ship under the command of R. Jenkins,* was shipwrecked in the Mediterranean. An orphan youth, called Wild French, had attached himself to Mr. Dominicus, (afterwards Captain of the Delaware East-Indiaman) and had been instructed by him in writing, and the first rudiments of nautical education. On the ship's striking in a heavy gale, Jenkins applied to his patron to use his endeavours to save the boy—who answered, that as it was not possible the ship could hold together many minutes in such a storm, the probability was, that he should be unable to preserve his own life, and still less a chance of preserving another;

* Robert Jenkins was afterwards celebrated by the trouble Sir Robert Walpole's administration experienced from his having been taken by the Spaniards, and having his ear cut off; which occasioned an altercation with the court of Spain, and induced Walpole to get Jenkins the command of an Indiaman, to silence him, and prevent a clamour, which might have brought on a Spanish war.

but that he should try ; and instantly lashed the lad to his arm. There was scarcely time for this operation before the ship went to pieces. Mr. Dominicus secured himself as well as he could to a piece of plank from the wreck ; and in this situation remained about twenty-four hours at the mercy of the elements, without food, water, or any refreshment ; and was at last driven on shore on the coast of Barbary, and sent, together with Wild French, into slavery, by the Algerines ;—from whence they were released by the interference of the British Consul, who by accident heard of the circumstance. Mr. Dominicus was afterwards an officer in the *Harlington*, in the East India Company's service, with Captain Jenkins, and took young French with him. The latter afterwards entered into the royal navy, and arrived at the rank of master and commander, having acquired a handsome fortune, but, being disgusted at some younger officers being promoted before him, left the naval service, and resided at Greenwich, where he died about five or six years since, (about 1800) at a very advanced age.

LETTER FROM LORD NELSON TO HIS CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND, ALEX. DAVISON, ESQ.

Written some time before the battle of Trafalgar.

“ VICTORY.

“ DAY by day, my dear friend, I am expecting the fleet to put to sea ; every day, hour, and moment : and you may rely, that if it is within the power of man to get at them, that it shall be done ; and I am sure that all my brethren look to that day as the finish of our laborious cruize. The event no man can say exactly ; but I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I shall ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blush for me : these things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and his will be done. I have got some trifle, thank God, to leave to those I hold most dear, and I have taken care not to neglect it. Do not think I am low-spirited on this account, or fancy any thing is to happen to me ; quite the contrary. My mind is calm, and I have only to think of destroying our inveterate foe. I have two frigates gone for
more

more information, and we all hope for a meeting with the enemy. Nothing can be finer than the fleet under my command. Whatever be the event, believe me ever, my dear Davison, your much obliged, and sincere friend.

“NELSON and BRONTE.”

LORD NELSON'S LAST PRIVATE LETTER.

THE following has been circulated as an extract from the last private letter which Lord Nelson ever wrote. It was addressed to Lady Hamilton, and dated off Cadiz, October the 3d, 1805.

“The reception I met with on joining the fleet caused the sweetest sensations of my life. The officers who came on board to welcome my return, forgot my rank, as commander-in-chief, in the enthusiasm with which they greeted me. As soon as these emotions were past, I laid before them the plan I had previously arranged for attacking the enemy; and it was not only my pleasure to find it generally approved, but clearly perceived and understood. The enemy are still in port, but something must be immediately done to provoke or lure them to a battle. My duty to my country demands it, and the hopes centered in me, I hope in God, will be realized. In less than a fortnight expect to hear from me, or of me,

for who can foresee the fate of battle? Put up your prayers for my success, and may God protect all my friends!"

PRESENTS MADE TO ADMIRAL NELSON, AFTER
THE BATTLE OF THE NILE,

Between the 1st of October, 1798, and the 1st of October, 1799.

- From his king and country a peerage of
Great Britain, and a gold medal.
- From the parliament of Great Britain, for
his own life, and two next heirs, per
annum £.2000
- From the parliament of Ireland, not ex-
actly known, but supposed to be the
same as given the Earl of St. Vincent
and Lord Duncan, per annum 1000
- From the East India Company 10,000
- From the Turkey Company a piece of
plate, of great value.
- From Alexander Davison, Esq. a gold
medal.
- From the city of London, a sword of
great value.
-
- _____ , to the cap-
tain who served under his orders in the
battle of the Nile, a sword.

From

From the Grand Signior, a diamond aigrette, or plume of triumph, valued at	£.2000
From the same, a rich pelice, valued at	1000
From the Grand Signior's Mother, a rose, set with diamonds, valued at .	1000
From the Emperor of Russia, a box, set with diamonds, and a most elegant letter, valued at	2500
From the King of the Two Sicilies, a sword, richly ornamented with dia- monds, and a most elegant and kind letter	5000
Also the Dukedom of Bronte, with an es- tate, supposed, per annum	3000
From the king of Sardinia, a box set with diamonds, and most elegant letter .	1200
From the Island of Zante, a gold-headed sword and cane, as an acknowledg- ment, that had it not been for the bat- tle of the Nile they could not have been liberated from French cruelty.	
From the city of Palermo, a gold box and chain, brought on a silver waiter.	
Also the freedom of the city of Palermo, which constituted him a Grandee of Spain.	

ABSTRACT OF THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT,
AND CODICILS THERETO ANNEXED, OF LORD
VISCOUNT NELSON,

As proved in the Commons by his Executors, Earl Nelson and William Haslewood, Esq. on Monday, December the 23d, 1805.

“HORATIO Viscount Nelson, of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and Duke of Bronte, in the kingdom of Farther Sicily.

“First,—In the event that he shall die in England, he desires to be buried in the parish church of Burnham Thorpe, unless his Majesty shall signify it to be his pleasure that he shall be buried elsewhere.

“Gives the sum of one hundred pounds to the poor of the several parishes of Burnham Thorpe, Sutton, and Morton, in the county of Norfolk, viz. one-third part to each parish: the same to be divided at the discretion of the curates or ministers.

“Gives to Emma Lady Hamilton, widow of the Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K. B. his diamond star, as a token of his friendship; also the silver cup which she presented to him.

“Gives to his brother, the Rev. William Nelson, D. D. (Earl Nelson), the gold box presented to him by the city of London; also, his gold sword,

sword, presented to him by the captains who fought with him at the Nile.

“ Gives to his sister Catherine Matcham, the sword presented to him by the city of London.

“ Gives to his sister Susannah Bolton, the cup presented to him by the Turkey Company.

“ Gives to A. Davison, of St. James's-square, Esq. his Turkish gun and canteen.

“ Gives to his worthy friend Captain Hardy, all his telescopes and sea-glasses, and one hundred pounds.

“ Gives to each of his executors one hundred pounds.

“ Gives to his brother, and William Haslewood, Esq, of Craven-street, Strand, all the residue of goods, chattels, and personal estate, (except the household goods, &c. which shall be in his house at Merton, at his decease, and also except his diamond sword and jewels, and any other articles which he should, by any codicil to his will, otherwise dispose of), to hold to them and their executors and administrators, upon the trusts following, namely:—Upon trust, that his said trustees and executors shall, as soon as may be, after his death, convert into money such personal estate as does not consist of money, and lay out and invest the same in the purchase of 3 per cent. consols; and also the money which shall belong to him at his death, so that the dividends and interest may

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produce

produce the clear yearly sum of one thousand pounds, of which they shall stand possessed, upon trust, that, during the life of Francis Herbert, Viscountess Nelson, his wife, his said trustees do, and shall, fully authorise and empower the said Viscountess Nelson, his wife, and her assigns, to receive the dividends, when the same shall become due, in addition to all other provisions made by him at any time heretofore for her, and in addition to the sum of four thousand pounds lately given her, which sums to be taken in lieu and satisfaction of all dower, and right and title of dower, of her the said Viscountess Nelson. And in case the annual income to be produced from the Bank Annuities, to be purchased with the residue of his personal estate, shall be insufficient to answer and pay the sum of one thousand pounds a year, then the deficiency to be made up to his wife, out of his barony, town, and lands. in Farther Sicily; so that his said wife may be entitled to receive a clear income of one thousand pounds; and, after the decease of his said wife, to divide the said one thousand pounds unto the said William Nelson, Susannah Bolton, and Catherine Matcham.

“ CODICIL.

“ I, Horatio, Viscount Nelson of the Nile, of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,

Ireland, and Duke of Bronte, in the kingdom of Farther Sicily, having, to my last will and testament, which bears date on or about the 10th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1803, made and published, a codicil, bearing date the 13th day of the same month, do make and publish a further codicil to the same last will and testament in manner following:—That is to say, I give and bequeath to Miss Horatia Nelson Thompson, (who was baptized on the 13th day of May last, in the parish church of St. Mary-le-bonne, in the county of Middlesex, by Benjamin Laurence, curate, and John Willock, assistant clerk, (and who I acknowledge as my adopted daughter,) the sum of four thousand pounds of sterling money of Great Britain, to be paid at the expiration of six months after my decease, or sooner if possible; and I leave my dearest friend Emma, Lady Hamilton, sole guardian of the said Horatia Nelson Thompson, until she shall have arrived at the age of eighteen years, and the interest of the said four thousand pounds to be paid to Lady Hamilton, for her education and maintenance. This request of guardianship I earnestly make of Lady Hamilton, knowing that she will educate my adopted child in the paths of religion and virtue, and give her those accomplishments which so much adorn herself, and I hope make her a fit wife for my dear nephew, Horatio Nelson, who I
wish

wish to marry her, if he proves worthy in Lady Hamilton's estimation of such a treasure, as I am sure she will be. Farther, I direct that the legacies by this my codicil, as well as those by my last will and testament, given and bequeathed, shall be paid and discharged, from and out of my personal estate only, and shall not be charged, or chargeable, upon my real estates in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the kingdom of Farther Sicily, or any or either of them, or any part thereof. In all other respects, I ratify and confirm my said last will and testament and former codicil. In witness whereof, I, the said Horatio Viscount Nelson and Duke of Bronte, have to this codicil, all in my own hand writing, and contained in one sheet of paper, set my hand and seal this sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three.

(Signed) NELSON and BRONTE.

Signed, sealed, and published by the
Right Hon. Horatio Viscount Nelson,
Duke of Bronte, as and for a
codicil to his last will and testament,
in the presence of

GEORGE MURRAY, first captain of the Victory.
JOHN SCOTT, secretary.

“ Lord Nelson, in his will, has directed, that if
it shall please his Sovereign to grant a continuance
of

of his pension of one thousand pounds per ann. to Lady Nelson, that the direction in his will to raise a sum of money to be vested in the funds, to pay her ladyship an annuity of one thousand pounds per ann. shall be void.

“A codicil, in his own hand-writing, directs, that one hundred pounds per ann. be paid to the widow of his brother Maurice.

“The last codicil annexed to his lordship's will, is dated in September last, and gives to Lady Hamilton all the hay on his estate at Merton.

“His lordship has given full power to his trustees to dispose or exchange the whole of his Italian estates.”

DESCRIPTION OF LORD NELSON'S FUNERAL CAR.

The car, on which the body was borne in procession from the Admiralty-office to St. Paul's cathedral, consisted of a platform, supported by springs, upon a four-wheeled carriage, and decorated with black velvet drapery, with black fringe pendant in three large festoons, the centre of which, on both sides of the car, was inscribed with the words *Trafalgar*, in gold letters, and the exterior festoons were adorned with silver palm-branches in saltire. Another platform was raised upon the former, of the height of about eighteen inches, covered also with black velvet, ornamented

mented with six escutcheons of his lordship's arms, impaling those of Viscountess Nelson's, elegantly painted on satin, and alternated with laurel wreaths. Between the escutcheons were four scrolls, surrounded by branches and wreaths of laurel, and bearing the names of the four principal French and Spanish men of war taken or destroyed by the immortal hero; namely, *San Josef*, *L'Orient*, *Trinidad*, *Bucentaure*. The coffin was placed on a third platform, and over the whole was a canopy, in the shape of the upper part of an ancient sarcophagus, inscribed in the front with the word NILE on the right side, with his lordship's motto, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, as granted to him by his Majesty after the battle of Aboukir; behind, the word TRAFALGAR: and on the left side the motto, *Hoste devicto requirit*, allusive to his lordship's death, in the moment of the most brilliant and decisive victory: the whole in gold characters, on a black ground. The canopy was surmounted by six plumes of black feathers, surrounding the viscount's coronet, and was ornamented with festoons of black fringed velvet, and supported by four palm trees, (in lieu of columns), of carved wood, silvered and shaded, and glazed with green. From the foot of the tree wreaths of laurel and cypress entwined the stem. The front of the car was an imitation of the head of the Victory, and had that

that name inscribed in yellow letters, on the lantern over the poop, with an English jack, lowered half-staff. The hinder part represented the stern of the same ship. The whole of the car and canopy was about eighteen feet from the ground. The carriage was drawn by six led horses in elegant furniture. According to the original plan, the coffin was to have been covered with a black velvet pall, with four officers seated upon the four corners. This arrangement was rejected. The crown and cushion were carried in a coach immediately preceding the funeral car. The pall was laid at the side of the coffin, and the four officers were also dispensed with. Thus the beautiful ornamented coffin was entirely exposed to the view of the admiring multitude.

HEROISM OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

DURING the action which took place in the year 1757, between the *Antelope*, Captain Hood, and the French ship, *Aquilon*; one of the midshipmen, a spirited young man of the name of Murray, had both his legs shot away; he was immediately carried down to the surgeon; but, while his wounds were dressing, hearing his comrades above give three cheers; an idea that the enemy had struck rallied the ebbing spirits of his existence

existence in the midst of his agony, and, with the undaunted fortitude of a British sailor, he waved his hand in triumph, and expired.

THE SOUTH-SEA HERMIT.

MR. TURNBULL, from whose voyage round the world, we have before made an interesting extract, mentions the following extraordinary instance of solitary seclusion, as related to him by the captain with whom he sailed.—

In return from a voyage to the north-west, he had been compelled, in order to recruit his stock of fresh water, to stop at one of those solitary islands with which the surface of the South Sea is every where studded, and not one half of which however fine or beautiful, have any other inhabitants but the marine birds.

After the watering was completed, which occupied them two days, the boat was dispatched to another part of the island, abounding in the cocoa-nut and cabbage-tree, articles of which they were equally in want. The party had no sooner landed, than scorning the ordinary method of gathering the fruit, they took the much shorter way of cutting down the trees. They were all in the usual spirits of men who touch at land after the long confinement of a sea-voyage ; a period
of

of time, perhaps, in which the natural spirits reach the highest degree of elevation.

Their mirth, however, had not long continued, when it was interrupted and converted into terror, by a most hideous noise. The whole party were aghast with terror, in the expectation that some land or sea monster, to which their horror gave a suitable form and magnitude, should rush amongst them. Some were for leaving the island and betaking themselves to the boat; whilst others, with stouter courage, recommended silence, till they should listen more attentively.

The sound approached, exclaiming to them, in horrid exclamations, and good English, as they thought, to desist. The whole party were now panic-struck; they were persuaded that it could be nothing but a supernatural being warning them from his sacred domain, and that instant death or some horrible punishment would attend their disobedience. It must be confessed, indeed, that an occurrence like this was too much for the courage of a party of English sailors, who are no less proverbially cowards in all encounters with spirits, than they are unassailable by any emotion in the presence of an enemy. A council of war was accordingly held upon the spot, and after some *pros* and *cons*, it was finally agreed to stand by each other, and not to take to their heels before the enemy appeared.

The

The spectre at length advanced, a savage in appearance; he addressed them in good English, reproaching them for their unprovoked trespass on his premises. The party were at length convinced that their monster was no other than a man, who, according to his own account and conjectural reckoning, had been left on the island by a ship four months preceding. The reader will readily conclude he had not received this punishment for his good behaviour. His beard had never been shaved since the first moment of his landing, and had he racked his invention to add to the horrors of his appearance, he could have made no addition. His raiment was all in rags, and his flesh as filthy as a miner who had never appeared above the surface of his mother-earth.

The first enquiry was, of course, how he came to be left with every probability of perishing? a question to which he could return no very satisfactory answer. The next question was as to his mode of living, to which he replied somewhat more intelligibly, that the principal articles of his subsistence were the cocoa-nut, fish, and land and sea-crab; that one time he had the good fortune to kill a wild hog, but for want of salt to preserve it, he could make it last but two days.

After some further intercourse, some of the party accompanied him to what he called his house, which was built in a particular shape,

three posts being sunk into the ground, and inclined towards each other, so as to form a complete half of a regular bisected cone. The roof was doubly and trebly matted over with the leaves and smaller branches of the cocoa-nut tree ; but the house altogether appeared more like a dog-kennel than a suitable abode for a human being. The household furniture, indeed, in every respect, corresponded with the dwelling, consisting of a something which was perhaps once a trunk ; a flock-bed as dirty, as if in the course of trade it had passed through all the cellars in Rag-fair ; an axe, a pocket-knife, a butchers' steel, and four gun-flints. In this situation, four hundred miles from any human being, and an almost unmeasurable distance from his native country, this fellow seemed so contented with his condition, that he appeared to have no wish to depart ; and the first proposal, that he should accompany them to the ship, seems to have proceeded from our men.

When the proposal was made to him, he paused for some time, and at length made a demand of wages, which, as expressive of his indifference, would doubtless have justified them in leaving him to his fate. At length, however, he suffered himself to be persuaded, but still seemed to think the convenience mutual, or rather that we were the party obliged.

They could never procure from him any satis-

factory account as to the cause of his being left on the island, but they never entertained any doubt that it was no slight crime that could provoke his captain and his comrades to such an exemplary punishment. Indeed his subsequent conduct was such as to justify this conjecture; for instead of any gratitude to his deliverers, he was found to be such a mover of sedition amongst the ship's company, that, for the preservation of good order in the ship, it was thought prudent to leave him at Port Jackson.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SOLITARY SECLUSION.

THE following additional instance of solitary seclusion is also related by Mr. Turnbull, as having happened under his own observation:

One of the prisoners belonging to the out-gang at Norfolk Island, New South Wales, being sent into camp on Saturday, to draw the weekly allowance of provision for his mess, fell unfortunately into the company of a party of convicts, who were playing at cards for their allowance, a thing very frequent amongst them. With as little resolution as his superiors in similar cases, after being awhile a looker-on, he at length suffered himself to be persuaded to take a hand; and in the event, lost not only his own portion,
but

but that of the whole mess. Being a man of a timid nature, his misfortune overcame his reason, and conceiving his situation amongst his messmates insupportable, he formed and executed the extravagant resolution of absconding into the glens.

Every possible enquiry was now made after him ; it was known he had drawn the allowance of his mess, and almost in the same moment discovered that he had lost it at play : search after search was made to no purpose. But as it was impossible that he could subsist without occasionally marauding, it was believed that he would shortly be taken in his predatory excursions. These expectations were vain ; for the fellow managed his business with such dexterity, keeping closely within his retreat during the day, and marauding for his existence only at night, that in despite of the narrow compass of the island, he eluded all search. His nocturnal depredations were solely confined to the supply of his necessities, Indian-corn, potatoes, pumkins, and melons. He seldom visited the same place a second time, but, shifting from place to place, always contrived to make his escape before the theft was discovered, or the depredator suspected. In vain was a reward offered for his apprehension, and, year after year, every possible search instituted ; at times it was considered that he was

dead, till the revival of his old trade proved that the dexterous invisible thief still existed.

In the pursuit of him, his pursuers have often been so near to him that he has not unfrequently heard their wishes that they might be so fortunate as to fall in with him. The reward being offered in spirits, a temptation to which many would have sacrificed their brother, excited almost the whole island to join in the pursuit; and even those whose respectability set them above any pecuniary compensation, were animated with a desire of hunting in so extraordinary a cause. These circumstances concurred to aggravate the terror of the unhappy fugitive, as from his repeated depredations he indulged no hope of pardon.

Nothing of this kind, however, was intended; it was humanely thought that he had already sustained sufficient punishment for his original crime, and that his subsequent depredations being solely confined to necessary food, were venial, and rendered him an object rather of pity than criminal infliction. Of these resolutions, however, he knew nothing, and therefore his terror continued:

Chance, however, at length accomplished, what had baffled every fixed design. One morning about break of day, a man going to his labour observed a fellow hastily crossing the road; he

was

was instantly struck with the idea that this must be the man, the object of such a general pursuit. Animated with this belief, he exerted his utmost efforts to seize him, which he did after a most vigorous opposition of the poor fugitive, and finally succeeded in his design. It was to no purpose to assure the affrighted wretch that his life was safe, and that his apprehension was only sought to relieve him from a life more suitable to a beast than a human creature.

The news of this apprehension flew through the island, and every one was more anxious than another to gain a sight of this phenomenon, who, for upwards of five years, had so effectually secluded himself from all human society. Upon being brought into the camp, and the presence of the governor, never did condemned malefactor feel more acutely; he appeared to imagine that the moment of his execution approached, and trembling in every joint, seemed to turn his eyes in search of his executioner. His person was such as may well be conceived from his long seclusion from human society; his beard had never been shaved from the moment of his first disappearance; he was clothed in some rags he had picked up by the way in his nocturnal peregrinations, and even his own language was at first unutterable and unintelligible to him.

After some previous questions, as to what had

induced him to form such a resolution, and by what means he had so long subsisted, the governor gave him his pardon, and restored him to society, of which he afterwards became a useful member.

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GRANDEUR.

IN the year 1781, a remarkable instance occurred of the instability of human grandeur, and of the miseries to which royalty, as well as the rest of mankind are frequently subjected, and of the ruin which generally accrues to weak states, from intimate connections with more powerful ones: a ruin which becomes still more inevitable and oppressive, if the stronger state is, under any pretence, allowed to gain a footing in the country of the weaker.

While Commodore Johnstone with his squadron were lying off the Cape of Good Hope, a boat was seen rowing from the shore to the commodore's ship, filled with people in the eastern garb, who, while yet at a distance, made the most humiliating signs of supplication. These were no less than the two kings of Ternate and Tidore, two valuable spice islands, with the princes of their respective families, who had long been subjected to the extreme of human misery, on account of those blessings and bounties of nature which, unfortunately

fortunately for them, had rendered their countries the objects of foreign ambition and avarice. These unhappy princes having, by some jealousy or suspicion, been deposed by the Dutch, according to the harsh and cruel maxims which ever disgraced their government in the East, had, during several years, been confined within the limits of the parched and desolate island of Robin, near the Cape. This dreary spot serves as a common prison for malefactors and criminals of all ranks and countries, in their various settlements in India; and here these royal personages, with their families, were, without regard to sex or quality, obliged to herd, upon equal terms with the most profligate and abandoned of the human race. It appeared, that they had lately been removed upon some occasion from this island to Saldanha, and that, eagerly seizing the opportunity to escape from bondage and oppression, which the present moment of terror and confusion afforded them, they had fled for refuge and protection to the British squadron.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF DISLOYALTY IN THE
NAVY.

THE following instance of disloyalty and perfidy has not its parallel in the annals of the navy. On

the 29th of November, 1779, his Majesty's cutter, Jackall, was lying at anchor in the Downs, where Admiral Drake was also, with several other ships of war. Her commander and principal officers being on shore on business, a midshipman was left with the charge of the vessel; and early in the morning a great majority of the crew mutinied, overpowered the remainder, got her under weigh, and carried her into Boulogne, in France, where they sold her. Almost all the mutineers were composed of outlawed smugglers, who had been taken on the coast of Ireland, and impressed into the service. Several of them, who were afterwards made prisoners in different ships belonging to the enemy, were tried by a court-martial for their offence, and sentenced to be hanged; and some of them died without the smallest signs of contrition. When the mutineers ran away with the Jackall, they accomplished it with so little noise, that the people on board the flag-ship, and other ships at anchor near them, entertained no suspicions of their intentions until it was too late to pursue.

ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF THE BRIG FLORA,
OF PHILADELPHIA, THOMAS BURROWS, MAS-
TER, ON A VOYAGE TO GUYENNE, AND
SOUTH AMERICA.

WRITTEN BY MR. BURROWS.

ON Friday, the 28th of September, 1804, we sailed from Philadelphia, in good order and well-conditioned for sea; our crew consisted of the following persons:—

Thomas Burrows, master.	John Nevan, seaman.
Wm. Davidson, supercargo.	William Story, ditto.
Jacob Oldenburg, mate.	Joseph Wilden, ditto.
Josiah Anderson, steward.	Josiah Smith, boy.
Samuel Badcock, seaman.	James Cameron, ditto.

On Tuesday, the 1st of October, we discharged our pilot, and took our departure from Cape Henlopen, with a pleasant breeze from the north-eastward, all well on board. Nothing of importance occurred till Tuesday the 8th, when the wind hauled to the south-eastward, and continued in that direction till the 10th, with a heavy squall from the east-north-east. On Friday, the 12th, we found by observation, that we were in latitude 28 deg. 50 min. north, longitude 54 deg. 0 min. Observing it to look for a blow from the north-east, we took in our jib, square-main-sail, top-gallant-sails, and stay-sails. At four in the afternoon,

noon, the gale still increasing, we close-reefed the top-sails, sent the top-gallant-yards down, and took in two reefs of the fore and aft main-sail. At midnight, the gale still increasing from the north-eastward, we hauled the top-sails, and hove to under the fore-sail and main-stay sail. At one A. M. of Saturday the 13th, handed the fore-sail and main-stay-sail, hove to under the balance reefed-main-sail; the gale increasing, with a heavy sea, thunder, lightning, and violent rain. At two A. M. the gale still increasing, handed the balance main-sail, and hove to under bare poles, the brig making good weather. The gale still continuing to increase, all hands were employed on deck, and our pump kept constantly going; till finding it impossible that the brig could lie to any longer, we called all hands aft, and it was determined, for the preservation of the vessel, to cut away the main-mast and scud before the wind. Every thing being prepared, we divided accordingly, but, before we could get to the mast, we were struck by a whirlwind, which hove the brig on her beam ends. Every person on board, except Joseph Wilden, a seaman, who, being in the fore-castle, was drowned, now ran to the windward side of the vessel. We immediately cut the lanyards of the main-rigging, and the main-mast went by the board. By this time the hatches had burst up, the vessel filled with water, and the cargo

cargo was floating out at each hatchway. All hopes of saving the ship being now at an end, self-preservation became the only object with every one; and we endeavoured to lash ourselves to the main-chains, when a heavy sea broke over us, and carried away William Davidson, the supercargo; William Story, and the two boys; Smith, and Cameron: the fore-mast soon afterwards went by the board.

Day-light came on, and discovered the most dismal sight ever beheld by the eye of man. The vessel was an entire wreck, with masts and spars hanging to it; while different parts of the cargo, as they floated from time to time out of the hold, washed over us. At length we shipped a heavy sea abaft, which stove in the stern, and made an opening through which the cargo in the cabin washed out; and thus the wreck became considerably lightened.

We remained on the main-chains till eight o'clock in the morning, when we took to the bowsprit, thinking that the safest part of the wreck. About nine, William Story, and the boy, William Cameron, drifted on board, on the cabboose-house. We now lost all hope, and resigned ourselves to our fate, expecting every wave to swallow us up. About noon the boy died through fatigue, and we committed his body to the deep.

It

In the latter part of this day the gale became more moderate, but a heavy sea continually running. On Monday, the 15th, William Story died, from want of sustenance; and the mate, from extreme hunger, actually devoured a part of his flesh; all the rest, however, refused to share with him, and the remains were committed to the deep. When we had continued in this dismal situation till Wednesday, the 17th, the gale had become considerably more moderate; and it occurred to us, that by diving into the half-deck we might obtain something on which we might subsist. This we endeavoured to do, but all our attempts proved ineffectual; and we then had no other resource than to chew the lead from the bows. On Friday, the 19th, we discovered a large ship to leeward, and made all the signals we could, but in vain, for she passed without noticing us.

On Saturday, the 20th, a strong breeze springing up, with a heavy sea running, several kegs of butter came up from the fore-castle; we all immediately plunged on the deck, and were so fortunate as to save five kegs of salt butter, one of which was immediately opened, and we fed one another; but we found that the salt butter instead of relieving, only increased our thirst.

On Sunday, the 21st, Jacob Oldenburg became delirious, and continued so till his death, on the

23d. On the same day, (the 21st) a schooner passed us to leeward, within less than a mile. We hoisted all the signals we could make, but without effect, though we could see every man on deck!

On Tuesday, the 23d, the mate departed this life, from want of sustenance; and, as we were reduced to the last extremity from want of water and food, it was agreed to eat his flesh for our own preservation. We accordingly dissected him, and drank his blood among us, from which we found considerable relief. At this time we were surrounded by numerous sharks, which seemed waiting for us; and, as Providence directed us, we were so fortunate, with a rope, and a piece of human flesh, as to take one of the largest of them. We then committed the mate's body to the deep; and having got the shark on the bowsprit, split him open, and divided his blood amongst us, which proved a most happy relief to us all.

On Wednesday, the 24th, at sun-rise, we saw a brig standing towards us, which sight cheered our drooping spirits, as it afforded us hope of relief. We immediately hoisted signals of distress; and had the pleasure to find the brig haul up towards us. At ten A. M. she hove to, hoisted her boat out to our assistance, and we were taken on board the vessel, which proved to be the snow Thames, of London, Charles Burton, master, from Madeira,

deira, bound to New Providence. We were at that time in the most feeble and emaciated state possible for living men to be ; but we soon began to revive, as we received every assistance and attention from the humanity of the captain, his officers, and passengers.

LORD NELSON'S LAST PRAYER.

THE original of the following prayer, written about an hour before the commencement of the battle of Trafalgar, is said to be in the possession of Sir William Scott, in the hand-writing of Lord Nelson.—Devotion itself acquires new attractions from so unaffected an apostrophe, poured forth at so interesting a moment; and his country, from this additional evidence of his virtues, will increase that reverence which is due to his memory.

“ May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe, a great and glorious victory ! and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it. And may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet !—For myself, individually, I commit my life to him who made me ; and may his blessing light on my endeavours for serving my country

*country faithfully ! To him I resign myself,
and the JUST CAUSE which is entrusted to me to
defend ! AMEN—AMEN—AMEN.*

“ Victory, Oct. 21, 1805, in sight
of the fleets of France and
Spain ; distant about ten miles.”

POETICAL REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF
LORD NELSON.

WHERE is the region on this rolling ball,
But knew his glory, and regards his fall ?
The gen'rous Dane, his mercy lov'd to spare,
Hangs o'er the tidings with a sadden'd air.
The Turk, far plac'd beneath Egyptian skies,
Turns to Aboukir's winding bay, and sighs.
Ev'n on the day, when weeping Britons bore
His corse, in mournful pomp, to Albion's shore ;
Ev'n then, perhaps, Sicilia's threaten'd lord
Breath'd the warm wish for his protecting sword,
And, where the summer's richest fruitage smiles
Far in the West, amidst Columbian isles,
The tawny Indian, gaz'd across the main,
And sent up vows for his return, in vain !

And trust the Muse, on many a distant day,
When the tall vessels, on the wat'ry way,
Bear from the realms of morn to British shores
Golconda's gems, and India's spicy stores ;
As o'er the seas in shadowy pomp they sail,
And the long streamers play before the gale—
If, seen from far, Trafalgar's summits gleam
With the mild radiance of th' ev'ning beam,

The

The sailor, pointing to the spot, shall tell,
There NELSON conquer'd—and there NELSON fell!
A passing look the wond'ring eye shall turn,
And the big heart, 'midst scenes of glory, burn!

God of the world, by whose divine decree
Britannia's cross, in conquest, rides the sea—
Our voice, in this triumphant hour, we raise,
Propitious, hear our pray'r; accept our praise!
Be thine the glory, that his conq'ring prow
So oft from combat bore the captive foe;
And oh! in mercy, may thy high command,
Raise other NELSONS to protect our land!

END.



From THE TIMES of 1841

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1841. Price 5d.

["UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM"].—The authenticity of the following anecdote may be relied on:—"The Duke of Wellington recently honoured one of the most distinguished of living sculptors by sitting to him for his bust. The artist, wishing to observe the full play of the Duke's features suggested that, if it could be made to represent his Grace at the moment when he uttered the memorable words 'Up, Guards, and at 'em' at Waterloo, the statue would be more popular at the present day and be more highly valued by posterity. The Duke laughed very good humouredly at this observation, and said 'Ah! the old story. People will invent words for me . . . but really I don't know what I said. I saw that the moment for action was come, and I gave the command for attack. I suppose the words were brief and homely enough, for they ran through the ranks and were obeyed on the instant . . . but I am sure I don't recollect them, and I very much doubt whether anyone else can.'"—*Britannia*.

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